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# METHODIST REVIEW

(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

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# METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1918

## PRAYER IN RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY

RUSSIA has been called the land of mists and mysteries. Its recent history has been a veritable arsenal of surprises. It has given sufficient material to almost any opinion one desired to form about the Russian people, and has called into life a voluminous literature, which, however, is still far from solving the mystery of the Russian character.

Is the Russian religious? This question has been answered affirmatively as far as the peasant folks are concerned, but the intellectual class has been considered as notoriously anti-religious. In my opinion, this generalization has been made prematurely, and is generally based upon religious surveys<sup>1</sup> made among university students, who, because of their disagreement with orthodoxy or as a protest against ecclesiasticism or as a part of their political creed, pretend to be irreligious. Poets and thinking men of letters, on the contrary, seldom hide their thoughts on religion. Sooner or later they express themselves either in poetry or literature or philosophy, and reflect in their writings not only the spiritual aspirations of their souls, but, to a certain degree, the character of the people they represent. Therefore, from the

<sup>1</sup> Thus a survey made in 1912 at the Jurief (Derpt) University gave the following results:

	Those who do not re- cognise their reli- gion.	Those who recognise it but with emendations	Those who recognise it wholly.	Those who recognise the exist- ence of God	Those who deny the existence of God.
Orthodox	54.5	28.7	10.1	33.3	32.2
Catholic	63.9	16.7	13.9	?	?
Lutheran	64.1	12.1	16.5	20.9	51.6
Hebrew	80.8	6.6	1.1	5.4	66.6

This shows that the Russian Orthodox students compared with other nationalities and creeds are not at all more atheistic.

literary product of a people, one could judge more safely about the character of this people than from religious surveys of a student body cherishing antireligious traditions, as is the case in the Russian State Universities. Psychologists of religion have pointed out that the practice of prayer is the positive aspect of the religious life, being a natural function of all men who seek, by the aid of religion, to maintain themselves in the struggle with the adversities of life, and, more than this, for noble characters, prayer has become the expression of deeply moral sentiments and of the dominant desire to commune with God and rise to a higher level in the spiritual life. Thus it should appear that all noble men of all creeds or no creed would be praying men or at least reflect a prayerful attitude in their expressions on life and its meaning.

This is why I choose to study Russian literature from the point of view of its spiritual value as expressed in prayer. And although I expected Russian men of letters to be more religious than it is usually thought of, I was greatly surprised to find that the best of Russian poets and authors were of a deeply religious nature, not only believing in prayer but practicing it and composing such themselves.

#### PRAYER IN RUSSIAN POETRY

Gogol when endeavoring to determine the peculiarity and essence of Russian poetry says: "Aspiration toward light has become one of our elements, the sixth sense of the Russian man, and the whole trend of the present day poetry is the result of it."

Already in the middle of the eighteenth century the first Russian poet and scholar—Lomonossoff, who investigated the phenomena of the Northern Light—expresses his impressions and feelings in an ode entitled "An Evening Meditation Upon the Majesty of God."

Poushkine's genius embraced the whole range of different faiths and questions of his day. A certain critic likened his words to a perfectly equipped arsenal, wherein a poet could find any weapon which might be necessary for his art: each one had but to enter and choose his arms, and lo! he was ready for the battle.



The poet himself realized his mission, and never more clearly than in his most inspired and eloquent moments of poetical creativeness. He says:

"We were not born for vain elation,  
For savage fightings, sordid gains,  
Our souls were meant for inspiration,  
For prayer and sweet melodious strains."

Being a true poet, the grandeur and beauty of nature inspired him with the desire to be in perfect unity with God. Once, when he was in the Caucasus, he was struck by the wonderful beauty of the mountain Kasbek, on the summit of which a monastery stood out against the sky, appearing to the poet's fancy as an ark sailing in the azure. An inspiration came over him which expressed itself in the following lines:

"O far off, much desired strand,  
Could I but bid this earth adieu  
And climbing until lost to view  
Within those clouds build me a cell  
In God's dear neighborhood to dwell!"

The ceremonies of the Church and the humble, benign appearance of the priest affected him very strongly. Addressing himself to the servant of Christ he says:

"Thou stretchest forth thy hand to me  
From heights divine and seem'st to be  
So strong and meek and full of love,  
Imbued with power from above  
To calm my thoughts, wild, sad, and free  
As once the Master calmed the sea."

Prayer was always very dear to the poet and his attitude toward it was impregnated with the deepest reverence. In speaking of his favorite, he expresses himself thus:

"The prayer I love the best of all,  
Is one the priest repeats full oft,  
When Lent's sad days lie like a pall  
Upon our hearts; its comfort soft

<sup>1</sup> These and the subsequent verses quoted in this article are translations of Miss Margherit Ashton Johnson.

Heals all our pain and makes us strong.  
O God of ages! Hear my cry:  
'Let not my heart incline to wrong,  
Let not the snares of lust come nigh;  
But let me see my sins, O Lord,  
In all their hideousness and gulle,  
And teach me ne'er to breathe a word  
My brothers' fallings to revile.  
Grant me these blessings I desire,  
Send down thy spirit from above  
To fill my soul with holy fire,  
With patience, chastity, and love.'"

It can be clearly seen from these examples, that notwithstanding the fact that Poushchine was greatly attracted by the pleasure and brilliancy of society life, he nevertheless leaned toward the Christian faith and found comfort in prayer. In his relation to Russian poetry, Poushchine may be likened to a burning torch thrown down from the heavens, which ignited the paler candle-flames of other poets who gathered around him and thus formed a perfect constellation. Most of these poets manifested in their works a tendency toward divine communion and prayer.

The poet Jasykoff (whose name in Russian is derived from the word "jasyk"—tongue), was greatly admired by Poushchine who, according to Gogol, was so touched upon reading Jasykoff's poems, that he actually wept; Gogol was very much struck by this, as it was the first time he had seen the great poet moved to tears. Speaking of Jasykoff, Gogol said: "He can manage his tongue, as an Arab does his wild steed." Jasykoff, who loved his country with all his soul, was firmly convinced that its salvation lay in true piety, and that national suffering and sacrifices (such as the Napoleonic invasion) must be considered as a fiery purification.

"Art thou doomed? No, Russia, never!  
Bravely face the gathering storm,  
Ties of home and kindred sever,  
Serried ranks of heroes form.  
Though your death be fierce and gory  
You will not have died in vain,  
For your country's fame and glory  
Phoenixlike will rise again!"

In his verses he also praises God's mercy:

"The Lord is truly great! Both earth and heaven above  
Are but the instruments of His divine commands.  
His name be ever blessed, his mercy and his love;  
Be blessed his punishments, dealt out with loving hands!"

As was the case with many a Russian genius, he was not fated to enjoy a long and happy life, but was carried off in the flower of his youth. While ill he invokes Providence with the following prayer:

"O Providence! To thee I pray!  
Let not my life so swiftly end;  
Give me but patience for each day,  
And fortitude and courage send."

We must not forget to mention a contemporary of Poushchine, the poet Ognareff, one of Russia's leading Slavophiles, who prays for truth and purity of the soul in the following manner:-

"Give me but strength to raise with trembling hands  
One little corner of that heavy shroud,  
Which veils from mortal eyes the naked Truth,  
And let my soul, awe-struck and humble gaze  
Upon the majesty of thine eternal being.  
Give me the strength to crush within my heart  
All selfish impulse and all vain desire.  
Teach me to love all men as brethren dear,  
Nay, more, to love them better than myself.  
Thus, loving thee, and all created things,  
With fortitude I'll face Life's bitter trials."

Homiakoff, another Slavophil, also prayed in the selfsame spirit:

"Lord, though we struggle through Life's vale of sorrow,  
Our feet bruised by stones and our hearts racked with pain,  
Let not our souls be afraid of the morrow,  
Let not our trust in thy mercy be vain.  
Thou sun never setting, our darkness enlighten,  
Shine thou upon us by day and by night,  
Shine on our struggles, our poor courage heighten,  
Shine on our efforts for justice and right.  
In grief and in rapture, thou light from above  
Shine thou upon us wherever we be,  
Sun of Justice, of power, of law and of love,  
O Lord God Almighty, and glory to thee!"

Very beautiful also are the religious poems and prayers of Derjavin, Merejkovski, Benedictoff, Khereskoff, Fofanoff, A. Maikoff, Apouchtine, Plechtecheef, A. Tolstoi, C. H. Frug, and many others who deserve to be translated. As a matter of fact, prayer and religious thought pass like golden threads through all Russian poetry. And it cannot be otherwise, for there is nothing more sensitive than a poet's soul—to create it must be inspired, and, therefore, prayer is a paramount necessity for a poet, perhaps even more than to less gifted mortals. Lermontoff, one of the most talented of Russian poets, expresses this thought in the following famous prayer of his which has been set to beautiful music by Dargomychsky.

"In life's most anguished, bitter hour,  
When sorrow fills my aching breast,  
I breathe one prayer, whose holy power  
Puts all my grief and strife to rest.  
And o'er my mind a calmness steals  
As low I breathe those words so blessed,  
Whose tender message clear reveals  
Hope for the weary and oppressed.  
Its heavy load my soul has shed,  
My doubts are gone, I know no care,  
Sweet peace is mine, all fear has fled,  
My soul is light and free as air."

THE PRAYER-LIFE OF RUSSIA'S THREE GREATEST AUTHORS:  
GOGOL, DOSTOEVSKI, AND TOLSTOI

What is true regarding the need for prayer experienced by poets can also be said of the great Russian writers.

There is no doubt that the most brilliant stars in Russian literature were Gogol, Dostoevski, and Tolstoi. These masters of the pen thoroughly understood the Russian soul and loved it accordingly. It will be interesting to note their attitude toward prayer and the spiritual life.

Gogol is especially famous as a satirist. In all his novels and plays he laughs at the weaknesses and follies of his compatriots, but he neither laughs himself nor makes his reader laugh with him without having a definite aim in view. The great desire



of his life, he tells his readers in his Testament, in his correspondence with his friends and in his Author's Confessions, was to help Russia to understand the evil reigning in their midst, to combat it and to overcome it.

"He who desires to serve Russia honestly and sincerely," writes Gogol, in his Author's Confessions, "must bear her in great love, engulfing all others' feelings—he must also love all mankind, and become a sincere, practicing Christian, in the full significance of the word."

Thoroughly realizing this fact, and burning with the zeal to serve loyally, Gogol began to seek for help and encouragement through close communion with God by means of prayer. In a letter addressed to Mr. Sht. . . . .ff, he writes:

"Reason alone does not afford man the necessary impetus to go forward; there exists a higher power, whose name is wisdom, which Christ alone can give. We are not born possessing it—it is not natural to any one of us, but is given to us from on high. He who already possesses intelligence and reason can obtain wisdom only by praying for it night and day and in imploring Almighty God to grant it to him, by raising up his soul to the eternal heights and purifying it from all earthly dross, so that it may be a worthy dwelling place for this heavenly guest, which is frightened away from all those souls wherein disorder reigns. When wisdom enters the dwelling house of the soul, then man begins to possess the heavenly life, and learns the sweetness of being a disciple. Everything teaches him a lesson—the whole world is his teacher, even the most insignificant of men. He draws wisdom from the simplest council; the most foolish object will turn its wisest side toward him and the whole universe becomes like unto an open book for his study."

Having learned to know Christ and having confessed his faith in him, Gogol was brought to the knowledge of higher wisdom, teaching him the real meaning of life. This is what he writes in his "Author's Confessions": "I came to Christ, hardly cognizant of what I was doing, and in him I found the key to the soul of man, and realized that not a single shepherd of souls had risen to the same heights of spiritual knowledge, as those upon

which he stood." A few pages further on, he continues thus: "Anyway, life is no longer a riddle for us, as it was when the wisest of men, both thinkers and poets, vainly tried to solve it and merely came to the conclusion that they were ignorant of what life really meant. But, when he, the wisest of all men, said firmly, unshaken by the faintest doubts, that *he* knew what life really was; when he—acknowledged by all, even by those who deny his divinity, as the greatest of all men—spoke thus, then we must believe his word, even were he but a simple mortal. Therefore the question, "What is life?" has been solved. And thus, after many long years of labors and experiments and ponderings, during which I thought I was going forward, I have come back to the thoughts and convictions of my childhood, that is, that man's destination was to serve, and that our whole life is but service. We must never forget that we occupy a place in the earthly kingdom merely for the purpose of being able to serve our Heavenly King, and therefore we must keep his law ever before our eyes. It is only by serving in this manner that we can please all—the Ruler, the people, and our country."

Gogol was convinced that he could not accomplish this duty of serving without God's help. He sought for and found the necessary aid in his prayers, and also in those of other believers. Here is another extract from his Confessions: "One of the principal reasons for my journey to the Holy Land was the desire to pray whole-heartedly and beg God's blessing on my life and on the honest accomplishment of my duty. I desired this blessing from him, who discovered to us the secret of life on the very spot where once upon a time his feet trod; I wished to render thanks for all that has happened in my life: to crave light and guidance for the work for which I had been brought up and had prepared myself. I do not find anything strange in this. If a scholar at the close of his studies hurries to thank his teacher, if a son, before setting forth to fight for his existence, visits his father's grave, why should I not then bend my knee besides that grave, before which all men bow themselves, where all receive help and inspiration—even those who are not poets? I begged others to pray for me because I knew not whose prayer would be the most pleasing

to him to whom all pray; I only knew that the humblest of us might become—perhaps on the very morrow—better than all the rest of us, and his prayer would be nearest to God. I do not think that I deserve blame for this, if you but remember the words, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.'"

These are Gogol's ideas on prayer; it was an absolute necessity for his soul and he was not ashamed to confess it.

Unlike Gogol and Tolstoi, Dostoevski did not leave any confessions behind him, but nevertheless he leaves no doubts in the minds of his readers as to his religious convictions and spiritual leanings. His favorite heroes expound his most intimate thoughts and convictions. Prince Mychkin in "The Idiot," and Father Zosim and Alesha in "The Brothers Karamazoff," serve as his mouthpieces, and among other things they express their opinion of prayer.

As for Gogol, so also for Dostoevski, Christ was the true Life Force, and prayer was a natural communion with him. This is what we read in "The Brothers Karamazoff," through the medium of Father Zosim: "I firmly believe that we shall accomplish this great work with Christ's help. How many ideas and projects have there been in the history of a man, which seemed totally unrealizable even ten years before, and then, suddenly when according to the mysterious decrees of Providence the time of their fulfillment had arrived, they sprang into being and were carried from one end of the earth to the other. Thus will it come to pass with us also, and our people shall shine before the world, and all men shall say of them: 'The stone which the builders rejected has become the corner stone!' And if one should question those who mock: 'If ours be a dream, then, well and good, set up to live justly in your way, according to reason alone without Christ.' And even if they themselves affirm that on the contrary they desire union, this assertion is believed only by the most simple-minded among them, and even then it leads one to wonder that such simple-mindedness exists. Verily, their faculties for dreams and fantasies are greater than our own. They dream of establishing justice, but having renounced Christ they will end up by drowning the world in blood; for blood calls for blood, and

who draws the sword shall perish by the sword. And if it were not for the promises of Christ man would exterminate his fellow-men—yea, unto the very last. And when there remained but two men upon earth, even these last two human beings in the pride of their hearts would not be able to withhold each other, and then the penultimate man would be killed by the ultimate one, who would finally kill himself. And this would indeed happen, if it were not for Christ's promise, that for the sake of the meek and humble of heart the rest should be saved."

He continues as follows: "Young man, do not forget to pray, for each time you do so, if your prayer be but sincere, a new feeling, a new thought, hitherto unknown to you, will gleam through it, enlightening and encouraging you, and thus you will learn to understand what a powerful educational factor prayer is. Remember also, that every day and whenever it is possible for you to do so, you should pray silently to yourself: 'Lord, have mercy upon all those, who this day shall stand before thee.' For every hour and every moment sees thousands of souls leaving their earthly dwelling place and appearing before their Lord—and how many of them have breathed their last in loneliness and sorrow, with no one to mourn over them or even perchance to know of their existence—who lived and died alone."

Dostoevski's prayer is not selfish; he does not merely pray for himself. On the contrary it represents a deep love of humanity and of all created things: "Brethren, fear not the sins of men, but love man even though he sins, for thus your love will be like unto the Divine Love, far beyond any earthly affection. Love ye the whole of God's creation, and every separate grain of sand within it. Love ye every leaf, every ray of God's sunlight, every animal, every plant, every created thing. If thou but lovest all things thou wilt discover God's secret within them. Once discovered thou wilt ever learn to understand it better and more fully, with every day that passes. And finally thou wilt learn to love the whole universe with an all-embracing, universal love. When thou remainest alone pray! Love to prostrate thyself upon the ground and kiss it. Kiss the earth, and love unceasingly and insatiably all and everything upon it, seeking joy and rapture.



Be not ashamed of this ecstasy, but treasure it, for it is a great gift of God's, given to but the chosen few."

Dostoevski is not put off by the fact that many of his contemporaries turn away from belief in God, and he is determined to believe until the end: "Believe thou until the end, even if it should happen that all upon earth should become perverted, and thou alone shouldst remain faithful; offer up a sacrifice to the Lord the God, praising his name. And if it should chance that there be two of you, and you meet, then, behold a whole world exists within you twain, a world of living love; embrace ye each other with deep feeling and praise the Lord, for within you two his truth has manifested itself."

Such are Dostoevski's reflections touching the spiritual life. His almost monastic piety will seem a trifle obsolete to the modern man, but even if one does not agree with him one cannot but admire the deeply moral, charitable spirit emanating from his teachings.

Tolstoi is better known as having a deeply religious nature. His seekings after the Kingdom of God are vividly reflected in all his writings which bear a decided autobiographical character. Already in his youth he passed through minutes of spiritual exaltation and emotion, resulting in communion with God by the aid of prayer. In his diary he speaks of living through such moments during a stay in the Caucasus, where at eventide he prayed surrounded by the all-enveloping peace of nature: "If prayer be defined as an act of supplication or of thanksgiving, then I did not pray." Says he: "I wished for something exalted and good, but what it was I was unable to define, though I realized quite clearly what it was I wished for. My desire was to become fused with the Universal Being, and I begged him to pardon me my offenses though, no—I did not beg for that, for I felt that if he gave me this blessed moment he had already granted me pardon. I asked, and yet felt that there was nothing for me to ask for, and that I neither could nor knew how to ask. I thanked him, but not in words nor in thought. Both supplication and thanksgiving were united into one and the same feeling. The feeling of fear had completely disappeared. I could not have separated a single

feeling—faith, hope, and charity—from the whole. No, this is the feeling that I experienced last night—the love of God, an exalted love, uniting to itself all that is good and renouncing all that is evil. It terrified me to think of the empty, vicious side of life; I could not understand how it could ever tempt me, and with all my heart I begged God to receive me within his bosom.”

In the latter period of his life Tolstoi informed the world by means of his “Confessions” of the spiritual change which had taken place within him. In his zeal to influence the moral and spiritual regeneration of society he separated himself from the Church and from the dogmatic teachings of theology. Nevertheless, though he found himself outside the fold of the Church Visible, his soul could not live without prayer. Condemning prayer in common, such as is used in church services, he prayed all the more in solitude. This is what he says concerning it: “The fact that supplicatory prayer has no sense whatever does not mean that one cannot or need not pray; on the contrary I consider that it is impossible to live as one ought to without prayer, and that prayer is an indispensable condition for a good, peaceful, and happy life. The gospel teaches us the manner in which we should pray and what prayer should consist of.

“In whomsoever there exists the Divine Spark, the Divine Spirit, that man is a child of God. Prayer is the calling forth of that which is divine within us, having previously detached ourselves from all things that distract us. The best way is to follow Christ’s teaching in the matter; to shut ourselves up alone in our chamber, that is, to pray in perfect solitude, whether it be in a cell, or in a forest, or in a field. Prayer consists of the renunciation of all exterior influences and the calling forth of the divine part of our soul and dwelling therein, entering thus into communion with him, of whose substance it is a particle, acknowledging oneself God’s servant and examining one’s soul, verifying its acts and desires, not according to worldly standards and demands, but according to the divine part of the soul.”

In a private letter addressed to Mr. P. I. Birukoff,<sup>1</sup> Tolstoi expresses himself clearly as regards prayer: “I pray often, namely,

<sup>1</sup>From this still unpublished letter we quote with the kind permission of P. I. Birukoff.

two or three times a day, and always repeat the Lord's Prayer. I have tried to put together a prayer of my own; not long ago I composed a prayer recognizing the fact that I am but an instrument of God's, and that I wish to accomplish my destiny without erring on the side of too much carelessness or too much strenuousness, being ever conscious that it is the power of God that acts through me. Sometimes I remember this prayer, but nevertheless the 'Our Father' remains, if not quite irreplaceable, anyhow as serving to fill all the needs and aspirations of the heart. To me the Lord's Prayer represents five different theses, which are so absolutely clear, indispensable, conjoint, and joyful that each time I pray they surge up within my soul and tell me of something new emanating from it. 1. The Holy Being is love; therefore all things must be measured and guided by love. Realizing this immediately all one's difficulties are straightened out, and one feels happier and more assured. 2. We find the indication of what we are to do, guided by love, to help with the coming of God's kingdom upon earth, joyful and free, as it is in heaven. This gives substance to our loving activity—especially if we do not quite know what to do, or which of the two courses lying before us to choose. 3. And this work of lovingly establishing God's kingdom upon earth I wish to do—and will do—now, at once, this very minute, on the very spot where I find myself, and with whoever is present at the moment. If only we are really at one, with this thought, it gives us tremendous energy and firmness of purpose. 4. And if there exist any obstacles, they are formed by the sins of my past—sins which I earnestly wish to discard, sins of lust, of self-love, or hatred. Yes, I tell some one, quite simply and with much love in the doing of it: 'forgive me'; just as I said it, when I confessed my sins before the people. And praying thus I remember the sins of others, those that disgust me the most, and not only do I forgive them, but I even wonder how one can be angry or refuse to forgive. 5. I fear the temptations of the flesh and those of self-love and anger, and I flee from them, but the principal hindrance is the devil within my heart. That must be eradicated! I pray thus, walking out, sometimes in the most difficult moments of life, and when I am surrounded

by other people. I know, as knows the engine driver who has driven his machine half through a snowdrift and has then stuck, that the reason why he was able to pass through a small snowdrift and half a big one is because he put on full steam. In the same way I know that if I did not pray I should fare far worse than I do, and I also know that if I were able to attain that, the possibilities of which I perceive when I pray, then there would be no need for me to live any longer. I know that one must become perfect like the Father."

It is unnecessary for us to add anything to this clear exposition of Tolstoi's spiritual and prayerful life, but it is interesting to compare his views with those of Gogol and Dostoevski. As regards the intrinsic motives of their spiritual life, they were all the same. The desire to help and love humanity prompted them to seek in prayer the means of evoking within themselves the "divine part of themselves," as Tolstoi expressed it. Their opinions diverge regarding the church and prayer in common. Gogol remained within the bosom of the Russian Orthodox Church, which he loved and defended and wished to help to raise to the highest possible moral standard; Dostoevski was also a faithful son of the church, but his tendency was to disperse the barriers of nationality, and to unite with the help of the Orthodox Church all the Slav peoples. Tolstoi rose above the barriers of nationalities and churches. He only acknowledged God the Father, and he considered the whole of humanity as brothers and children of God.

Notwithstanding the differences existing between these great Russian authors, all three had the same aspiration toward communion with God by means of prayer.

#### RUSSIA'S PHILOSOPHER OF PRAYER

At the end of this review of Russian literature we must not forget to mention V. S. Solovieff, a prominent Russian thinker, who has the honor of being the first Russian to create an independent system of philosophy.

What is really remarkable is the fact that this truly Russian philosopher, whose personality reflected many of the spiritual



tendencies of his countrymen, presents himself as a man of a deeply religious frame of mind. In his works he assigns an important place to prayer, and attempts to give it a philosophical definition, which appears as a necessary complement and conclusion to the thoughts concerning prayer to be found in Russian poetry and literature. This is how Solovieff expounds the meaning of prayer:

"He who does not pray, that is, does not unite his will with a higher will, either does not believe in a higher will and in good, or else he considers himself the sovereign possessor of good, and his will as being perfect and all powerful. Not to believe in good is moral death, whereas to believe in a divine source of good, and to pray to him, giving up one's will in everything, is true wisdom and the beginning of perfection."

Solovieff considers prayer the means by which a cooperation of the human and the divine will is established. He says: "For, the first action of faith, the first movement of a new spiritual life wherein God acts in conjunction with man is prayer. When by means of earnest prayer a man communes with God, he not only unites himself spiritually with the divinity, but also unites others with him and he becomes one of the links between God and his creation, between the divine and natural world. The human will which has freely given up itself to the divine will is not absorbed by it, but is merely united to it, and becomes a mingling of human and divine force which is capable of accomplishing God's work in this world. This beneficent moral bond with God distinguishes sincere prayer from all other human relations with God."

The Lord's Prayer is highly valued by Solovieff as an example of a genuine prayer as well as a revelation of the nature of God and as to how men can commune with him. He says: "The prayer that Christ taught his disciples possesses all these attributes (of genuine prayer) to the fullest degree; it is absolutely unselfish, for in it we do not ask for any blessing exclusively for ourselves. The true aim of this prayer is that God should be present everywhere and in everything. This aim is clearly expressed in the first three petitions: 'Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done upon earth, as it is in

heaven.' The subject matter of the remaining petitions merely express the necessary conditions for the realization of that higher aim in so far as it concerns us."

"God cannot be all in all, if he does not exist in our personal life, therefore we first of all offer God our material life. When we pray for our daily bread, we no longer consider ourselves the masters of our material life, but make it subject to the divine life. When we pray that our trespasses may be forgiven us, and willingly forgive those who trespass against us for God's sake, we no longer seek our own justice, but acknowledge the justice of God which alone is true, and, finally, when praying that we may not be led into temptation but may be delivered from the evil one, we do not intend to escape by the help of our own means the evident or secret actions of the powers of darkness, but choose the one true path under God's guidance."

Speaking in another place on the Lord's Prayer, he enlarges the above expressed ideas. He says: "Being absolutely unselfish, and because of this very fact, the Lord's Prayer is truly efficacious. Each one of the petitions if pronounced with faith contains within it the beginning of its accomplishment; when we say in all sincerity, 'hallowed be thy name,' God's name is already hallowed within us; in acknowledging the kingdom of God we recognize the fact that we belong to this kingdom, or in other words, that it is already among us. In saying, 'Thy will be done'—that is, giving up our own will to God—we are already accomplishing his will within ourselves. Furthermore, in so much as we minimize our material needs (in praying for our daily bread) in so much we make their accomplishments possible. When we forgive them that trespass against us, we at the same time justify ourselves before God, and finally, when we beg God's help in our struggle with temptations and the snares of the evil one, by this very supplication we receive the most efficacious help, as the only means of driving them away consist in fasting and prayer."

*Julius F. Hecker.*

### "AND TO ALL POINTS BEYOND"

A RAILROAD station has not been set down among the habitations of poetry. Search all the guidebooks which chronicle the places of solace in the Land of Dreams and never a finger will point to a railway depot. I cannot find it in my heart to blame them. Railroads are not evident poetries. They are comfortable methods of transportation and represent the highest type of utility. For railroad ties and railroad rolling stock and steadfast purpose to serve the race I cherish a respect that cannot be set down in words. The great Turner has a great picture to figure transportation, which is the nearest station to poetry at which a railroad train has ever arrived. But then, a Turner could idealize anything. He was a sort of infinite idealization and certainly an infinite idealizer. Himself was utility touched with the infinite.

It grieves my spirit more than I can say to recall how, whatever the nobility of structure of a depot, it has no esthetic thrill for the soul. The Pennsylvania Station in New York city is in many regards an adventure in architecture incomparable on this continent. Its massive pillars, its extraordinary concourse, its splendid roominess, its compulsion of nature, its conquest of the Hudson River, its taking calm control of all comforts for the use of travelers challenge even the stupid to consideration. It is worth going round the world to see and is more worthy than all pyramids and coliseums. Yet do the sphinx and the pyramids and the coliseum still stand in the midst of the landscape of human wonder, while this place of transit is unacclaimed by even imaginative travelers. The reason indubitably is that utility is one thing and poetry is another thing. They scarcely mix, at least not in architecture. Utility has its laurels. It wears a crown of gold. Poetry has its coronet. It is the withering petals of wild flowers, yet outlasts all crowns of gold. You cannot have everything. The railroad builder does a stupendous work. He is an achiever all but unapproachable. It is not to be thought that he should write sonorous sentences outsounding stormy seas, as Milton has done

in prose and poetry. There are realms and realms. It would be scarcely fair to have one man lord it over all realms. Only the sun does that. Commerce is one name; poetry is another. They must not make faces at one another. That is not polite. "He hath his work, I mine," reads the high poem, "Ulysses"; and the verdict is ultimate.

And the railroad station is not written down in the Forest of Arden nor in the Islands of Hesperides nor in that Indian Summer Land of Utopia. Nevertheless it must not murmur, but rest content, seeing it has had its abundant service and may well be satisfied.

Notwithstanding!

We must ever keep that word of our human dictionary lying close at hand like a dictionary when we spell—correctly. At times least expected we shall be called upon to use it. The reason is the unreasonableness of life. Life is a radiant thing whether at a railroad station or a lover's tryst. Effulgence is apt to put in an appearance on any beclouded day. A rush of rapture may be looked for solely because there is somewhere a sun. Whatever the place or shadow, life is apt to spread wings and utter song. A stable is not quite a house of poetry, yet we know how the Poet of poets was born there among the soft-breathed cattle. Since which event we are wistful to keep our "Notwithstanding" close at hand, like a keepsake from one we greatly loved and lost. We may need to kiss it or weep over it smilingly any moment. There are no set moments for Life's music to break into carols.

So, then, *notwithstanding* a railway station is not a flower bed where poetry is set to break into sudden and blissful bloom, it sometimes does break into blossom there. On the card of announcement of time for trains to depart, where the name of the railroad and the names of the places of considerable importance are set down, after a recitation of many names you may sometimes read: "And to all points beyond."

I recall how the first time that announcement caught my eyes and how it lifted me into ecstasy. A railway station may not be a fit place for ecstasy, as the reader may be mentally suggesting, and I will not be disputatious. My points of ecstasy are not

all charted. In railroad stations they come like an unlooked-for loveliness on a hidden river. When a boy at the front, where battle spills its tides of death, was reported killed but was not, and you see the meeting of the soldier lad and father and mother in the railroad station when the soldier lad comes home wounded, pale, prison-worn, and their glory of reunion sweeps over them like an illustrious sun-up, then such as witness the scene know that poetry has never had a loftier chariot in which to ride than the crowded, unpoetic depot. That day and many a recurring day, when that legend of the road smiled out at me like a wild flower in the spring woods, I have wandered through crushing throngs as I wandered through wide fields sown to asphodels and amaranths. I forget surly and wearying journeys and throngs of sweaty passengers getting on the train and off, and I climb invisible Alps, and wander beside new rivers not named in any earth geography, and adventure into far countries where no traveler has adventured. The railroad card has gripped my hand till the bones in the fingers crack and the fingers ache and bleed, and I am clutched with a vast desire—to-wit, the tug of the infinite.

"And to all points beyond." That is an actuality where any man's real journey begins. That is his station start. He is en route "to all points beyond." Anybody can go somewhere, only unusual folk can go everywhere. Where the journey stops is really where the journey begins.

If one were to select a schoolroom for thought would it be a depot? Hardly. Yet here it is. A thought belted like a knight for far adventure. "And to all points beyond." Should a railroad be farther-going than the soul of woman and of man? Shall a railroad have far points along its run and man remain barely a local incident? To suggest it is a parody on all high things holy, whereas life is not parody; life is poetry.

Soul is headed "to all points beyond." Life is on a very long quest. There is where all materialized theologies are bankrupts. They have no provision for the quest of the soul back of visible horizons, nor for it to touch at "all points beyond." They are glib and chipper about near-by points. They can recite like a little child its Mother Goose rhymes—the names of all the little

towns, the places where starch is made or glue or chocolate bars or window screens or window glass, the towns where the roundhouses are and the division points on the road, the funny little stations of much-ado-about-nothing—but not the stately places, the headlands where the golden glory burns radiant like autumn; the trifling hamlet where some great soul waked or slept, the farmstead where some sweet woman died of unrequited love and wore a pathway like an angel's street to some dear grave where her tears of hope and heartache watered the grave. The town where goes the trunk called Struggle, the hill called Hope, and the Vineyard where grow the Eshcol grapes and where the great Vinegrower tramped out the grapes of wrath alone, the town called Mansoul, nor the mountains named Delectable, nor the fair prospect the angels call The Land of Beulah—those dear places of longing and remembrance and holy hope guides of travelers know nothing of. They say with self-satisfied voice, "These are not set down on our time card, which is revised to date, quite modern, with each smallest new place set down." They call harshly, like a train caller in a roomy station, stridently, the puny places on the puny time card, but have no "points beyond." The little car lines that run through a sugar plantation or to a near-by lumber camp or to a summer merry-go-round are not the railways for the soul. The soul must take long trips and arduous. The martyrs tramped long roads with bleeding feet and bleeding lips, yet singing feet and singing lips. The short road is ineffectual. For turtles it may suffice, but not for birds of passage nor for far-sailing ships. The lapping of water on the strand has a far-away voice, a yearning look and mood. "Outward" is what it whispers. The voices of aspiration are seldom clangorous. They are half-hushed silences. They do not cry in the market places, having a subduedness like falling shadows. There is a secrecy in all large matters. So is it that to many the night has a manlier ministry than the day. It has rooms of silence, mystery, unfolding. They are as the winter, when all seeds are silent in the frozen ground with never an intimation of what sort the seed may be, or even that it is. No wisest wisdom can tell when or where spring flowers shall in glad spring spring up. Mystery puts finger



across its lips. No secret is told. All wonder has silences more musical than music.

These know-alls of the road of life use megaphones too much. Megaphones are for the sight-seeing car through city ways. They are not fitted for the solemn solitudes where the mountains stay and where pines give forth at one breath odors and music. There is no sound of machinery when the lilies weave their garments of starlight or of snow; and the thorns of the crown of thorns were not shaped on an anvil to the hammer's voice. These noisy pointers of travelers to no-where-much, methinks they do profess too much. Their voice is still high, vociferous, strident, raucous, but their vocabulary is limited. They have not acquired the words of the journey. They are like the little child who can tell you who lives next door, but who has no knowledge of the town where Shakespeare was born and died, nor the field where Robbie Burns plowed up the mouse and the daisy. Shall a railroad time card know more than a guide for man? Why should the man who knows so little be so severe with the man who knows so much? Why should the man who has never met God be so smilingly superior to the man who has heard God talk to him, who has God's secret hidden in his heart? Why should the little village be ironic with the metropolis? This is worthy inquiry. I protest, ignorance must not swagger so, nor the little man play so many tunes on his penny trumpet. Men of my generation have been so absolutely sure in telling how things were not, and what themselves did not know; meantime many a woman kissing her babe to sleep and praying with her could have tutored them in a salutary theology filled with whispered and sung hallelujahs. Such souls have "points beyond" arranged for on their chosen journey. There is no break in the voice of the know-all, no choke in his throat. Huxley spent his last days in caring for flowers. And is that all? Could he find no sweeter gardening? I have known bent men and gray, young men in the morning of their years, but called to die; these have I known to grow heaven's lilies and a quiet heart and a settled trust and a radiant life which outshone rainbows and white suns.

So many roads I encounter, as I wander on unaccustomed

ways, which lead to a farmhouse, and there they end. The roads so many minds travel lead to the farmhouse named Death and into a narrow valley with no way out. Shall we trust and choose for road-makers those who build a road to a farmhouse, or were it better, wiser wisdom to employ for road-makers those spirits which build the road "to all points beyond"—across the continent, into all marts, beside all seas, to all high mountains of vision, through every lovely valley where singing streams fill the way with music?

Ofttimes in my loiterings on summer streams my boat dawdles because my hands use the oars idly, as not designing to hasten, but to enjoy and see things in sky and stream and river edge, and so loitering I have seen, climbing slowly to the surface of the water, a misbegotten thing meant for the mud of the bottom of the stream and not at all for the shining surface where the sweet winds dream and the sunlight makes glory. What impels the crawling thing of the underworld to adventure so? Why stayed it not where it was born, an ugly cumberer cannibal, to prey on water-worms and dash about in its muddy depths at home in the slime and the ooze? To me there is something inexpressibly pathetic and at the same time infinitely glad and heroic in this slimy advent at the surface of the summer stream. It had never been here before. Down in the roily depths its life had passed in worm contentment, its only eagerness being the eagerness of hunger, a thing of the slime and well content, till now a new hunger tugged at its dim life. It grew restless as running water. The ooze was no longer its paradise. Its companionship with shadow and mud no longer gave it comfort. It had never risen. At the bottom of the stream was its home, sweet home. What knew it of any Upward? It had no sky, nor needed it. Slime begotten, it had slime happiness. And now— What is a "now" to a worm wriggling in the mire? It has no now nor then. But *now* the worm wants upward. It cranes its poor neck, lifts its poor dull head a touch above the ooze. It eels a blind way to the ladder of a reed rooted in the mud which has been its only landscape—mud all. The worm feet begin the slow ascent out of its lifetime home, away from its poor but accustomed ways, hungrily climbing to where it has never been and to

what it knows not of, and to light and sky which it has not dreamt of, to sunshine glorious as joy. It climbs, climbs, tiredly, achingly, for a fatigue and a pain have invaded the wriggling climbing body, climbing dizzily, for a strange drunkenness is on it, climbs tiredly, seeing it has never climbed before, and its dull feet linger on the shaking stair of the reed pushed to and fro by the blowing wind whereof the aspirant has no knowledge; howbeit, the worm climbs, climbs on and up. It is a long, grim journey for a worm and accustomed to no climbing. The beyond has gotten into its poor slime body. Why should a worm want to leave its worm home? There it has been happy, unaspiring.

And *now*—ah, that *now* keeps reappearing. It has come into the worm's vocabulary. *Now*. The poor dogged thing keeps on. Fire is in its muddy feet, and they toil on whither they had never been. A sublime persistency is on this trivial and despised thing. It never would have coveted nor consented to such a trip before, but on *now*, tugged at by it knows not what, it climbs out of the ooze, up the stalk, up to the surface of the stream. Above the surface of the stream its slow slimy full length at last trembles and pauses. It surely will return. It has no business here. All is new and strange. The light worries it, the wind makes it shiver, and all make it afraid. No mud, only sky and sunlight. No water, but sky. Turn, poor dull worm; make no excuse. You have had your escapade and can tell your journey to your family and friends; hasten back home. No; the dull worm does not return. It is out of its old element, all it knew or guessed, yet clings tenaciously to its stairway of ascent, clings with blind tenacity while the reed rocks and the winds hurry and the sunlight blinds. Poor, grim, glorious traveler. Poor, grim, glorious soldier. I hail thee for the hero that thou art!

Then a dizziness comes on and over this poor creature of anabasis; pains make it blind, yet it does not turn back, does not head downward into its old abyss, does not seek its elemental darkness, but barely clings, clings palpitatingly, while a whirlwind of pain shakes the poor and shabby house the worm has hitherto dwelt in gladly until—and *now*, O wonder! the worm feet still cling pitifully, frightenedly, heroically, to the reed, while from the worm

body immerses a thing of light, a rainbow luster, a creature of wings and gossamer, a body of glancing lights, a creature provided for the sky, not for mud and ooze. The body it has is left a husk which still clings on the windblown ladder of the reed and the dragon fly when its wings are dried plumes flight into an element it never knew and wings "to points beyond." It has the sky, the glancing river, the swaying rushes, the forests rimming the river, the glory of the sun. Dragon Fly it is called, and it knows not the river worm. It is named after its flight. That is its life and its joy. It flies from place to place; wings have taken the place of feet. Feet it has, but only for temporary alighting. So long it had its feet only that now it scarcely lights. Wings—all wings. It lights only for the laughter of renewed flight.

When such an apocalypse is open to us may not a wee worm teach man the lesson of the sky? A poor worm, sworn brother of the mud, left the mud and found a road to "points beyond."

I confess the sight of this deserted house clinging to the rush along the stream makes me weep like a motherless baby. I cannot see it often enough to quench the wonder of it. I had nearly said the miracle of it. For no miracle set down to the hands of the Son of God when he was barefoot here on our open road was quite as wondrous as this worm aspiring to the sky and wings. "To points beyond" seems not such an extravagant formula after this. A man should have as good a chance as a worm, think you? and as high a chance? No change of the mortal body to an immortal body whereof the Christ gave credential was equal in prodigy to this worm apocalypse. I had no light, no sky, no wings, nor needed them nor wanted them, then came to possess them all. And shall not the good God who put the passion for the sky and wings into the shambling worm give passion to man for a better world where wings shall take the place of tired feet and fretlessness shall preempt the place of care?

I protest the rationalist and the materialist should go to school to the worm, which would teach them immeasurable diameters more than they have set down in their dull, eyeless philosophy. Man is a chrysalis and shall emerge; death is a dizziness which comes over the body, the brain, when making transit from

mortality to immortality. There is a change of azures; there is the espousal of the infinite. For this mortal shall put on immortality, and we shall be *changed* in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and God shall give a body as it shall please him. Cannot the dragon fly talk that talk after what has happened to him? I wot he could only. It remains for a redeemed man to say it in whose life abides the luxury of immortality.

Such as make light of this radiant immortality, this change from little to large, from less to more, from under to upper, from a cul-de-sac of death to the open roadway of immortality to "all points beyond," turn out to be grim disciples of the mud, and the worm could teach them beyond all they know and become their apostle. They trumpet so loudly that they should be taught a gospel to proclaim. "A little child shall lead them" was a somewhat whimsical word long ago uttered to those super-wise who knew so little. But now the irony is that a water worm shall be competent to lead these. If the water worm's groping was prophetic of its place in the azure how shall we explain the restless human soul save by its open sky access "to all points beyond"?

A daring aviator was shot down on the battle front not so long ago, and when they wrote of him after his death in a tone of hushed wonder they declared, "His home was in the sky, and he only lived to fly." That swift biography of a brave spirit, told by men who gave no heed to the vast Poetry of what they set down, has drowned my heart in trumpet triumph time after time. His home was in the sky and he only lived to fly. Ah, radiant vagrant of the upper spaces, shall I not learn of thee where I belong? Shall I, for whom "all points beyond" are the sure holdings of my life, be satisfied to let earth domineer over me, and stay a citizen where I am meant only to stay a day and a night, or shall I, who am girded and goaded for immortality, fold my tent "like the Arabs and as silently steal away"?

A worm must not transcend a man in hunger. Man must not be eyeless like an owl when his hand is tugged at by the nail-pierced Hand of Immortality. Hear this passage from an old poem writ in an illuminated missal:

"There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial, but the glory of

the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal shall put on immortality."

And with that voice of trumpets my soul is in accord. I know it from my need. I know it from those radiant dissatisfactions which urge me into clamorous surgings after those things I have not yet secured and the God whom I shall see. The dragon fly must not shame me. The flying man of battle in the skies must not point brave finger at me in scorn.

I will consult my soul when it is hushed in the presence of its passion for aspiration, and for sunrise, and for starting to "all points beyond." I will consult the Passion of the great spirits of the world, who knew time was not their port, but their port was eternity. I will consult the Great Intruder who came from heaven to tell to earthly souls the bewildering company to which they were kinsfolk; and I will hear him say ("knowing that he came forth from the Father and that he must return to the Father"), "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye"—

"And to all points beyond."

William A. O'Connell



## THACKERAY IN IRELAND

AMONG the many persons to whom I have mentioned the Irish Sketch Book of 1842 only one could boast of having read it. He, indeed, spoke as if an acquaintance with it were a matter of course. The others simply knew the volume as one that came with a "full set" of Thackeray; they had never dreamed they were under any obligation to look into its pages. It was a successful piece of work, vivacious, informing, the first of Thackeray's literary ventures, so they tell us, to make a distinct impression on the public. This hard-working author knew how to please the editors, he could market his wares, but he confessed himself baffled by the indifference of the readers of magazines. The Irish Sketch Book was not subjected to piecemeal publication, it came out in a pair of comfortable volumes with the hall-mark of a first-rate house. Possibly a capricious public liked it on that account. Dawdlers in bookshops could look through the table of contents and learn at a glance what was to be had for their money. Thackeray offered a good deal, far more than the table of contents indicates: a straightforward narrative, a manly style—always easy and occasionally eloquent; a keen sense of fun, a dash of satire now and then as well as outbursts of honest indignation, also plenty of facts well seasoned with amusing or touching anecdotes. In addition to this he gave himself, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, or, as he generally calls himself, the Cockney; for the title of the book, had he had his own way, would have been "The Cockney in Ireland"; he abandoned that title because of "the pathetic remonstrances of the publishers."

Nothing that was characteristic escaped him. He worked hard at his task, both with mind and body. To make a tour of Ireland in 1842 required a good physique. The long journeys, the indifferent inns, the questionable food and the uncertainties of the climate were in themselves a hardship. He attended a court of petty sessions, he read the newspapers diligently and commented on them, he bought specimens of the popular litera-

ture, analyzed them, and gave his readers a *précis*. What a delightful piece of fooling is his outline of the historical tragedy of The Battle of Aughrim, "written from beginning to end in decasyllabic verse of the richest sort!" Yet one's first impulse is to skip it. He was a guest at an agricultural banquet and a ball, he mingled with people at the fairs, he religiously attended the theater, and he visited a convent in a decidedly secular frame of mind. Neither poorhouses nor schools, churches nor colleges were neglected. Yet he gives only his impressions of things, in the order he likes, and has a laugh at the prospective reader who may possibly take up his book in search of classified information and guide-book lore. As a practical man of letters who was also bookish in his tastes he sought out all the bookshops—they were not very numerous—and came to the conclusion that the belles-lettres were not so eagerly cultivated at Limerick as at Cork. Nevertheless it was at Limerick that he found the writings of one Titmarsh, and viewed them with a melancholy tenderness: "Poor flowrets of a season (and a very short season too), let me be allowed to salute your scattered leaves with a passing sigh!"

The talk of the people amused him much, and, sensible traveler that he was, Thackeray encouraged them to talk until they had run dry. At Derryclear he had the luck to meet a man who had seen a mermaid—"he with Jim Mullen being above on a rock, the mermaid on the shore directly beneath them"; and he heard of another man *who had shot one*; a dastardly form of sport, almost as sacrilegious as shooting cherubim in the Himalayas after the manner described in Cranford. It is pleasant to know that mermaids have been seen as late as 1842. The two Irishmen were more fortunate than Mr. Asterias, in Peacock's novel, who perlustrated the coast of Lincolnshire in the lively hope of seeing (and capturing) a mermaid, but netted a perfectly valueless specimen in the shape of a fellow-guest at Nightmare Abbey.

Not having undertaken to compile a guide-book, Thackeray went where he would, made mention of such matters as interested him, tarried but for a night at some places and was more than leisurely at others. By tracing his wanderings on the map one

discovers that he did his Ireland with something that approximates thoroughness. At a period of history when it was impossible, as now, to glide on smooth rails from one town to another, a traveler saw not only the towns but all that lay between; he came in close contact both with the country and the natives. After relating the adventures of a summer's day in Dublin and describing what befell him at a country-house in Kildare, Thackeray visited Carlow, Waterford, Cork and the town with the melodious name of Skibbereen—would that Richard Strauss might be moved to set that name to music!—also Bantry and Glengariff. He made the inevitable trip to Killarney, presented its lively incidents in an extremely lively chapter, and added a couple of chapters on the famous lakes. Satisfied with a glance at Tralee, Listowel and Tarbet, he journeyed to Limerick, Galway and Ballinahinch. The variety and splendor of the scenery deeply impressed him, as it also convinced him of the uselessness of piling up big words to represent wild mountains, or of spinning long smooth sentences to give an idea of the calm lakes by which he traveled. "All one can do is to lay down the pen and ruminate, and cry, 'Beautiful!'" Leaving Ballinahinch "with sincere regret," he made his way through the Joyce country to Westport, to Ballinasloe, and so on, by Athlone, Lishoy, Moate, and Maynooth, back to Dublin. Having diverted himself by a two days' excursion to Wicklow, the Cockney turned his face to the north and visited Drogheda, Dundalk, Louth, Newry, Armagh and Belfast; also the Giant's Causeway, at which place the guides and professional mendicants badgered him unmercifully.

He forgot his griefs at Limavaddy, for there he fell eternally in love during the ten minutes of his stay and, as he remarks, chronicled the circumstances of his passion in "deathless verse." All properly educated persons know the poem, "Peg of Limavaddy," and, if they be men, wish they might have seen the handsome original. The last stanza is a perfect example of the author's drollery:

Citizen or Squire,  
Tory, Whig, or Radical  
would all desire  
Peg of Limavaddy.

Had I Homer's fire,  
Or that of Serjeant Taddy,  
Meetly I'd admire  
Peg of Limavaddy.  
And till I expire,  
Or till I grow mad, I  
Will sing unto my lyre  
Peg of Limavaddy!

On the road to Londonderry the traveler turned aside to visit the "Agricultural Seminary of Templemoyle," and was vastly pleased with what was to be seen there. Here at last was education in a sensible form. He has a fling at the English public school system. "All the world is improving except the gentlemen." At Eton were five hundred boys, "kicked, and licked, and bullied by another hundred—scrubbing shoes, running errands, making false concords, and (as if that were a natural consequence) putting their posteriors on a block for Dr. Hawtrey to lash at; and still calling it education." Worst of all, they were "absolutely vain of it." Readers who are interested in the training of boys will do well to compare Thackeray's outburst with a famous and brilliant explosion of Sydney Smith's on "the good old English system." Of "wild Donegal" our tourist saw but little. The season was now well advanced. Snow had fallen at Londonderry, and Mr. Titmarsh had begun to yearn for the society of Pat the waiter at the Shelburne Hotel, Stephen's Green. A true city man, he felt an honest and comical terror of the country, and it was with a sense of genuine relief that he came in sight of the gas lamps of Dublin. With a final flourish on Dublin, its hospitalities and its peculiarities, the amiable book is brought to a close.

For it is amiable; exceedingly so. To be sure, the author mingled praise and blame and the Irish firmly resented all unfavorable comments—a position to be explained in part on the ground of imperfect sense of humor—but a book which leaves the reader deeply and sympathetically interested in the people described is amiable, to say the least. And it is a modest book. Thackeray knew how hard it was to get at the truth. Are things what they seem or are they not? And what about the tales that are poured into the traveler's ear, every one of them in a tone

of absolute sincerity? Furthermore, there are always to be met with cases of a deliberate attempt to befuddle the honest inquirer. It were a wonder if, after his summer in Ireland, Thackeray did not become an example of the complete historical sceptic. "I shall never forget," he says, "the glee with which a gentleman in Munster told me how he had sent off MM. Tocqueville and Beaumont 'with such a set of stories.' . . . Amid a multitude of conflicting statements which one is the stranger to believe? And how are we to trust philosophers who make theories upon such data?" The writer who aims only at a volume of impressions must be puzzled to find that truth (in Ireland) is always of two sorts, one Protestant, the other Catholic. Thackeray was not prepared fully to trust deductions of his own, drawn from what he had seen and heard. He puts his doubts in an amusing way. For example, he was charmed with the ride from Armagh to Portadown, with the look of the neat farms and orchards, the manners and speech of the people, their dress and their accent. "A man gives you a downright answer, without any grin or joke, or attempt at flattery." Having drawn a comparison between all this, so agreeable to him, and what he has seen in other parts of the island, Thackeray promptly pulls himself up with the remark that "these are rather early days to begin to judge of national characteristics; and very likely the above distinctions have been drawn after profoundly studying a Northern and a Southern waiter at the inn at Armagh."

No doubt much may be learned from waiters. They are a gifted people, wiser than most metaphysicians, besides being capital financiers. But they are nomadic, a race apart, and Thackeray did well not to regard them as types of their respective civilizations. Journalist though he was, he was far too clever a man to theorize to any great extent. He knew perfectly what sort of thing he could do and therefore he confined himself to sketches of people and places. He aimed to bring out traits of character by humorous or ironical description as well as by anecdote, to make visible to the reader the aspect of towns and villages, the features of the milder landscape, the wild splendors of lake and mountain scenery. He set himself a conventional task, but he

performed it in a fresh and unconventional way. With the help of this book and a good map one may make a tour of Ireland in the forties with one's feet on the fender. His vignettes are admirable—if it be correct to call them vignettes. Take this one of Dublin as he first saw it. And remember that Thackeray was just from London, which, then as now, was not so much a city as it was a world. Remember also his playful insistence on the fact of his being a Cockney—a Cockney in Dublin:

"A handsomer town with fewer people in it is impossible to see on a summer's day. In the whole wide square of Stephen's Green I think there were not more than two nursery-maids to keep company with the statue of George I. . . . Small troops of dirty children . . . were squatting here and there upon the sunshiny steps, the only clients at the thresholds of the professional gentlemen whose names figure on brass door-plates on the doors. A stand of lazy carmen, a policeman or two with clinking boot-heels, a couple of moaning beggars leaning against the rails and calling on the Lord, and a fellow with a toy and book stall, where the lives of Saint Patrick, Robert Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald may be bought for double their value, were all the population of the Green.

"At the door of the Kildare Street Club I saw eight gentlemen looking at two boys playing leapfrog; at the door of the university six lazy porters in jockey-caps were sunning themselves on a bench—a sort of bluebottle race; and the bank on the opposite side did not look as if a six-pence worth of change had been negotiated there during the day. There was a lad pretending to sell umbrellas under the Colonnade, almost the only instance of trade going on, and I began to think of Juan Fernandez, or Cambridge in the long vacation. In the courts of the college scarce the ghost of a gyp or the shadow of a bed-maker."

Of such sort were Thackeray's first impressions of Dublin. It was midsummer. All the dandies were at the seashore, and society had fled to the terraces and pleasure-houses of Kingstown. How could Dublin have been other than desolate?

Fortunately a friend came to see him and carried him off in a wonderful cab "of a lovely olive-green, picked out with white, on high springs and enormous wheels." A little tiger swung gracefully up and down, holding on by the hood. As for the horse, it was almost as tall as the moldy camelopard in the Trinity College "Musayum." Thackeray wished he might have driven up Regent Street in this splendid equipage and "met a few creditors." Later he saw the Dublin dandies in all their glory, and



marveled at the spectacle. Thackeray knew the breed wherever they were to be found, in Paris or in London, or even at Liverpool, a city famous for its "desk and counter D'Orsays and cotton and sugar-barrel Brummels," but he doubted whether any city could produce such a number of smartly dressed young fellows as Dublin had to show. To his eye they had an original and splendid character and appearance of their own "very hard to describe." So happily has Thackeray touched them off that one can see them and can rejoice with him in the sight. The spectacle of a group of young men whose principal business is dress must always be entertaining. Military and ferocious of look, they wore their hats well over one ear, and an oily bush of hair on the other side of the head to balance the hat. In the matter of pins, and canes, and horn quizzing-glasses they made the bravest possible show. Big pins were the fashion in 1842, but Thackeray thought he had never seen so many pins, or so big, as at Dublin. "Large agate marbles or 'taws,' globes terrestrial and celestial, pawnbrokers' balls—I cannot find comparisons large enough for these wonderful ornaments of the person." The owners thereof seemed to have nothing to do, and the question in Thackeray's mind was how the city could support them, or they themselves. Supported they were in some mysterious manner, well supplied with three of the essentials of dandyism—food, raiment, and infinite leisure. They were to be seen in vast numbers, swarming in the park or at the seaside, whirling about in cars, pouring into or out of railway carriages, always voluble and vivacious, "and greeting other dandies with that rich large brogue which some actor ought to make known to the English public."

The existence of this large leisure class bestriding their hacks in the "Phaynix," sailing their yachts at Kingstown, shows that the Ireland of 1842 must indeed have been a land of contrasts. But it also complicates the problem of how to explain that same Ireland. In truth the profession of dandyism at Dublin could not have cost its votaries much (gold-headed canes, "very splendid," were to be had on the quay for a shilling); but that this "noble breed" should have existed in such numbers as to excite astonishment, and that at a time when poverty was rampant every-

where, when the beggars were to be seen in droves, and when the great famine was impending, is, as the Wessex countryman would say, "a thought to look at." At Cork Thackeray caught a glimpse of alleys where the odors and rags and darkness were so hideous as to be appalling. They told him of quarters of the town which the policeman could not penetrate, "only the priest." He asked a Roman Catholic clergyman to take him into some of these pur-lieus. The man refused. Everywhere throughout the south and west of Ireland a traveler was "haunted by the face of popular starvation." It lacked three years of the time when the outbreak of a potato-disease in the Isle of Wight should bring the danger to the notice of Parliament. Even now the terror existed. Thackeray saw it—the spectacle of thousands stretched out in the sunshine before their cabins, with no work and apparently no hope. Many of these unfortunates had torn up the half-ripe potatoes from their little gardens and devoured them. Now there remained nothing for the winter but the prospect of a gnawing hunger and the bitter cold besides. With all these signs of misery about him a traveler had no right to be happy, still less any heart for it.

In walking the streets of Cork and looking at the ragged urchins that crowded them Thackeray was impelled to remark that the superiority of intelligence was here, "and not with us." He thought he had never seen "such a collection of bright-eyed, wild, clever, eager faces." The talk of two little chaps lolling over the balustrade of the quay attracted him and he listened. One of them had been reading Rollin, and the subject of their animated discourse was the Ptolemys. Both of these boys were "almost in rags." At Dublin he picked up the anecdote of the groom at Dycer's stables who, on learning that the gentleman to whom he had brought out a horse was Lever, touched his cap and pointed to a book in his pocket, a little pink-covered copy of Harry Lorrequer. "I can't do without it, sir," said the groom. Now what a joyous episode was that in the sad life of a man of letters. Lever must have been pleased; Thackeray certainly was in hearing about it. The incident could not well have happened to himself, for he had printed no novel as yet, only the two volumes of the *Comic Tales and Sketches*, a work not likely to appeal to

grooms, Irish or otherwise. But he knew of a certain compatriot who had written a bright chronicle of laughable adventures, a book that anybody could, and everybody should, read. And he speculated on the likelihood (or unlikelihood) of an English stableboy's being acquainted with that drollest of narratives as the Irishman knew his Harry Lorrequer. "I wonder does any one of Mr. Rymell's grooms take in *Pickwick*, or would they have any curiosity to see Mr. Dickens should he pass that way?"

And, by the way, has any industrious person taken the trouble to collect all the pretty allusions to Dickens that are scattered through the voluminous writings of Thackeray? There must be a hundred such references, or more.

That were a strange book of travel which took no note of modes of conveyance. Thackeray does not say that he was considerably shaken up in the course of his Irish tour, he simply leaves it to be inferred. He marveled at the capacity of the car by which he made the trip from Glengariff to Killarney. It was no more elastic than other vehicles. Seven passengers filled it, but the driver was a man of many resources and took on six more, making thirteen in all. They kept their places in part by holding on to each other. That there may be no mistake about this the author introduces a sketch of the car and its human load in which he himself appears, wearing a high hat in genuine cockney style, with his arm around a demure young lady in a poke bonnet. He has a cherubic face, and in his spectacles faintly resembles "Gig-lamps," of Cuthbert Bede's instructive romance. Says Thackeray, "Now it may be a wonder to some persons that with such a cargo the carriage did not upset, or some of us did not fall off; to which the answer is that we *did* fall off. A very pretty woman fell off, and showed a pair of never-mind-what-colored garters." As a matter of fact the cars seemed to be made for the passengers to fall off from. They could not be doing it all the time, but just as they were reaching Killarney they saw somebody else fall off another car. It was a form of national amusement.

This was the most mirthful of the adventurer's experiences while learning to adapt himself to Irish modes of travel. The dreariest was the ride from Leenane to Westport, with for chariot-

eer a young savage who not only spoke little English, but was "dressed in that very pair of pantaloons which Humphrey Clinker was compelled to cast off some years since on account of the offense which they gave to Mrs. Tabitha Bramble." The lad sat with his feet directly under the horse's tail, and from this point of vantage belabored the unhappy brute with a whip for six consecutive hours. To the questions put him he gave mostly wrong answers, howling them into the interlocutor's ear. His voice was so hideous that Thackeray (whom we know to have been an ironical wag) asked him *to sing*, and the youth, in newspaper phraseology, "kindly complied." If the listener hoped to collect the songs of the people from one of themselves he was disappointed. Nothing was to be made of either words or music. Yet it was evident that this "horrible Irish ditty" was meant to be tuneful, that the lines rhymed and were divided into stanzas.

Thackeray plied both pen and pencil during this busy summer. He made sketches of the people, when they would submit to it: the young woman who sold worsted stockings, and who, after agreeing to pose for a certain sum, raised her price a shilling when the sketch was only half done; the man peddling turf, from a cart of original construction, who started back in alarm when Thackeray showed him his sketch-book in the vain hope of making the fellow comprehend in what sense he wanted "to draw the cart." When it was a question of landscape the traveler very wisely depended on his gift for painting pictures in words. He traveled through many dismal tracts, dismal, that is to say, "for eyes accustomed to admire a hop-garden in Kent, or a view of rich meadows in Surrey, with a clump of trees and a comfortable village spire." Nevertheless they had a certain dreary impressiveness, or even splendor, all their own. Whatever he himself saw he can make the reader see and feel. He has good phrases with which to paint the dark mountains in a livery of purple and green, the dull gray sky above, an estuary silver-bright below, then a fisherman's boat or two, a pair of seagulls undulating with the little waves of the water, a pair of curlews wheeling overhead and piping. It is all spontaneously done, and not as if he had said to himself, "Come now, let us make a landscape, and show the

public what we can do in that line." In his brief account of the Giant's Causeway it would appear that Thackeray had beaten the specialists in nature-painting at their own game and not made half so much fuss about it. There are less than two pages of actual description. Read them and you have seen the place, the wild, sad, lonely place, where the solitude was "awful." You may save your money by not going, and you won't be obliged to meet those chattering guides who dared to lift up their voices and cry for money in this scene of awe and terror.

"It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow. The sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hilltops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap, roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colors. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was molded and fashioned out of formless chaos this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of it!"

For my part I ask nothing better than this. But Thackeray would not have been Thackeray had he neglected to pull himself up for daring to be "eloquent." He must always have a laugh at himself before anyone else got a chance to laugh. What had he been using but "a tailor's simile" with his remnant of chaos? "Well, I am a Cockney. I wish I were in Pall Mall." One sympathizes with him, the Londoner, the clubman, the denizen of towered cities, at that most desolate of places, the Giant's Causeway.

Yet it fascinates him. He cannot leave it alone. He must go back to it. He *does* go back to it and makes a vignette like this:

"Yonder is a kelp-burner: a lurid smoke from his burning kelp rises up to the leaden sky and he looks as naked and fierce as Cain. Bubbling up out of the rocks at the very brim of the sea rises a little crystal spring: how comes it there? and there is an old gray hag beside, who has been there for hundreds and hundreds of years, and there sits and sells whisky at the extremity of creation! How do you dare to sell whisky there, old woman? Did you serve old Saturn with a glass when he lay along the Causeway here?"

And then he spoils his picture with an ironical stroke—or, rather,



does not spoil it, merely shows that he for one will not be caught attempting the grandiose and failing. Of a truth he was fairly bedeviled by the place, and kept on trying to express somehow its wonders of color and form, and then scoffing at himself for thinking it could be done. "There is that in nature, dear Jenkins, which passes even our powers." (This Jenkins, I feel sure, was first cousin to that very Jones who used to read numbers of *Vanity Fair* at his club and annotate the sentimental passages with "foolish, silly, twaddling," and like epithets.) And Thackeray tells Jenkins that we can perhaps feel the beauty of a magnificent landscape, "but we can describe a leg of mutton and turnips better." He tells the imaginary Jenkins that this scene is not for Cockneys like themselves, it is "for our betters to depict." And he kindly confides to the readers, *and Jenkins*, who "our betters" are—or, rather, who one of them is: "If Mr. Tennyson were to come hither for a month, and brood over the place, he might, in some of those lofty heroic lines which the author of the *Morte d'Arthur* knows how to pile up, convey to the reader a sense of this gigantic desolate scene."

"Mr. Tennyson": how oddly that appellation falls upon the ear. The *Poems* of 1842 had been published and Thackeray had read them. He may have seen the *Morte d'Arthur* before it was given to the public. Fitzgerald had heard it read by the author from manuscript as early as 1835; it then had neither introduction nor epilogue. Tennyson never spent a month in brooding over the Causeway, he brooded over the wild cliffs of the Cornish coast, at Tintagel and Morwenstow, and afterward wrote the *Idylls of the King*. If the Irish are really proud of their scenery they may well take the trouble to make Thackeray's descriptions of it better known. The man was profoundly impressed by what he saw. And he marveled that Londoners should always flock like sheep to the continent, year after year, while all this beauty of rock, hill, lake and mountain, with their misty lights and shadows, should remain utterly unknown. One can fancy a reader's taking up the *Irish Sketch Book* primarily for what it might tell him about Ireland, and as he goes from page to page finding himself more and more absorbed in the work itself as an exhibition of



clever craftsmanship, and at last almost forgetting the book because of his interest in the author as a man. Here was a great literary artist in the making. This work contains the germ of other works. It has the air of being easily, almost carelessly, written. The jaunty tone—not persistent indeed but constantly recurring—the affectation of ingrained cockneyism, the numerous asides, the sudden transitions, are all rather deceptive. They convey the idea that the author tossed off his sketches, that his feeling for what he was about was journalistic rather than literary. One would better not be fooled by Thackeray's nonchalant air; the man undoubtedly took great pains.

His summer in Ireland must have stimulated his imagination, for he was presently to write *Barry Lyndon*: or, to give the title under which the romance first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*. He had not yet begun in *Punch* the brilliant series of papers there entitled *The Snobs of England*, but from numerous passages in the *Irish Sketch Book* it is plain enough that were he given the chance he would most certainly castigate snobs and take real pleasure in the exercise. The enormous deference paid to titles both amused and annoyed him. But was he not a little hard on His Grace of Tichborne? And if it is silly to belord a man out of all reason is it not equally absurd to doctor and colonel and professor him, *more Americano*, or, as far as that goes, even to mister him? The plain Quaker mode of address is rather refreshing from time to time. I do not imagine that Thackeray had to go to Ireland to make Captain Costigan's acquaintance; worthies of the Costigan stripe abounded in England. And what was The Mulligan—he who made such a disturbance at Mrs. Perkins's Ball—but an Anglo-Irishman? Poor Titmarsh could never find out, save in a general way, where The Mulligan lived; it was down toward Uxbridge, whither the big fellow would point vaguely with the big stick that he always carried under his arm.

Valuable as *The Irish Sketch Book* may be as a record of impressions and experiences, highly suggestive as it certainly is to the student of Thackeray's literary methods and art, it is also one of the most significant of his earlier writings in that it so

admirably reveals the human side of the man who wrote it. The tone of the book is large-minded and generous. The author could pretend to be parochial and cockneyfied, it suited his whimsical nature to make such a pretense, but he was as incapable of the thing itself as he was incapable of being stingy or unsympathetic. If anything he had too much heart, and must needs conceal the fact now and then under a show of mockery. Not that he would always conceal his sympathies. Take the case of the man he met at the baiting-house ten miles out of Leenane—a wretched fellow, out of work, half sick, lame from a recent fall, and now painfully tramping one hundred and fifty miles back to his starving wife and children at Cork. No writer of a light book of travels could conceal his real feelings in an encounter with misery like this, least of all the writer in question. Whoever cares to learn how the pathetic may be handled with masterly restraint will turn to this paragraph. Thackeray does not say how much he gave the poor chap, does not indeed admit that he gave him anything. It was his way to keep mum on the subject of his charities, but he is forever telling us how he refused to give in this quarter or that. Well, we know how to interpret him; he cannot fool us.

He is none the less likable for his little bursts of anger and petulance. If he became hot at finding that attributed to English misrule which was the result of rank shiftlessness, who can blame him? It was difficult for Thackeray to be patient with those who supinely endured evils that a present application of whitewash and soap would have mitigated at once. He is refreshingly direct. The reader knows exactly where the man stands on a hundred and one questions. He never trims, never tries to dodge an issue, and in the main he is singularly fairminded. He strikes a hard blow now and then, but he always puts on boxing-gloves before squaring at his opponent. There was little or nothing in him of the bruiser. As to his prejudices, they are perfectly harmless; and he is so amusing in the expression of them that the reader cannot help laughing. He could not away with the extemporaneous method of preaching, and his experiences in Presbyterian churches in Ireland did not convince him that a sermon was the better for having been delivered without the help of a manuscript.

"If I were Defender of the Faith," he says, "I would issue an order to all priests and deacons to take to the book again; weighing well, before they uttered it, every word they proposed to say upon so great a subject as that of religion; and distrusting that dangerous facility given by active jaws and a hot imagination." Not all extemporaneous preachers suffer from active jaws and a hot imagination, or begin a sentence without knowing what is to be its conclusion. Thackeray is unfair simply from honest prejudice. No doubt he was soundly trounced by editors of Presbyterian journals after his book came out. I should like to see a few of the fulminations. No more than his Scotch brother is your Irish Calvinist lacking in a command of denunciatory rhetoric.

One of Thackeray's outbursts occurs at the end of his account of a Sunday walk through the Devil's Glen, as it is inappropriately called, a few miles from Roundwood, where he was enchanted by the foliage, the color, "and all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow," and where he heard a chorus of 150,000 birds—he is quite definite as to the number. As a salvo to his conscience for not being at church he writes a charming description of the place, and maintains the thesis that one may get as much good by an hour's walk there "as out of the best hour's extempore preaching." And he thinks of

"a million and a half brother cockneys shut up in their huge prison . . . and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations except on week-days, and that their proper place of resort is a dingy tabernacle where a loud-voiced man is howling about hell-fire in bad grammar."

A passage like this was certain to bring down upon him all the organs of Dissent in England, but one cannot think that he would much mind. Thackeray was touching on a minor question of the day. As a lover of pictures he could not see why the galleries should be closed on Sundays so long as the gin palaces were kept open. Whatever he has to say on the topic—there is only a page or two of it—may be looked on as a slight contribution to the Young England movement, or at least so much of its activities as related to the problem of making the poor happier as well as

better off. Thackeray, though himself far from successful, did not exactly come under the appellation of "the poor," and it will comfort some horrified reader of his outburst to find him sobering down, growing almost humble, and quite ready to admit that, instead of walking in the woods and preaching a sermon against sermons, he might better have been at church hearing one.

Of his fantastical quality of mind, his humor, and his love of fun the book contains endless illustrations. Exceedingly droll is his putting of this difference between London and Dublin: One can only take leave of London by degrees, the great town "melts away into suburbs. But you pass from some of the stately fine Dublin streets straight into the country. After No. 46, Eccles Street, for instance, potatoes begin at once." For an example of humorous description, the humor lightened with fancy, one may take the account of Glendalough. The picture is like that seen through an opera-glass with the small lenses turned toward the object. Everything is astonishingly minute, yet brightly painted and perfectly distinct. Thackeray likens the place to "the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played." He writes a whole paragraph in that key. It is quite faultless. Then the humor broadens, as witness the following paragraph:

"There are seven churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there! The place would hardly hold the Bishop of London, or Mr. Sydney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore, and a chapter no bigger than that in *Tristram Shandy*, which does not contain a single word, and mere popguns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Mr. Crofton Croker to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard."

A man so apt at the humorous in all its forms must have been appreciative of the same quality in others. In the entire book there is, so far as I can remember, but one example of what we call "Irish wit." It is excellent, but why should there be only one? Did Thackeray hear none of the sparkling clevernesses for which the very carmen and beggars are supposed to be famous?

Can it be that they are a myth, and in large part the creation of travelers who visit Ireland with a predestinate grin on their countenances and take for wit any unexpected turn of speech that drops from an Irishman's lips? The point needs clearing up. Ireland has produced almost the wittiest man who ever used the English language—Thomas Moore; now let someone tell us just how much that proves. Perhaps at heart they are a sad people—making exception, of course, of those in America.

It is natural to connect this great man's name at the present point in his history with the names of two of his contemporaries. At the very time Thackeray was doing Ireland, pleased, touched and puzzled by what he saw, Dickens was hot-footedly scouring the United States and trying, with only partial success, to comprehend our queer civilization. A hardworking but lucky dog, that Charles Dickens, world-famous and fairly rich at thirty!

And when Thackeray went to Kingstown with a group of friends, all bent on pleasure-making—the time he got the receipt for hot lobster and wrote it out in phrases not to be read without deep emotion—he *may* have seen there a bespectacled, burly young Englishman of twenty-seven, with a nice young lady on his arm, and *may* have set the pair down as newly betrothed; in which opinion he would have been pretty nearly right. Some years later that same young Englishman—his name was Anthony Trollope—was to write a novel that Thackeray would be very fond of reading, for in its pages he could see as much as he liked of a young girl whom he pronounced one of the most charming in modern fiction.

Trollope was already planning books to be written, long stories and short, plays, historical novels, a guide to Ireland, and what not. The day of his success was distant.

An interesting group of novelists. And why should one read less entertaining writers so long as a single important line of any one of the three remains unread?

Leon H. Vincent

## CONTEMPORARY WAR LITERATURE AND THE NEW CALVARY

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Kauffman, in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, also defines the war in this orthodox way when he writes, in a beautiful prose poem:

"Look down, O Lord; behold us, too, send our beloved sons to mount the Cross and die on Calvary that thy ancient will may be done."

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cannon ball. Nowhere has the difference in ideals of the two combatants more clearly been set forth and contrasted. It is the cross against the cannon ball from the beginning of the war to its end. The submarine policy, the air raids on hospitals—the results of one of which I have seen myself in Paris, where one of our women Y. M. C. A. workers was killed outright; the poison gas, all is the cannon-ball ideal. The Germans take every opportunity that they can find to ridicule the idea of the cross. Out of this have come such experiences as Jim Baxter suffered.

Jim Baxter is one of those soldiers who not only suffered spiritually the pangs of the cross but he was actually nailed in his physical body to its beams. There had been a charge and Jim Baxter had stood, long after his comrades had fallen, fighting to the last bullet. Then when that bullet was gone he had still stood, swinging his big gun around him, knocking a half dozen Germans over as they closed in on him. He suddenly dropped unconscious. When he comes to he finds himself nailed to a cross and speaks:

"When Jim came to he found himself  
Nailed to a cross of wood,  
Just like the Christs you find out there  
On every country road.

"He wondered dully if he'd died,  
And so become a Christ;  
'Perhaps,' thought he, 'all men are Christs  
When they are crucified.'

"His strength was ebbing with his blood,  
His hands and feet were dead,  
Fierce, biting pains shot through the nails  
And blazed within his head.

"Below, a mob of jeering Huns  
Mocked at his woeful plight.  
They bade him loose himself and come  
Down for another fight.

"But suddenly he raised his head,  
His eyes shone clear and bright,  
And opened wide——, for, at his side  
Stood One clothed all in white.

"His face was wondrous pitiful,  
 But still more wondrous sweet;  
 And Jim saw holes just like his own  
 In His white hands and feet;  
 But His look it was that won Jim's heart,  
 It was so wondrous sweet.

"'Christ,'—said the dying man once more,  
 With accent reverent.  
 He had never said it so before,  
 But he knew now what Christ meant."

Linked closely with this definition and description of the war in vivid terms of a real human Calvary from a character of Jim Baxter's type comes the Donald Hankey type of college-bred, cultured, scholarly English lad. Those who have not read the two books *A Student in Arms*, by Donald Hankey, have not read the best of the war literature. All through both of these remarkable books Donald Hankey is ever conscious of "The New Calvary." In a hundred ways he expresses it. He expresses it in that marvelous chapter on the religion of Tommy, which he pictures as having become strangely and strongly articulate in the trenches for the first time in Tommy's life. He strikes this note in the expressions of his own religious experience. Hankey had been long searching for the Christ. When he did not find him in social service work in London he enlisted as a private, thinking to find him in the trenches with the common boys of England. And he was not disappointed, for he did find the Master. He found him through the brotherhood, the sacrifices and the sufferings of his brave comrades. He found him through learning the willingness to live the experience that Christ set forth when he said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he will lay down his life for his fellow man." Donald Hankey found Christ a vital, vivid, warm, close, personal Saviour only when he lived and suffered in the trenches with his fellows.

From both of the series of *A Student in Arms* one would probably choose, of the many scenes, to illustrate this particular theme the description of the charge that ended Hankey's life. We are told that before the charge that sent him "West" this young Christian, who had now, because of bravery, been promoted to an

officer, gathered his soldiers about him in the trenches. He asked them to kneel in prayer, as in the years gone, Cromwell did before battle. They all knew the seriousness of the work they were about to do. They knew that most of them would probably fall before the rain of bullets from the German machine guns as they crossed "No Man's Land." They prayed. Then Hankey looked into the eyes of his lads and said words that shall never die: "It's 'Over the Top.' If wounded, 'Blighty'; if killed, the Resurrection!"

Add to this scene the utterance of Dr. Gilbert Murray of Oxford, a scholar who had taught such fine fellows as Hankey in their Oxford days; an older man, one who could not carry arms, cultured, poised, intellectual, cold, critical, but who, too, sees in this war, sees like a man reborn, the Calvary of it, and gives utterance to this thought in a thrilling paragraph of prose:

"As for me personally there is one thought that is always with me—the thought that other men are dying for me; better men, younger men, men with more hope in their lives, many of whom I have taught and loved. The orthodox Christian will be familiar with the thought of one who loved you dying for you. I would like to say I now seem to be familiar with the feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loved me is dying, and dying daily for me."

I could refer to *The Comrade in White*, *The Cross at the Front*, by Tiplady, to Mary Shipman Andrews's *The Three Things*, and to many other recent publications every chapter of which literally breathes with the thought that the war is a New Calvary to the world, and that out of this Calvary even now there is dawning the light of the resurrection of a new morning for the world. What this New Calvary means to the soldier himself one writer tries to show us. First it means that through this war the soldier is to be reborn, just as the world is to be reborn. "Private Peat," author of one of the best books that have come out of the war, in *The American Magazine* of March, 1918, which I am reading in France as I write this chapter, comes with a paragraph that no doubt thrilled the great reading public of America as Harry Lauder's story thrilled it a short time before. In expression of this thought, that the soldier is being reborn, Private

Peat says: "I could tell of dozens of cases I have known personally of men who were literally born again in the trenches." "To be born again" will be a familiar phrase to the orthodox Christian, just as Dr. Murray intimates. But it is a stirring thing to hear the whole world using these significant Christian phrases in these tremendous days.

And Private Peat is not the only writer who knows that the boys have been new born; that they have found Christ and their Father, for John Oxenham in *The Vision Splendid*, which he says is defined by "*The Vision Splendid is the Cross Victorious*," lets a boy speak for himself in answer to an interrogatory poem which he calls "*What Did You See Out There, My Lad?*" The question is asked in the first stanza of the poem:

"What did you see out there, my lad,  
That has set that look in your eyes?  
You went out a boy, you have come back a man,  
With strange, new depths underneath your tan;  
What was it you saw out there, my lad,  
That set such deeps in your eyes?"

And the answer comes that he saw Christ and God:

"Strange things,—and sad,—and wonderful,—  
Things that I scarce can tell,—  
I have been in the sweep of the Reaper's scythe,—  
With God,—and Christ,—and hell.

"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;  
I have seen the devil at play;

I have seen the Godless pray."

Other verses follow, but these are enough for our purposes, and then comes the answer of the author to the lad who has seen Christ and God; the answer that the lad had a right to his high look:

"You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,  
You have met God in the ways;  
And no man looks into His face  
But he feels it all his days.  
You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,  
And we thank Him for His grace."

Somehow the soldier has found his oneness with God in the war. I have talked with these lads face to face and have found that this tremendous fact is true. It is not woven of a poet's fancy. It is vitally, vividly, victoriously true. I have talked with lads coming in from the trenches and they had a superior look about them. It was almost unearthly. They had gone in boys, they had come out men; they had gone in rookies, they had come out veterans. I shall never forget the look in the eyes of a cherubic red-cheeked lad from the United States as he led a big six-foot German prisoner into the First Division Headquarters a month ago when I was down on the front lines. There was the look of Heaven about his face. He had faced the Cross and he had come out to live. And with him he had brought a German prisoner. I asked him how old he was and he told me that he was seventeen. Then he added, "And I've got a brother over here who is only sixteen." But forever after that charge that boy was to be a man. He had lived his lifetime in the few minutes of that morning's charge. He had come back from the Cross and it was the dawn of his Resurrection to a new manhood. He could never be the same after that morning.

Private Peat in this same American Magazine article says that out of this hell men come to be at one with God:

"We don't think it makes a bit of difference, even if we should be killed in the middle of an oath. God understands. That's all that is necessary. As your American slang puts it, 'We should worry.'"

And in this slang phrase, which one understands who has talked with the men in the trenches, in this one slang phrase he sums up that oneness with the Christ that the lads feel and which has been expressed by Oxenham, in the same book from which I have just quoted, in a poem called by the very orthodox title of "Atonement":

"At one with Thee!—  
Earth's cares are gone.  
What matters else,  
With Thee at one?"

The soldier feels, and I, for one—after having seen the thing that brings him to this conclusion, having seen the Calvary on



which he suffers—that he has won his crown. Private Peat says so in the fifth paragraph of his *American Magazine* article:

"And suppose I didn't come back at all? I know I'd be smiling now—and I wouldn't be doing it in hell, either. That's what you don't realize, you who are here at home. You don't know how things get clear and plain to us in the trenches. Talk about finding yourself! We find more than ourselves. We find God."

If the reader doesn't find this strong enough to convince, let him turn to Oxenham's *The Leaves of the Golden Book*, which he has written to console his own heart and the hearts of numberless readers who wonder what has become of their lads. Bishop McConnell says that as he walked through the "saddest road in Christendom," on the British front, with an English clergyman who was seeking the graves of several boys for their folks back home, he saw hundreds of graves in this desolate war-scarred field with a simple cross and the words, "An Unknown British Soldier." And here lies the terrible tragedy of war. To those who are bearing this cross at home come these lines like the touch of a mother hand on a fevered brow, comforting, consoling, soothing, especially when coupled with what Private Peat has said:

"God will gather all these scattered  
Leaves into His Golden Book,  
Torn and crumpled, soiled and battered,  
He will heal them with a look.  
Not one soul of them has perished;  
No man ever yet forsook  
Wife and home and all he cherished,  
And God's purpose undertook,  
But he met his full reward  
In the 'Well done' of his Lord."

And to further strengthen and to further comfort, and to add the full measure of consolation, Oxenham gives us another word of hope in "Through the Valley":

"And there, of His radiant company,  
Full many a one I see  
Who have won through the Valley of Shadows  
To the larger liberty.  
Even there, in the grace of the heavenly place,  
It is joy to meet mine own,  
And to know that not one but has valiantly won,  
By the way of the Cross, his crown."

Then, like a challenge, literature puts it up to us as to what this sacrifice, what this suffering, what this cross must spur us to. It must spur us to the realization that these lads have died for us. Thoughtful men like Dr. Murray of Oxford see this and we have heard him speak already. Oxenham adds his voice to this phase of our thinking:

"For us He died,—  
For you and me;  
For us they died,—  
For you and me.  
That love so great be justified,  
And that Thy name be magnified,  
Grant, Lord, that we  
Full worthy be  
Of these, our loved—our crucified!"

And here side by side with Christ this great poet puts the lads. Not side by side with him as the criminals were, but as brothers with him. And if Christ were willing to accept the thief into his fellowship on the cross simply because he believed, how eagerly and warmly he must welcome these lads who died as he died, for others, that the world might be better; how eagerly shall he welcome them.

In "The Fiery Cross," a new Oxenham book, this thought that, like Christ, some lad has died for us is briefly and wonderfully expressed:

"Some man has died out there to-day  
For you and me,—  
Died in heart-wracking agony, maybe,  
For you and me."

And war literature dealing with the New Calvary makes us see that not only men, but the world, will be reborn out of this New Calvary. In "The New Earth" Oxenham has one outstanding stanza:

"Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross  
Has time such prospect held of Life's new birth;  
Not since the world of chaos first was born  
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth."

Yes, a New World is to arise after this our New Calvary; a New World is to arise out of the morning of the New World

Resurrection. Let this final word from Oxenham in prose and a final word in verse sum it all up. The more practical, social-industrial rebirth he foreshadows in the Introduction to his book, *The Vision Splendid*: "If this fierce flame free us from the ruinous wastage of drink—from the cancer of immorality—from the shame of our housing-systems both in town and country—and bring about a fairer apportionment of the necessities of life—a living wage to all workers, leisure to enjoy, and opportunity to possess and progress—it will have done much. If it level the dividing-walls, and result in a Pact of Nations which will ensure Peace for all time, it will have done very much. If it bring the world back to God it will have done everything. This, our great sacrifice, will then be turned to everlasting gain."

The poem is taken from *The Fiery Cross*:

"The wayward world has nailed itself  
On its own cross of woe;  
With its own hands it hewed the wood,  
It dyed the rood with its own blood,  
And then, with vicious blow,  
Drove home the nails that it had cast,  
Through its own flesh, and made them fast;  
It dug the pit below.

But every cross new meaning holds  
Since such sweet virtue came  
Of Calvary; and though mankind  
Still wanders graceless, deaf, and blind  
To his own bitter shame,  
Yet, by God's grace he shall arise  
From this dread cross of sacrifice  
To set all life aflame!"

Wm L Stidger

## DANTE AND VERGIL

"HAVE you anything bearing on the relation between Dante and Vergil?" was a question submitted to a city librarian. With a swift look at the interrogator she replied decisively, "No; I didn't know there was any." She might be pardoned; but hardly so a university professor who said, "Dante knew little Latin. He could not have been much indebted to Vergil. He lived before the Renaissance." The professor proceeded to admit (which was not at all necessary) that he had never read Vergil himself, "except in translation." Then he must be pardoned, too, but pitied. Doubtless he would have added that one did not need a basis in classical literature to properly interpret and adequately enjoy our own and European masters of prose and verse. Not one of them but drank deep at the Pierian fount; and their utterances are a riddle only in part comprehended by the reader whose thirst has not been slaked at the same fountain. How much of the imagery, beauty, and music of Tennyson is lost to the advocate of the new and "practical" education! Every page, every line, almost, bristles with allusions which bring to the classically stored mind a train of associated ideas which must have enlivened also the writer's thought. Imagine the mental molecules stirred into action by the unnamed lady who turned "the star-like sorrows of immortal eyes" and "spoke slowly in her place":

"I had great beauty: ask thou not my name:  
No one can be more wise than destiny,  
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came  
I brought calamity."

And who can note that liquid music of "The Lotus Eaters," the mournful refrain of *Cenone*, the skillful adaptation of nature setting to human mood, the clever tricks of onomatopœia and verse structure, without recalling with pleasure the sources which were his inspiration? Compare, for instance, Vergil's description of a storm,

"luctantis ventos, tempestates que sonoras,"

or the thunder and lightning verse,

"intonuere poli et crebris micat ignibus aether"

with waves which

"roar, rock-thwarted, under billowy caves,"

and

"She tapt her tiny, silken, sandaled foot"

with the following imitation of a galloping horse:

"Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum."

Very ready was Tennyson to acknowledge his indebtedness in the poem in which he addresses Vergil as "Landscape lover, lord of language," "light among the vanished ages; star that gildest yet this phantom shore," "wielder of the stateliest measure ever molded by the lips of man": "I salute thee, Montevano, I that loved thee since my day began." It is conceivable that one *might* read Tennyson or Keats or Shelley, Browning, Addison, Shakespeare, or even Milton, without discovering much relation between them and the ancients; but only because in his own cerebral cortices he had established no paths that led from one to the other. He will wonder, doubtless, why Wordsworth calls the daisy "a little Cyclops with one eye"; or why Shelley calls the sun "sanguine"; while another refers to it as in "Phoebus' fiery car."

"Quae cum ita sint," let us condone and commiserate the professor or the city librarian who sees no relationship between the two great Italian poets under discussion. Let us remember that even we "are the heir of all the ages," and of no age so fully as that of Rome's supremacy. Our laws and forms of jurisprudence, civil and religious institutions, our philosophy, architecture and art, our literature and the very language with which we address each other or our allies are a legacy from the great nation which grew from a handful of men on the Palatine to be the "domini rerum," the masters of men and circumstances. Let us remember in these days of materialism, and emphasis on the so-called practical and scientific in education, that the highest values of life cannot be measured by a dollar nor a yardstick, and that the spiritual acquisitions of the race should not be relegated

to Limbo or Lethe. "Surely," as President Webb said recently, before the Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the South, "no worse calamity could befall us intellectually and morally than the willful neglect of those studies which have come down from the past redolent with the wisdom of the ages and still capable of firing the imagination and inspiring the hearts of our youths." We are witnessing to-day the mastery of science and matter, but we somehow still believe that spiritual forces will win this war and that we shall need spiritual more than material power to solve the problems that come after the war. So let us not apologize for turning from the perusal of ghastly reports from gory battle fronts, from ravages wrought by machine guns and gas bombs, from science and materialism gone mad, to the impact of intellectual and spiritual forces, the influence of one great spirit on another separated from him by centuries of time.

Indeed, such study is by no means so *mal apropos* as it may at first seem. Our perspective is such that we may view as a whole, in all its later horrible tyranny and disgusting decadence, the history of that nation so closely paralleled in material and intellectual greatness and in its ambitions of world empire by the German nation of to-day. The first Cæsar gave his name as well as his ideals and ambitions to the last. His nephew, the heir to his throne and name, realized the importance of gathering about him a coterie of writers who would justify his reign to the people and who would inoculate them with the idea of world empire and a divine mission in dissemination of "artes," or Kultur. Poets and people fell into this clever trap. Those were days when to be able to say "*sum Romanus*" gave a prouder prestige than kingship. The slogan "*Roma super gentes*" took as powerful a hold on the imagination as "*Deutschland über alles*." The poets of the second Cæsar sing of a golden age, a time of peace, of prosperity, and of the extension of Roman glory over the earth. But it was an unstable peace, resting not on justice and brotherhood but on blood and arms, on the elevation of one nation over all else. Vergil's poem is intensely nationalistic, was written, indeed, at the emperor's request, to foster this spirit. Let me quote a few passages: The Romans are called the people destined



to be "widely ruling, proud in war." Jupiter, like the Kaiser's god, is made to promise empire without limit. "I have placed no limits of time nor circumstance upon them. I have given them 'imperium sine fine,' " he says. Æneas, ancestor of Cæsar, is told that his "house and sons of his sons and those who shall be born from them shall lord it over all lands." Again, Jupiter speaks of Æneas as one who shall father a race destined to send "totum orbem" under its laws. Shall I simply change the date and append this clipping from the Chicago Tribune?

"GOD AND SWORD"

KAISER SAYS THEY WILL WIN THE VICTORY FOR GERMAN PEOPLE

AMSTERDAM, March 8.—In reply to congratulations from Phillip Heineken, director of the North German Lloyd steamship line, Emperor William has sent the following telegram:

"The German sword is our best protection. With God's help, it will also bring us peace in the west, and, indeed, the peace which, after much distress and many troubles, the German people need for a happy future.

"The complete victory fills me with gratitude. It permits us to live again one of those great moments in which we can reverently admire God's hand in history. What turns events have taken is by the disposition of God.

"May our people face the new time and its tasks with a strong sense of the realities, with unbending faith in itself and its mission, and with strong, patriotic, and proud joy in the fatherland, bound to me and *my house* by old and proved bonds of mutual trust."

Vergil sums up the mission of Rome in making the shade of Anchises to say, "Remember, O Roman, other nations will mold breathing bronze and lead living faces from marble, they will excel you in pleading cases and in measuring the heavens and naming the stars, but *you* are to rule nations by your power. To impose the customs of peace, to spare the conquered and subdue the haughty—these shall be your arts."

Dante, severed from Vergil by twelve centuries, was *en rapport* with him. Living at a time of petty, quarrelsome, divided states, he was intensely nationalistic and found in Vergil a voice for his own ideas. He believed his nation destined by God to give unity under power and law to the world. He points to Rome,

"the holy city whose very stones are worthy of reverence," as the seat of empire. To him the *status miseriae* was the discord of Christendom, and the *status felicitatis* the pacification of the world under coequal sway of pope and emperor in Rome. His purpose in writing the Divine Comedy, like Vergil's, was both personal and political—to call the nation to piety and patriotism, to glorify religion and the Italian nation.

Dante was no more the slavish imitator of Vergil than the latter was of Homer, or than Homer was of the saga poets who preceded him. Each accepted his legacy and gave it back to the world again as the epitome of his age plus his own genius. Seneca wrote to his young nephew that one's reading should be like the pollen gathered from this flower and that. One's writing should be like the bee's product, neither lily nor rose but something distinct yet partaking of each, mingled in some mysterious way within the bee by its own individuality. So we find with Dante. His sources were the literature of the ancients, the Holy Scriptures, the poetic visions of the Middle Ages, and the external circumstances that touched his life. In "some mysterious way" these were combined and an individuality, a potency and charm added to them which have made Dante the mouthpiece of the Middle Ages; the prophet, preacher, and interpreter of the human soul for all time.

The man of wisdom and genius is the man who, when some fortuitous circumstance challenges him, is ready with his accumulations and his talents to produce a structure that shall stand. So the necessity of a proper resting place for a great tomb suggests Saint Peter's to Angelo's trained brain. Thus was Dante's imagination fired as he found himself among the two million souls that flocked to Rome during the two weeks in February, 1300, in which Boniface VIII agreed to grant plenary indulgence to all who would visit the tombs of Saint Peter and Paul and pray there for pardon. (Giovanni Villani, who accompanied him, conceived at that time the plan of his great history.) The sight of so many human souls, conscious of the weight of sin, willing to travel weary miles in the hope of escaping some of its consequences in the next life, this, and the ever-present desire to say

of Beatrice "things never said of mortal before," led to the composition of the *Divine Comedy*.

As to its ancient sources, it is true, as the professor said, that "Dante lived before the Renaissance." It is also true, in one sense, that he "knew little Latin." That is, in comparison with the great mass of Roman writings that preceded him and the number of manuscripts that were discovered after his time, his range of authors was not great. He knew intimately, however, the authors to whom he had access. He lived before the utter neglect of these studies, and we must remember the ancient literature was never entirely lost. In the eleventh century a monk complained of the undue popularity of Juvenal and Horace, and piously upbraids himself for being overly fond of Lucan. His plaint, be it noted, is voiced in Latin verse.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries universities were organized and became centers of culture. Certain schools had fame before that time, notably Bologna and Ravenna in Italy, Paris and Orleans in France. Dante was a student at Bologna, also in Paris and Oxford. In 1325 we read of a teacher at the Bologna University whose sole task was to "comment on Cicero and Ovid." The study of Greek was established at Oxford in the early part of the thirteenth century. Classical studies reached their height in the twelfth century, the age of John of Salisbury and Bernard Silvestris. A good Latin prose style developed in Italy by the eleventh, and in the north by the twelfth century. The fourteenth century witnessed a decline of universities and scholasticism; but Dante, born in 1265, antedated that unfortunate period. Had he lived along with Petrarch and Boccaccio he would undoubtedly have been a great humanist and his scholarship and statesmanship would have found wider scope; but we would have had no *Divine Comedy*. The great poem, as one has said, "is at once a tomb and a cradle—the splendid tomb of a world passing away, and the cradle of a dawning brighter world to come. It is a porch that unites two temples, the temple of the past and of the future." It is the expression and the monument of the Middle Ages.

It was possible, in the Middle Ages, for a man to take all

knowledge as his province and to really possess "omne scibile." Dante was a man of information vast and profound, possessing all the science of his time, accurate, scrupulously exact, of haughty nobleness, no "timid friend of the truth." Boccaccio says of him, "He did not, after the fashion of the nobles of his day, give himself to frolics and indolence, but with steady zeal to the liberal arts. Despising transitory riches, he gave himself up to a thorough study of poetic fiction. In doing so he made himself familiar with Vergil, Horace, Ovid, and Statius, and every other famous poet. Not content with simply knowing them, he sought to imitate them." Dante himself tells us (*Convito* II. 13) what consolation he found in Cicero's beautiful philosophy, notably his essay on Friendship, after the death of Beatrice. As to Vergil, he knew him by heart. Vergil addresses Dante in *Inf. XX* in relation to the *Æneid*, as "thou who knowest the whole of it."

The church fathers loved and at the same time condemned the ancient writers as "blasphemous dogs." Jerome says an angel reproved him in a dream for his devotion to Cicero in these words, "*Ciceronianus es non Christianus.*" He called Vergil the "first Homer of the Romans," and when speaking of the catacombs at Rome he said, "Here one can only move step by step and in the darkness one is reminded of '*Horror ubique animos simul ipsa silentia terrent.*'" He is the same Jerome who in a burst of pious fervor said, "What has Horace to do with the Psalter or Vergil with the Gospel?"

Vergil never suffered obloquy nor oblivion. For some reason his purity and his piety saved him from the fate of his fellow countrymen. Indeed, his writings were made school texts within his own lifetime and from that day to this have never passed out of the schools. The disgrace of dethroning him may fall on this or the next generation, but on none yet for these 2,000 years can it be laid. He was regarded with a sort of reverence not accorded to other pagan writers by the early church. So much so that all sorts of myths clustered about his name investing him with mystic powers. A Catholic tradition makes the scholarly Paul a visitor at the poet's tomb in Naples, where he says, "O, what had I made of thee had I met thee in life, thou greatest of

the poets." In north Italy, nearly to this day, a mass in honor of Vergil was said in the churches. Not all the churchmen were so tolerant of Vergil. Herbert, bishop of Norwich, repented of his enthusiasm for him after dreaming that Christ appeared to him and said, "Why do you keep with you the lies of Ovid and the inventions of Vergil? It is not fitting that the same mouth should preach Christ and recite Ovid." Rigbod, bishop of Treves, was criticized for knowing his *Æneid* better than the Gospels; and Wilgard (eleventh century) was convicted of heresy and condemned because of the study he had bestowed on "three devils, Vergil, Horace, and Juvenal," who appeared to him in a dream and promised him a share in their fame. Vergil was esteemed not alone on account of his consummate and appealing genius, the universality of his spirit, the charm and music of his verse, but because in certain of his lines the fathers found principles of theology, such as the unity, spirituality, or omnipotence of God, which they classified as Christian. But particularly was his fame assured among Christians by his Fourth Eclogue, which was supposed to clearly prophesy the coming of Christ.

Dante was a layman. While in his study of the classics he had various elements in common with the clergy, yet he made no apology, but instead had great respect for those great minds who antedated and were independent of the Christ. He studied them not as a grammarian or philologist, nor humanist, but as a thinker and a poet. His attitude is void of the criticism or suspicion shown by the ecclesiastics. He was able to resuscitate the ancient poetical spirit as no monk had ever done. He combined love of women and of country with the love of truth, and united Christianity and the ancient tradition as no other writer had. He was so familiar with the ancients that they formed the framework of his thought; but interwoven with every allusion to them are references to biblical characters or the people of his times. In no place does he show himself a servile imitator nor even an adapter.

Both Vergil and Dante lived at a time of spiritual decay and sought to save their compatriots by showing the heinousness and punishments of sin and the struggle of the soul toward purification.

Vergil had opened the way to Avernus, and made "facilis" its "descensus." It was natural that Dante, setting out on the perilous journey, should choose him as guide, as Æneas had chosen the Sibyl. His indebtedness and devotion to his guide are expressed in many endearing phrases and titles. He introduces us to him in the first canto, when in a burst of eloquent surprise he says to the being who saves him from the beasts (sins) that beset him in the dark forest of life,

"Now art thou that Virgilius and that fountain  
Which spreads abroad so wide a river of speech?  
O, of the other poets honor and light,  
Avail me the long study and great love  
That have impelled me to explore thy volume!  
Thou art my master, and my author thou.  
Thou art alone the one from whom I took  
The beautiful style that hath done honor to me."

In this great allegory, representing the soul in its struggles from sin through purification to peace, Vergil can be the poet's guide only as far as heaven's gate, where another soul, "than I more worthy," the pagan sadly says, shall guide him on. Vergil stands then for human intellect, philosophy, or reason, whose function is limited. Only divine inspiration and revelation, as typified by Beatrice, can guide the soul into the highest spiritual realm. When one sees the eagerness with which our pilgrim poet greets his new guide, dismissing Vergil with a facile tear, though knowing he must return to eternal Limbo, one feels a bit of comfort in the fact that after all Vergil is only a symbol.

He caused Sordello to greet him with rapture, and Statius, who meets them as he struggles out of purgatory, says before recognizing Vergil, "To have lived upon the earth what time Virgilius lived, I would accept one sun more than I must ere issuing from my ban." Statius's joy knows no bounds when he finds himself in the presence of the great teacher, and he accords to him the credit for his repentance through the famous line of the Æneid, "Cursed love of gold, to what will you not drive mortal hearts!" and his conversion through the Fourth Eclogue. "Thou first concerning God didst me enlighten," he continues,



"Thou didst as he who walketh in the night  
Who bears his light behind, which helps him not,  
But maketh wise the persons after him."

The two continue their conversation. Dante, dropping behind them, "listened to their speech," "which gave me lessons," he says, "in the art of song."

So does the poet free himself forever from the charge of plagiarism and do honor to his source of inspiration. His guide protects him from sin, shows him its heinousness and evil consequences, incites him to arduous effort and painful penances, reproves his timidity, his inactivity, and in one case his coarseness, and leads him patiently, kindly, to the very gate of heaven. Such was Dante's conception of Vergil's influence on him. He places him among the souls who, because they had not baptism, could not enter heaven though "they sinned not." Coming before Christianity "in the right manner they adored not God," but lived on in Limbo for such defects and not for guilt, "non per fare, ma per non fare," unpunished except as they "live on in desire."

Greater praise he could not have bestowed on him and still been loyal to his faith as a Catholic. He places him, an honored member, in a group of the world's greatest poets, to which, by common consent, Dante is admitted as a sixth member.

There are reminiscences of all of Vergil's works in Dante, for Vergil was always present in his consciousness; but in the *Divine Comedy* he has, of course, followed particularly the sixth book of the *Æneid*, in which the poet has sent *Æneas*, guided by the prophet Sibyl, through the regions of the dead. Vergil here shows himself an eclectic in following exclusively no school of philosophy, but combining doctrines of Plato and Pythagoras with Eleusinian mysteries.

He does not, however, "hold opinion with Pythagoras, that souls of animals fuse themselves in trunks of men." He believes rather in the doctrine of metempsychosis, or soul migration from one human body to another. After spending a thousand years below in expiation and purification the soul may bathe in Lethe and forget its dismal past, and be willingly returned to earth in another form. Some, indeed, are condemned to remain in eternal

punishment, while still others, like the righteous Anchises, are permitted to dwell forever in Elysian fields. Dante's Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso are here clearly foreshadowed. The idea of the reincarnation of spirits he passes over as not agreeing with Christian dogma and tradition.

It is interesting to see how he makes Vergil contradict himself in order to give sanction to that mischievous practice by which the clergy have so enriched themselves; namely, prayers for the dead. Everywhere Dante is beset by souls who ask him to pray them out of Purgatory. But Vergil had written, "Cease to hope that the fates of the gods can be bent by prayer." So Dante says, "These people pray for this—might then their expectation bootless be or is to me thy saying not quite clear?" Vergil replied: "My writing is explicit, and not fallacious is the hope of these if with sane intellect 'tis well regarded." Then he dodges the issue and tells Dante to ask Beatrice!

In the main he follows Vergil closely in this psychological pilgrimage among the dead. He himself asks frequent questions of his guide, as Æneas did of the Sibyl, thus elucidating still farther for his readers the mysteries of the hereafter. He begins his journey as Æneas did, in a dismal forest, in which maze, lost and beset by wild beasts, he needs and finds a guide. As Æneas was impelled by filial love and his father's command to essay the perilous journey, so Dante is led by love and command of Beatrice. As the Sibyl says to Æneas, "Now is there need of courage and a stout heart," so Vergil has to strengthen the feeble knees of his follower by warning him against cowardice. It is night when they enter. Vergil says Æneas and the Sibyl wandered through the shadows "as one goes at night time through a forest under the niggardly light of an uncertain moon when 'nox abstulit atra colorem.'" Vergil excels in depicting night scenes. Dante has here combined two such pictures as he says,

"Day was departing and the embrowned air  
Released the animals that are on earth  
From their fatigues; and *I the only one*  
Made myself ready to sustain the war."

Let me quote this beautiful passage from Vergil in which

Dido's troubled spirit is set in vivid contrast to the peace of nature:

"Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa soporem  
corpora per terras, silvaeque et saeva quierant  
æquora, cum mediis volvuntur sidera lapsu,  
cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictæque volucres  
quæque lacus late líquidos, quæque aspera dumis  
rura tenent, somno posita sub nocte silenti  
At non infelix animi Phoenix nec amquam  
solvitur in somnes oculiave aut pectore noctem accepit."

Aeneid: Bk. IV: ll. 522-529.

Night was reigning supreme, and wrapt in undisturbed slumber,  
Bodies exhausted from toil throughout the land lay reposing.  
Ceased had the forests their sighing, the surging sea had subsided,  
It was the time when the stars glide on in the midst of their courses,  
When without sound lies the field, and flocks are folded and bright plumed  
Birds of the air are in silence, when myriad lake dwelling fishes  
Poise in the limpid depths, and lulled by the spell of the midnight  
Creatures that people the prickly, briar-strewn patches are silent.  
Earth was enwrapt in sleep, at rest in the arms of the night time,  
Care sank from remembrance, and hearts had forgotten their sorrows.  
Dido, with heart all distraught, finds rest nor in body nor in mind.  
Love, like the ocean's wild roll, surges and sweeps through her soul.

(Tr. by ELLSWORTH DODD.)

I cannot refrain from quoting an adaptation from an English poet:

"For now the noonday quiet holds the hill,  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass,  
The lizard with his shadow on the stone  
Rests like a shadow and the winds are dead,  
The purple flower droops; the golden bee  
Is lily cradled; I alone awake."

As they pass through "sighs, laments, and ululations loud" they come to a river on the banks of which are spirits as numerous "as in the autumn time the leaves fall off" (as the *Æneid* also says) waiting to be transported by a grim old boatman, the austerity of whose appearance and the asperity of whose voice make his identity known to us and to Dante as Charon. Soon they encounter Cerberus, the three-headed janitor of Hades, and Minos, its first judge. In the Limbo just outside are placed the weeping souls of infants and unbaptized, where *Æneas* had met infants

and suicides. Within the first circle are those who died on account of love—just where we expect to find them; and 'tis no surprise to meet Dido there, though she does not turn upon Dante as upon Æneas a look "as cold as Marpessian marble." It is interesting to see how this Christian poet avails himself of pagan history and mythology, bridging over the gulf by such juxtapositions as "I not Æneas am, and I am not Paul. Nor I, nor others think me worthy of it." Harpies and Centaurs, that "infamy of Crete" the Minotaur, furies and demons, find their place beside horned devils of Christian creation. "Icarus, stripped of feathers by the melting wax," Phaeton, who "scorched the heavens," are mentioned as complacently as Abraham or Peter. Thus does he syncretize pagan and Christian ideas, unconsciously, perhaps, because it was impossible to dissociate his theme from his predecessors' treatment of it. It was impossible for him to think except in the thought-forms which his years of intimacy with the classics had created for him.

He finds the same sort of crimes worthy of punishment which had exercised Vergil's pen, with this difference, perhaps: that he invents even more hideous forms of torture. Another difference, too, is striking: the gentle Vergil did not condemn to punishment, at least by name, the men and women of his time. Dante, on the other hand, did not hesitate to avenge himself on his personal and political enemies, whether individuals or cities, peasants or popes. Boccaccio said of the Comedy, "This huge pile he erected merely to gibbet his political enemies." But not so, or it would not live. It is the epic of the soul. However, one cannot but be reminded of the story of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." The Pope's Master of Ceremonies, Monsignore Biagio, had dared to criticize the composition, whereat the artist put him into the picture as Minos, the judge of the lower regions, but with donkey's ears and a serpent about his waist. Biagio appealed to the Pope, but that astute Farnese replied: "I have power to get you out of Purgatory, but not out of hell," and there he remains. Dante, like Angelo, exercised a fearful power. Smarting under the wrongs and injustice of exile, he consigned his persecutors to an undying and unenviable fame. On the other hand, he is as per-

sonal in his commendation of virtue as Vergil had been. Under all the personal allusions lies the universal application and the purpose is plainly allegorical and ethical. Dante lived in an age of allegory, and one must understand that to understand the popularity of the *Divine Comedy*. Here is a sample of the exegeses of the time. The Ark of Noah was made a symbol of the church by Hugo of Saint Victor. Origen tells of a lion which to escape hunters obliterates its tracks with its tail—this signifies that God became man secretly to deceive the devil! The four letters of Adam's name indicate that man shall occupy the four regions of earth from which the elect shall be gathered. So Dante's age could appreciate his allegorical beasts and demons and himself led by reason, or Vergil, to see the depths and punishment of sin, and rescued therefrom by Beatrice, or God's gift of revelation and inspiration. They could understand that in immuring popes, heels upward, in hell, he was not only "gibbeting" individuals but forever branding the vices they practiced. His purpose may be expressed by one of Vergil's tortured spirits, "Warned (by us) learn justice and do not despise the gods."

A word as to that "*bel stilo*" which Dante says he owed to Vergil. His teacher's style is more compact and concentrated. It is a condensation due to reflection and the labor of eleven years on one work. "Oft the charm of all the muses lingers in a lonely word"; as for instance when he gives us a whole mental picture of the lame, awkward old nurse Barce, in saying simply, She hastened her "*anilem gradum*," "old woman's step." Dante would have consumed several lines in describing her.

It is impossible, as with Vergil, to reproduce subtle excellences of style in a translation. So much of the matter is bound up with the meter. His language is "Sometimes strong and harsh, sometimes soft and sweet, sometimes like a torrent rushing from a height, sometimes like the gentle gurgling of the rivulet that quietly flows through flowery meadows. Sometimes it is a boisterous wind; sometimes a soft zephyr. Sometimes it is the hideous despairing yell of demons or of lost souls; sometimes the music of the harp of angels or the hymns of the blest." (Scartazinni and Davidson.)

We find Dante following Vergil not alone in philosophy, mythology, ethics, imperialistic ideals, plot and imagery, but through skillful choice of words and arrangement of syllables to a highly artistic and immortal product.

When Vergil has done all this he realizes his own limitations and gracefully yields his place of leadership. You will recall that when Vergil had sent Æneas through the misty regions of the dead, in *Æ. VI*, he said:

"There are two gates of sleep: one of horn by which real spirits are given egress, another of ivory by which false dreams escape." He then proceeds to let Æneas out by the ivory gate, thus admitting that the whole story was a false dream and admitting too his agnosticism, if not epicureanism, with regard to the life beyond the tomb. Dante admits no such uncertainty, and in the confidence of Christian teaching he pushes beyond Vergil into the holy of holies where faith alone could lead him. Triumphant he sings, this Christian,

"The glory of Him who moveth everything  
Doth penetrate the universe and shine  
In one part more and in another less.  
Within that heaven which most his light receives  
Was I, and things beheld which to repeat,  
Nor knows, nor can, who from above descends."

Invoking the aid of the pagan Apollo he asks for "power divine,"

"So that the shadow of the blessed realm  
Stamped on my brain I can make manifest,"

and Paradiso stands as the answer to that prayer.

*Evelyn Riley Nicholson*



## MISSIONARY LEADERSHIP

JOHN WESLEY struck the keynote of missions when he said, "The world is my parish." Christ said, "The field is the world." The church, then, without a world vision, world plans, world activities, is no true church of Wesley or of Jesus Christ. The true church militant plans for world conquest, and is unwilling to lay down her arms till victory is complete. Unto this end she gladly devotes her greatest resources and most precious treasures. She begrudges not the best of her sons and daughters for so sublime an adventure. The greatest talent, wisdom, learning, training, and spirituality are not too great an offering. In these days the choicest youth of the world are being offered upon the altar of human liberty; how much nobler the cause of spiritual freedom! The world honors the man who strikes off the shackles from the limbs of slaves; how much grander to unshackle the minds and souls of men! Those whom Christ makes free are free indeed.

For such world tasks where can suitable men be found—men who shall be undaunted explorers, establishing new missions; pillars of fire to peoples groping toward the light; spiritual dynamos among the growing churches; wise in counsel when nations are travailing to the birth; men who dream dreams and have the dreams come true; men who have visions and see their visions realized? Such men as these, how rare are they! Truly their price is above rubies. Yet such are finding place in God's great scheme of world redemption. There will come to mind such names as William Taylor, Joseph Hartzell, James Thoburn, William Butler, and his son in Mexico; Parker, Oldham, Maclay, Lowry, Brewster, and many others. By faith these men have gone forth into lands of promise, even promised to the Son for his inheritance. By faith they "have subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises." Who will follow in their train? Upon whom will their mantle fall? Such men must be weighed, not counted. Their value to the missionary enterprise cannot be reckoned in silver or gold.

Men of special qualifications are needed in pioneering new missions. May I be pardoned if I illustrate from my own experience? When I offered myself for China I was given the choice of being sent to our Central China Mission or to accompany an older worker who was to open a new mission in the far interior. Perhaps there was some pioneer blood in my veins which led me to choose the latter, going where I certainly would not be building on another man's foundations. The mission was opened in the city of Chungking, fifteen hundred miles up the Yangtse and six weeks' journey from Shanghai. At that time there were barely a dozen Protestant missionaries within a radius of five hundred miles in any direction. There were not two dozen converts. It was as though one had been dropped from another planet upon a world which knew not the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Now it is required of a pioneer missionary that he endure hardness as a good soldier. But my colleague was a man of retiring and studious habit, who avoided, if possible, all rough contacts. When I wished to go on a journey among the people he made objection. Well, failing health compelled him to leave the field when we had been in the new station a little over a year, and it fell to me to preach the first sermon which was preached in the mission. From then on I alternated missionary journeys with teaching and preaching in the station. I encountered inveterate prejudice and deep-seated hostility. I learned what Paul meant by being made the filth of off-scouring, and why the off-scouring came after the filth. It surely was necessary.

But the only way to overcome hostility is to show one's self friendly. The only way to escape an unfortunate reputation is to live it down. No progress can be made until there is some degree of confidence on the part of those whom we seek to reach. One must be ready to take hard knocks and not shrink unduly from rough contacts. French Romish priests had been laboring in that region for generations, but the masses of people seldom had a glimpse of them. When they traveled they were hidden away in tightly closed sedan chairs. We, on the contrary, walked abroad in the full light of day, fairly courting the glare of publicity. We were made a gazing stock unto all men. Often on

entering a new town it would not be many minutes before hundreds of thousands would be densely packed in some large temple court, staring at us in open-mouthed astonishment. When we preached we were seen more than we were heard. When we ate, a dense mass of humanity paid close attention and made appropriate remarks. When we retired to an inn, fingers poked holes through paper windows. I felt almost lonesome when I came home on furlough and found that I could walk down a street without any one so much as turning the head to look at me.

Foresight is needed in the selection of main stations. Mistakes here may be costly to remedy. The educational, medical, and evangelistic plant in such cases requires a large expenditure of money, which amount should correspond to its importance as a center. The mission board must largely depend upon the judgment of its representatives on the field.

A sister mission came to our region planning to do the most of its work in the country rather than in the cities, because it was noticed that country work was more prosperous. Of course they found out their mistake later on. I was reminded of my experience when I was a small boy reading Abbott's *History of the Civil War*. I observed that the Union troops made their greatest effort and expended the most blood and treasure in attacking cities and fortified places, and I wondered in my innocence why they did not concentrate on the easier tasks and leave these places behind.

When a veteran missionary of the Congregational Board was in the earlier half of his missionary experience he and an associate made a prosperous country point the base for work in a large region, immortalizing the place in one of his racy books. Recently his mission, finding that a radical mistake had been made, tore down residences, school buildings, etc., and rebuilt in the nearest important city.

Important institutions must be wisely located. Fifteen years ago the principal of our boys' high school in Chungking was urging that the school be elevated to the status of a college. Now we did not want a college at Chungking, at least not at that time, but we did want it at Chengtu, the capital and official and literary

center of the largest and most populous province in China. So the man with a college under his hat was transferred to Chengtu, where he is now president of the West China Union University.

One not a missionary may master the outlines of mission strategy. Over thirty years ago Bishop Fowler, on a visit to China, remarked to me on the importance of Chungking as a railway center. He had never seen Chungking, and there was not a mile of railway in China, and little sentiment favoring one, yet he was absolutely right. Chungking is the wholesale distributing center for a population of one hundred millions, and railways will be built there when this war is over.

He founded the Peking and Nanking universities, creating things that be out of things that were not, because he had the vision of a seer. Both have become union universities. He urged that our Foochow college be made a university. It was not done then, but has since become also a union university. In every one of these important centers our high-grade work was first, and we are furnishing all the four presidents. The first classes of the Nanking University were taught in a former cow stable, but there is now a large and growing plant. So do great trees from little acorns grow.

When will great givers turn their attention to China? If ten millions is not thought too much for medical education will one hundred millions be thought too much for general education? A little over eleven years ago I was a member of a committee to consider the establishment of a union university at Nanking. During the discussions I suggested that the goal of our efforts be one million dollars for property and endowment. I would not have the face to suggest such a small sum now, but probably no college in China had one fifth of that amount then. They all looked aghast at the suggestion. I said, "Do you not favor it?" "O, yes," they all said, "but don't let such a proposition go out from this committee." Their courage has grown greatly since then. They are making good progress toward a million, and probably will not be willing to stop when they reach that amount.

The class which I saw graduate from the Peking University in 1917 had exactly the same number as my class in the North-

western University thirty-eight years before, and the grade of work was certainly not inferior. Would I be thought a rash prophet if I should predict that the growth of the university in the future will not be less than the Northwestern has had?

There is need of wise leadership in superintending a growing work. In the early stages everything devolves upon the missionary. I have been preacher, teacher, treasurer, and superintendent of building all in one. For quite a period my wife was the only one to work among women. This was not from choice, but from lack of workers. I would rather set ten men at work than do ten men's work myself. New converts should not have too much done for them. Men grow by striving, not by being carried over rough places.

As soon as possible converts should be made to feel that the work is theirs, and that they have a responsibility for carrying it on. Training in self-support should begin from the start. This is not merely a matter of money but of right education. They are all too likely to regard the church as a foreign enterprise and shirk responsibility. A church which enjoys privileges and shirks responsibilities is dead while it liveth. No people can attain political or spiritual salvation solely from without. They must work out their own salvation. God helps those who help themselves. The missionary affords the stimulus, he cannot supply spiritual strength. Spiritual muscle comes only from exercise.

Native workers need careful direction. At first they will be inexperienced and untrained, only used for lack of some one better. Even so, if they are spiritually minded they may prove to be the weak things which are to confound the mighty. One must not despair before there has been patient and persevering teaching. An unskilled coolie employed in our family was taught by my wife to read and later became quite an able preacher.

The zeal and industry of the missionary will likely have a marked effect. His preaching should be of the sort which will help the learner to preach. Much study of the Bible should be required, and he should be taught to use it skillfully in conversation and preaching. The missionary must point out the way and urge the other to walk in it, and blessed is he if he guideth the

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other aright. With all his pains some will prove unadapted and some insincere. Not all the sticks in a thicket are straight.

Missionary leadership is needed in developing native leaders. Here, perhaps, it finds its highest scope. To multiply one's self through others is a noble aim. What a powerful dynamic is a good example! How many have been led to enter the ministry through the influence of great preaching and holy living. It is a high privilege to inspire others to great tasks, to set the goal high up on the shining way. The true leader does not attempt to lord it over others, but is self-effacing, seeking to develop others' powers by inducing them to accept responsibility. He is not a petty autocrat, trying to bend others to his will. Rather is he a true democrat, ready to share all privileges with others, that all in the unity of the Spirit may reach the highest use of their powers in the service of God and humanity.

A good native leader is better than an inefficient missionary. With different styles of living and the expense of furloughs the missionary costs as much as from five to ten native workers. The maturer Chinese churches are beginning to inquire whether this is always an economy of resources. It seems to some of those who are our best workers that they are discriminated against in favor of missionaries of quite common caliber. A Methodist minister at home complained to me quite bitterly because so many of the choicest young men and women in the church were going out as foreign missionaries. I replied that it was not worth while sending out any other. If they were not superior to the native workers, who were being developed in increasing numbers on the foreign field, it were better to save the money and use it for those workers. The truth is that only men of initiative, executive abilities, and qualities of leadership are needed at the present stage of the work.

A year or two ago Pastor Ho, who had been attending an important educational gathering in Shanghai, came to Peking and visited us in our home. He had been district superintendent and was at the time pastor of our large church in Chengtu. If one wanted to get into his church to hear him he had to come early. He was especially studying different types of church architecture, with a view to rebuilding when there was money for the purpose.

He was a very lovable man and a great favorite with the missionaries and the Chinese Christians. His preaching was in power and great fruitfulness. On his way back to his distant home he died of tuberculosis, leaving a gap in the force of workers most difficult to fill. A missionary who had been his teacher wrote to me that one of the missionaries could better have been spared.

A missionary may prove unacceptable to the Chinese workers. A few years ago an English missionary of experience applied to our mission board, desiring to join one of our oldest Conferences in China. He was accepted and began work during the Conference year. When Conference time arrived his application to join Conference was turned down by the committee on Conference relations, nearly all on the committee being Chinese. They said he was too bossy. His experience had been gained in a comparatively new work, and his attitude toward experienced pastors and district superintendents was decidedly unfortunate. An Annual Conference, of course, is sole judge of those whom it shall admit into its membership. About five out of six of the members of this Conference were Chinese, and the authority of the mission board could not prevail against their decision. The missionary had to take his departure.

Men with qualities of leadership should be sought for the mission fields. There is great need for men to do literary work. I understand that our editor of the *China Christian Advocate*, a monthly paper published in English and representing our Church and the Church, South, was sent to China expressly for literary work, his editorial work on the *Epworth Herald* having attracted favorable attention. Other men have taken postgraduate work before going, in order to fit themselves for special positions in educational institutions.

We should not send men abroad who are inferior in talents and education to those who have come over here to study. The eyes of the student world are upon the United States. Six thousand students from fifty countries are studying in our colleges and universities. Sixteen hundred of these are from China and one thousand from Japan. Those countries, at least, are not places to send slackers and culls. The Standard Oil Company

has sent out to China over three hundred representatives for their business there, all, I understand, college-trained men and carefully selected. As the light which we offer to China is not inferior to theirs, so the representatives of the churches should not have less training, or be less able to make good in that for which they are sent.

That special qualities are needed in mission administration will not be questioned. The fact that three of our general superintendents are ex-missionaries, and that there are and have been several missionary bishops whose praise is in all the churches shows that such qualifications have not been absent. Hiram H. Lowry, for fifty years in Peking, greatly loved and respected by hundreds of missionaries and Chinese workers and thousands of Chinese Christians, would have received the nomination as missionary bishop for China nearly twenty years ago if he had not opposed it. The work which William Brewster did in bringing the Hinghwa Conference almost to the point of complete self-support is the pattern and almost the despair of our other China Conferences. Many others have shown high administrative qualities as heads of high schools, colleges, and universities, as superintendents of missions and heads of districts, as publishers and mission treasurers, and in key positions in our own work and in important interdenominational positions.

The world will never have too many leaders. There will always be room at the top. The mission field is an especially roomy place. There is no crowding or stepping on one another's toes there. One is not only sure of an appointment, but may have two or three appointments if he will accept them. For lack of men of eminent qualifications those less qualified are called upon.

Nearly fifteen years ago, after being urged thereto for three years, I left a position as superintendent of the West China Mission, a work highly congenial, to take a place as representative of the West China region on a committee for the translation of the Bible into Mandarin Chinese, a language spoken by three hundred millions of people, and destined within a generation or two to be spoken by all China. The committee's translation of the New Testament has now been in use for ten years, and has



been distributed as a whole or in single gospels to the extent of thirty million copies. The Old Testament is now being printed.

At the same time that I entered upon this work I was offered two other positions, both of which I had to decline, and either of which would have been a full man's work. One hears of men going out to the mission field to be buried, and all will agree that I was threatened with an avalanche big enough to bury me. And the situation now is more tense than ever. In all the great fields men and women are bending to the breaking point under the colossal burdens which the unexampled prosperity of the work has imposed upon them. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send forth more laborers.

*Spencer Lewis*

## AT THE LAND'S END

THROUGH the wonderful, swift-plunging years of youth death is to all of us the great unreality of the universe. Afterward, immersed as we are in living, it remains, for the most part, more dim and remote than the farthest rainbow's-end of dreams. When we really face death it is usually at the last. We are called; we have no choice. And those who face it pass out even as they begin to learn the answer death holds ready for us; the answer to the great question of the human race. They learn; but they pass out, and tell us nothing. And yet we long to know. However unreal to us may appear that future day of our own unmooring from this familiar life, we are all plunged, sooner or later, into the hard realities of separation from those we love—the called. Their going is not so impossible to us as that we ourselves should have heard the call and vanished; yet the mystery of it is almost as unbearable as the anguish. What is the secret death reveals? We would give everything but life to know.

But sometimes a miracle happens. One hears the call and faces death, dwells in death's presence, through days and nights—oh, especially through nights!—and then comes back. The curtain that hides the secret brushes one's finger tips as one lies, scarcely breathing, waiting for the last breath of all to flutter out and be gone. Momently the swaying curtain is about to lift, changing the unseen to the seen, making the unknown known. Lying so, waiting, days and nights, one's life all finished, its tasks immeasurably removed, the great silence achieves for one a certain acquaintance with death. When the curtain brushes one's finger tips no longer and the fluttering breath steadies itself a little; when the difficult path one stumbled down into the shadows by looms up as a road to be slowly and painfully retraced; when one has struggled back at last, through months or years of effort, into the beloved, familiar world of human life and work, does one ever find it quite the same? Would you not think that now and again there would sweep about such an one a sudden sense of the unreality, not of death, but of the things that are seen? A kind

of shaking of the material world it would be, such as one sees sometimes in the painted houses and trees of a theater when a wind out of heaven wanders in to remind us that the only reality about them is their poor reflection of the realities which exist elsewhere. So it is with her whose experience is here set down; set down carefully and exactly as soon as she could write it out, which was many months after it happened. But long before she could hold a pencil again, indeed before she turned to retrace the long path by which she had come down into the shadows, the gift which death had given her lay in her heart, shining, indubitable, not to be obscured. For death gave her something before he turned away. The secret was not told. The veil, you see, was never lifted. The gift was only a clue to the secret. Yet there are times when to her it seems of far more importance than the secret itself, and other times when the secret seems scarcely a secret any longer because the clue has led her to some height from which, for a moment, the hidden things are glimpsed. This is her story; the story of a woman who, in the great silence at the land's end, met death; and who came back afterward to the old familiar life that has never since been quite the same.

She had been for years a very busy woman as well as a sick one. Her main occupations had been those of a mother and homemaker, but gratitude for her own children's opportunities had forced her into some forms of service for the unprivileged children of earth. She had settled on certain things as her little part of the world's work. She meant to finish them to the last stitch and pass out, when she should pass, unashamed. Being handicapped considerably by pain she had thought of death more, and more kindly, than most busy people do, but she intended to finish her stint first. So during the months that she lay in the hospital, slipping down to the borderland between two worlds, she had no thought of death. The further she went the longer the return road would be, of course; but, long or short, she had the journey to make. But one morning, as the light sifted in under her closed but sleepless lids, she was gripped by the sudden conviction that there was no returning on this long road; she had come to the land's end.

She considered the conviction for a while and decided to try it out on the first doctor who came in. Folks were always expecting to die in the hospital and when the doctors disagreed with them, as they frequently did, they usually got well. She would see.

The first one was a young fellow fresh from the schools. She gathered herself for a great effort, and he bent his ear to her lips.

"Can—I—pull—through?" she whispered.

She had not alluded to the seriousness of her condition before and he had thought her unaware of it. The surprise caught him off guard. He turned abruptly, walked to the window, and stood there looking out. Her chances, measured by his silence, seemed negligible.

"There is always hope," he said at last. Then, his young honesty getting the better of him, "You know your heart is weak?"

"Oh, yes," she breathed.

His fingers closed on her wrist. He took a stimulant from the table, poured it carefully down her throat, and went out, silent.

When the head physician came she wasted no time. If she were going, some matters must be arranged. She must see some one from home. She whispered with difficulty; and the head, his ear at her lips, made the words cleverly into sentences for her. He must write?—write? No telegram to frighten them?—Yes, there would be time.—No, she would not become unconscious, but if she wished he would come in himself, every few hours, and write down, bit by bit, all she would say, so that she might feel safe.

This necessity attended to, life ebbed for hours below the level of connected thought, or even of feeling. Someone came when necessary, but for the most part she lay as she wished, alone; alone with death and the great moment which came ever nearer. The pain had stopped. Its going left a curious sense of awkwardness, as if some integral part of her, like a foot or a hand, were lost. She was too weak to breathe very often. Detached bits of things—pictures, not acts or words—floated through her consciousness now and then; the children's faces, the corner at home where her sofa was, the woods in spring, a bird's wings across shining blue. She

saw, her spirit indifferent, remote. But at intervals life gathered for a moment, surging in for an instant of intense feeling. Then it all would die out. In one of these living intervals she realized, with a shock of surprise, that she did not want to die. Because of the pain, she had, for years, thought of death, when one's work should be done, as life's great and crowning blessing, yet now that it was given she shrank from it. Nor was it simply that her work was unfinished; apart from that, life held infinite fascination; death was abhorrent to her.

She had been a Christian nearly all her life. The perfunctory belief of childhood had deepened into life's greatest reality, into a daily love and companionship which had strengthened with the years. It had never troubled her that reason could give no proof, but only presumption, of the truth of her belief; the matter transcended reason. She *knew* Him whom she believed. But now, without argument or conscious thought, the solid foundations of a lifetime had crumbled into dust—God? Where was God? What *proof*? Day and night this darkness deepened. The walls of the room melted out into that great void in which she was to fare alone. Darkness everywhere; immeasurable emptiness and silence; she was afraid, afraid. Then thought would lapse again, and feeling; she was aware of the situation, but nothing mattered. Lying so, conscious, but indifferent, there came a sound, a sound such as ears meshed in the noises of life may never hear. A musical note it was, sustained and beautiful, clear beyond all experience, soft beyond imagination, and sweet beyond all dreams of the heart; but high, high, high, above the power of any instrument to register or thought of the mind to conceive. It did not come from anywhere; its heavenly sweetness seemed to exhale from the whole universe, near at hand and out beyond the bounds of thought. It came and went as if thick curtains fell between or lifted. Sometimes it ceased for hours. Yet she knew it never ceased; her power to hear it failed. Then came another note, as clear, as soft, as wonderfully sweet, but deep as the other was high. The unimaginable sweetness and softness of it were more marvelous even than the other, for it was deeper than human faculties were ever tuned to, and yet so clear, so pure! It, too,

exhaled from everywhere; and it, too, came and went. But it was not because the note was elusive that she lost it; the note was there. It was her apprehension that was elusive, volatile.

Somehow the sweetness of the marvel comforted her. No one could have imagined either note, removed as they were from all human experience. One could not have thought of music like that, or dreamed it; the flesh would bar it out. She could not reason, yet in some dim way it comforted her that approach to the void should reveal a beauty so undreamed of, so all-pervading, so high.

But when life gathered to a moment of thought and feeling the music was blotted out. Only the void was there, and the chill of it struck through and through. Was God out there? Was he at all? Had her own desire fashioned him out of hopes? What *proof*? The void engulfed her, black and awful. And so the last day came. Twenty-four hours, and eyes of love would look once more upon her face. But would she be there to see? Every few minutes someone came in and there was the misery of something done to her, or of swallowing something. Why would not they let her alone? She had tried to live until to-morrow, tried her best; and she couldn't. Before another morning she would be out in that black void, far off, alone, lost beyond hope of finding. And God—where *was* God?—Oh, no matter!

In the afternoon the children's faces came again, and they were wet with tears. Life surged within her at the sight. She could not bear it. She must comfort them. The love in her heart rose like the tide of the ocean and swept her over the bar to the haven where she would be. For one intense moment alive again, through love, she turned to her children and even as she yearned toward them that instant of vivid life revealed the truth. For Power could create power, and Mind intelligence; and either of them might cast her to the void to perish, caring not at all; but love—this love for the children, stronger than death or life—Power could not create that, nor Mind! Love came from Love, from Love alone! What else God might be did not matter; but by the love in her own soul, God was Love. It was Love that had made her; and Love would turn to her even as her love sought her



children in this hour of death. And love belonged to Love; through all the void Love would draw it like filings to a magnet. Out in the void Love waited. Whatever death might mean to her, or life to those she left behind, she was safe, with Love, out there; her beloved here were safe. She lay in exhaustion again, but at peace with life and death. The void stretched round her sensibly; the walls could not keep it out, but she was not to wander there alone.

After a while she realized that for some little time it had not grown more difficult to breathe. She felt an idle surprise. Opening her eyes with an effort, she looked at the clock; it was five in the afternoon. Doctors and nurses came and went. The darkness of evening fell, but it did not shroud that wider darkness which crept closer and more closely in. She had seen sunlight for the last time. The great house grew still, folded deep in silence. For hours now the ebbing tide had stayed; perhaps she might pull through to morning, to the coming of the train at eight o'clock. At times she wanted it intensely. At times she wondered about it in an idle, impersonal way. At times she was conscious of nothing but that the pain had stopped. But back of everything Love waited; she needed to know no more. Again the music, the high note and the deep. They came and went, elusive to her consciousness, yet eternal, indubitable, woven of the texture of the universe itself. And Love—Love waited. In the void was Love. So came the dawn, and sunlight, and at last, at last! the softly opened door, the dear voice, low, and carefully steadied, the cheek against her own once more.

Long was the pathway back to earth, but loneliness was done with. For whether love be far or near, the Love from which love came is close at hand, companion in life and death alike. Once she had believed that; but on the last ledge of the known vision had been vouchsafed. This was death's gift to her. She did not learn the secret: it still awaits.

*L. A. Hammond*

## THE BIBLE IN THE ORIENT

Six years ago, in the midst of a message to the State Legislature, the Governor of Michigan declared, "The Bible is our constitution of Christian civilization." Seventeen years ago the Vice-President of the United States said in a public address that "the teachings of the Bible are so interwoven and entwined with our whole civic and social life that it would be literally—I do not mean figuratively, I mean literally—impossible for us to figure to ourselves what that life would be if these teachings were removed." From these statements of Mr. Osborn and Mr. Roosevelt we lay claim to the boundlessness of a discussion of the Bible in America. Much more is this subject a boundless one for the Orient; the largest, most populous and most ancient region in all the earth, inhabited by benighted, blighted, superstitious millions who are waiting, to bury in ruin, like a latent super-titanic volcano, or to build and solidify the coming age. Wondrous, kaleidoscopic, revolutionizing Orient! Future ages and eternity will no more than suffice to tell the marvelous story of the Bible in the Orient. We have assembled under this title some facts, together with the opinions of a few recognized authorities, according to our own ideas, which are based largely upon the experience of three brief years spent in the Orient.

The chief agents of Bible distribution in the Orient are the Bible Societies. The largest of these societies are the British and Foreign Bible Society, which was formed in 1804; the American Bible Society, which was organized in 1816; and the National Bible Society of Scotland, which was organized much later than the other two and is a little more practical in its methods. In many instances the agents of the Bible Societies are real missionary scouts; going from mission to mission, from city to city, and often sowing the good seed of the Word of God in regions that have not been reached by the missionary or by his very worthy aide-de-camp, the native worker.

Before Gospels or other portions of the Scriptures are sold

at popular prices two great tasks must be accomplished. Translation is the preliminary undertaking. Doctor Julius Richter says, "The work of translating the Bible has from the first occupied a distinguished place on the program of Evangelical Missions. The work accomplished is of a very high order; in fact, it is in many ways perfect in its kind. The task is a stupendous one." The Commission on the Church in the Mission Field reported to the Edinburgh Conference, "The work of translation has called out the highest and best powers of a great variety and a great company of men. Men who had made no pretension to scholarship have found themselves by the force of circumstances compelled to begin the gracious work among ignorant people. Men of the highest intellectual qualifications have devoted their lives to the great task." The Bible has been translated into the ancient and highly developed literary languages of the Orient, and it has also been translated into many Oriental dialects which had not previously been reduced to writing. People who know that a century ago Robert Morrison translated the Bible into Chinese, and that a few years later Adoniram Judson translated the book into Burmese, while William Carey was responsible for the translation of at least some portion of the scripture into thirty-five of the languages and dialects of India, do not always appreciate what it has cost to translate the Bible into the speech of the Orientals. Carey had unusual ability and he did a great work, but his whole life-work made only a small beginning in his chosen field. Worthy successors have carried on the work through all these years, and they must toil on until in each of the one hundred and forty-seven languages and dialects of India a standard Bible has been written. In China a translation which would appeal to the literati would not be at all suitable for a larger class who have received only a practical education, and again vast areas could be reached only through some vernacular translation. The Reverend J. Macgowan, in the introduction to his English and Chinese Dictionary, says: "The Amoy dialect is one of four principal dialects which, with their varieties, are spoken by at least seven millions of people." Likewise each empire and each little state offers to the translator its own peculiar problems. It has not been an easy task to make

scores and scores of original translations, but the task has been even greater than this, for it has generally been found necessary to make careful and laborious revisions of these original productions. In many cases the revising process has continued beyond the first revision, and carefully selected men of a succeeding generation have concentrated their best efforts upon the holy undertaking.

To publish these translations so as to cater to the customs of strange peoples, and at the same time meet the demands arising from climatic and other local conditions, has been of itself a great task. It is greatly to the credit of the Bible Societies that they have done all this with efficiency and economy. Our Master described the Word of God as "the seed" when explaining his parable of the four soils. And this suggests to us that the translators may be compared to horticulturists taking a useful plant from one country and producing from it a new variety which thrives in another land and climate. As horticulturists would place an approved new variety in the hands of nurserymen who would increase the stock with all speed and care, so these spiritual horticulturists have their nurseries; they are the Bible society and denominational publishing house. And our spiritual nurserymen, in turn, deal out to merchants, the missionaries, who distribute the precious seed to faithful farmers; namely, the native workers and laymen of the great Church of Jesus Christ in Asia. And they are like good agriculturists everywhere in respect to the rapid distribution of good seed. Doctor Eugene P. Dunlap, of Siam, once told me of a man who gathered quite a following of believers about him before he had had the privilege of meeting any Christian or of reading more than some small portions of the New Testament. Millions of copies of the Bible or its parts have been circulated among the nations "east of Suez." Two societies have engaged in this work in the Philippine Islands since about the beginning of the American régime. The New Testament is being sold in China for three cents. The Bible is selling better than any other book in Korea to-day. In Japan more than five million copies of the Bible or its parts have been sold. In Persia this has been a prominent feature of missionary activities, as also in Turkey and

Arabia. In India, as in China, the book has been very widely circulated, yet not in proportion to the population or the demand. At least some portion of the Bible has been translated into nearly every language spoken in the Moslem world, while the Koran is generally circulated only in Arabic. Editions for the blind have been prepared in two Chinese dialects.

The Bible is already powerful in the life of the Orient. The potency of the Bible in the life of the Occident began with the Reformation, when men turned to it with inquiring minds. Signs of this favorable mental attitude abound throughout the Orient. It is pretty generally true that they "are ready, with Queen Victoria, to assign the cause of the greatness of western nations to the Bible and Christianity." A few years ago Sir William McWorth Young, fresh from a lieutenant-governorship in India, announced to a great gathering in London, "I am prepared to say that what has been done by the life of Christ through missions in India is greater than all that has been done by the British Government in India from the beginning." Doctor Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, in a chapter on "Unbinding the Women of China," writes, "Christianity is doing its share. The reading of the New Testament exalts women in their own eyes and in the eyes of others." Miss Burton, who has made a careful study of female education in China, is convinced that "The past decade has witnessed in China what is probably the greatest educational renaissance the world has ever seen. And no feature of this great awakening has been more interesting or significant than the universal interest felt in the education of women." The same writer shows that modern education was first brought to the women of this benighted land by Christian missionaries. In all parts of the Orient are Christian churches and hospitals and schools; the chief end of every one of these institutions is to extend the influence of the blessed book. It was once the privilege of the writer to conduct a group of forty young men in a very simple study of the Book of Proverbs. Two of the class were from Christian homes, some eight or ten came from Mohammedan homes, and all the others from heathen homes. It was wonderful to me to see how the old Hebrew sayings appealed to the better nature of these lads,

irrespective of race or of previous training. They were getting moral truths and their own hearts responded; they arrived freely and naturally at the conclusion that the God of the Bible was their God. To say the least, their attitude toward the Bible and the religion which it teaches was forever changed. Many larger groups and countless smaller ones are being continuously gathered in these ancient lands to study the scripture. Thus the light of the gospel is radiating in ever-expanding circles over all these vast empires.

The transforming power of the Bible is evidenced in all grades of society and especially among the lower classes. Almost any book bearing upon the activities or the achievements of the Christian church from the Fiji Islands to the Hermit Kingdom, from Tokyo to Smyrna, will furnish some proof of this. In a recent book on India we read, "The most powerful apologetic in India will not be a few converted Brahmans, nor the arguments of the missionary, but the mighty uplift of whole communities, once debased and degraded, for whom Hinduism has no message, and who were without hope and without God in the world." The higher classes, too, are being reached. The thinkers of the East are beginning to understand that the history of Israel "lives in the heart of Christian nations with a very real and spiritual force." Frequently we hear thrilling stories of the conversion of men of considerable influence—such as Sherwood Eddy related to the Indianapolis Convention of Methodist Men concerning the very happy experience of Mr. Chan, a brilliant educationalist of North China. The Bible has affected even the religions of the Orient. Doctor Ross declares "that the aggressive rivalry of Christianity, coupled with the coming diffusion of education among the masses, is bound to raise continually the religious plane of the Chinese by forcing the native faiths to assume higher and higher forms in order to survive." The correctness of his judgment is indicated by a single sentence from an interesting editorial in the Chinese Recorder, of June, 1912: "There is little doubt that the revival of these Oriental faiths is due to their contact with Christianity." Arthur H. Smith reports that "Articles have been published in the influential secular Chinese dailies



showing the follies of Chinese superstitions, and proving, with a wealth of illustration and a fullness of knowledge to which no foreigner could aspire, that China has at present no religion at all, but is vitally in need of one."

Let the transforming touch of the Bible upon the literature of the Orient be described by two authorities who were writing for other purposes than this. Doctor Harlan P. Beach, summing up the work of Judson in Burma, attests: "His views of translation required such a reproduction of the Bible as the English Revised Version, and, thanks to such principles, rare linguistic ability and his 'lust for finish,' his Bible will long be what Luther's has been to Germany." Now, concerning Luther's translation of the Bible, Professor Fisher of Yale has written these words in a textbook on History: "Which apart from its religious influence, from the vigor and racy quality of its style, made an epoch in the literary history of the German people." If Judson's translation of the Bible has made an epoch in the literary history of the Burmese people will it be presumptuous to conclude that to-day all the peoples of the Orient are embarking upon new and epochal periods of their literary history? If this seem to violate the sense of reasoning, let it be remembered that, when a common bush became the outward vehicle through which the word of the Lord was transmitted to Moses, that bush glowed with such a luster that the experienced shepherd supposed it to be on fire; and again, when on Mount Sinai the law was given, the tribes of Israel beheld yon mountain covered with a glory that was terrifying in its splendor. Is it not true that every instrument of the word of God, whether it be a bush or a mountain or a man or a language, is given a new and far-excellent glory? And shall we be surprised, as was Moses, or terrified, as were the children of Israel, if this splendrous glory radiates from the divinely touched literature of the Orient? The secret of the influence of the Bible is, of course, its spiritual power, its recreative force in individual character. Speaking of this, John R. Mott says: "The most important single agency in the work of evangelization is the Bible." "The value of the possession of this agency," he estimates, "is simply incalculable." One writer quotes a statement

made by Sir Andrew H. L. Fraser, who, after long residence in India, avowed that he had formed a high estimate of the character of many native Christians. Missionary literature is full of accounts of confessions, persecutions, toils, sacrifices, martyrdoms and triumphs of Asiatics whose lives have been transformed by the power of the Word of God. It is most fascinating reading. It shows how the power of the gospel continues the acts of the Apostolic Church down through the ages. The true chronicler must still make the record, "So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed." If we compare the Bible with the sacred books of these countries, we shall find ourselves dealing largely in contrasts ranging all the way from literary values to moral ideals. No book can rank with God's Word, which "is the record of his supreme manifestation in Christ Jesus." Its superiority is being felt, and Buddhism is driven already to the extreme of plagiarizing Christian hymns.

It should be said that the Asiatic Bible is certain to have a tremendous influence upon the rest of the world. Eminent authorities agree that the tasks involved in giving the Bible to the Orient have done much to promote unity in the church at home. Again, it is plain that the strong tendency of the thinkers of the East to get away from the denominational interpretations of the Bible which they have received from the West must have no little bearing upon future exegesis. And it would seem probable that in the coming years wise men from the East may again lead the world to the incarnate Son of God; that in Japan and Persia and Malaysia and Korea scholars may rise to teach the world new lessons from the Book of Life. The men of these nations are able. In the opinion of the Reverend J. Campbell White, "These Chinese can make their own theology if we give them the Bible," and other similar expressions of confidence, made by men who know well the people of these various countries, might be adduced here. It may be that it is because so many of their manners and customs are exactly opposite to our ways of doing things that we have come unthinkingly to feel that they are our antipodes by nature as much as by location. But Doctor Ross, who is a social scientist, discredits "the theory, dear to literary interpreters of

the Orient, that owing to diversity in mental constitution the yellow man and the white man can never comprehend or sympathize with one another." And Arthur J. Brown reasons thus: "The Bible was written by Asiatics and in an Asiatic language. Christ himself was an Asiatic. Perhaps we of the West have not fully understood that Asiatic Bible, and it may be that, by the guidance of God's Spirit within the rising churches of Asia and Africa, a more perfect interpretation of Christ may be made known to the world."

We are forced to superlatives. Translating the Bible into the languages of the Orient seems to have been the greatest literary accomplishment of the past century. Introducing the Bible into the life of the Orient seems likewise to have been the greatest social and religious achievement of the past century. It has there created an influence peculiar to itself, unmeasured, and full of promise.

*Floyd R. Maynard*

## MINISTERS AS REFORMERS

LEADERS in reform work are frequently heard to complain that ministers are not good reformers. It is said that they lack unity of action, a clear understanding of the foe, and practical ideas and methods. Other minor complaints are heard. It is, however, agreed, that the present interest of the church in sociology and temperance is improving the ministers. They are becoming more practical and united in their methods. However, there is much room left for improvement. Of course this criticism does not apply to all ministers, for most of our leading reforms have been led by them. It simply applies to the multitude who are among the followers. Since the charges do not seem groundless, it is worth while to give them and some remedies offered some consideration.

*Preachers and Precedent.* Preachers and lawyers are followers of precedent. That they have looked backward for authority and precedent rather than forward for opportunity has been true in almost every age. The well-versed scribes and lawyers and priests gave Jesus more trouble than any other classes. They had been so fixed in "the old" that it was difficult to get their attention to "the new." It is a weakness of the professions or callings as well as one of humanity. The old-fashioned colleges, universities and seminaries were all planned to establish one in the "truths of the fathers" rather than prepare him for the truths of to-morrow. The influence of the congregations served by the ministers does not help him, for the chief thought of many congregations is about yesterday. One of the most popular hymns has been, "The Old Time Religion Is Good Enough for Me." These remarks are not made in criticism, for all these things were necessary, in their day and generation, to establish the minds and hearts of the people and keep them fixed. They are only mentioned in explanation.

The life and work of the preacher until the last few years has not given him a clear understanding of business and political

methods. He has been an idealist. He gazed upon the stars without even thinking about a way to get to them. He was speculative without reaching conclusions or harnessing his conclusions to action. The Divine was responsible for all things and the preacher was contented to worship without asking how he might help to answer his own prayers. But the old conditions and training do not seem to have trained and fitted the ministers for the new times and conditions. It should also be remembered that the minister of yesterday went forth with "Thus saith the Lord" as his basis of appeal to the people. To-day he must go forth with "the profits of Godliness" upon which to base his appeal to the people. When a minister wants to capture ten thousand men in the steel mill he must answer satisfactorily their question, "What have you got for me?" He must also be quick about it.

The sincerity or good intentions or self-sacrifice of the preachers, when reforms have been attempted, have not been questioned by a single leader in reform work. It is a question of viewpoint and practical method. Sometimes their memory of unhappy experiences with some previous reform makes ministers skeptical of almost all reforms and reformers.

*Lack of Unity.* Even the ten spies could not bring back a unanimous decision or report. The apostles disagreed and separated. So long as individuals are different their views will be different. The Independent congregations and many beliefs and controversies following the Reformation did not help the ministers to united action. Instead of uniting them, slavery divided them. The temperance question seems to have been the first since the Reformation upon which all ministers could unite—even the Catholics can unite with Protestants on this question. The importance of unifying the followers of Jesus in all faiths is seen when it is remembered that it is the first time since the crusades that all followers of Christ can unite on one thing. It was a condition like this which led a leader in reform last year to say, "I will take care of the foe if some one will just take care of my followers." In reform work I have always been more afraid of the men behind me than the men in front. Some very right-hearted men are very wrong-headed. If these men could only be

kept silent at critical times all would be well. But so frequently, just when victory seems complete, their "zeal without knowledge" brings a division, and two or three men—who talk much more than a thousand men in favor of the best methods possible to attain—get the attention of the foe and the reform is discredited by "divided followers." The many viewpoints and organizations in the temperance reform is a good illustration which applies to all reforms. Not until reform leaders have the good sense of politicians and adopt majority rule, caucus rule if necessary, and get together and stand by the object they wish to accomplish can they hope to get the best success.

The belated forces in reform work have caused the loss of many a battle. Some are naturally slow. They do not read as much as they should. They are not posted as they might be. When the battle is lost they put in their appearance to tell why the battle was lost or to sympathize with the defeated. They mean well, but all their good intentions are of no value. A big reform bill was at stake in the State Legislature. It was a tie vote. The President of the Senate cast the deciding vote against the reform. A howl and wave of criticism swept over the State. If one-half of the well-meaning preachers who now were criticising everything in indignation, had waked up six weeks sooner the bill would have passed. The race track in New York State is said to have been driven out by the vote of a man who was carried on his cot to cast his vote. Some preachers are heroes and always act, but some others leave all work to somebody else. Until some source or central authority can be found which can get united action at the right time nothing will be gained. Maximum results with minimum efforts can never be achieved.

*The Foe Misunderstood.* Preachers live among the good and far from the bad. Their everyday work takes them among the best people, their thinking is of the best things. They do not understand the foe. They are too anxious for quick results. They want battle before their troops are ready. Many of them are volunteers and some of them will have to experience a "Bull Run" before they settle down and understand that they are in for a long and protracted war. If their leader does not make the grand-stand



plays they leave him. If he does make them, and loses, the reform may be lost or long delayed. All credit to the volunteer militia, but they should remember that the regulars have more experience and staying qualities than they will probably ever have. Nearly all reforms are begun with expectations of a victory in one battle, but many years of war against customs, and habits, and business conditions are to come before victory is achieved. Public sentiment of the people at home has driven many an army to defeat. It was so in the Franco-Prussian war. Some enthusiastic people should read over again how Fabius "the Delayer" saved Rome.

The immensity of the slavery question is better understood to-day than it was at any time in the days of slavery by those who sought to abolish it. The average preacher who starts out to imitate Caleb and Joshua has not done what these men had done. He has not spied out the foe and his strongholds.

*Impractical Methods.* The average preacher should remember that every wrong is based on profits to some one. The liquor advertisement in the newspapers was there because some one paid for it. The saloon keeper runs his saloon because he thinks he gets a profit from the business. The race-track gambler does likewise. The grafter loathes himself, but his itching palm must be satisfied. Some men may wrong others for no reason except pleasure in doing so, but the wrongdoers of to-day are wrongdoers for profit. This is true of the white-slaver, the liquor-dealer, the grafter, the juggler of stocks and bonds, the falsifier of accounts, and all the legion of wrongdoers. Cut off all hope of profit from wrongdoing, and most of it would cease to-morrow. Preachers often overlook these facts. Preachers have been taught to save the sinners, and that is their business. But they have been converting the two hundred thousand sinners who are saloon-keepers at the rate of about two a year. In the hundred thousand years required to convert them, at this rate, some of them will die. I only mention this class to show the difference between reform and religion. This is not a temperance article. It is an appeal for practical viewpoints and methods.

The average preacher has been taught to be thorough and

evade publicity. The greatest aid to a reform is publicity of the right kind. This was better understood by John Alexander Dowie than by most ministers of other and more orthodox churches. The greatest need of righteousness to-day is a publicity manager. The preachers depend on methods in use before newspapers were common. In many instances they have not caught up with the times. They might well take their lessons from their foes: If you have no good things to say of your own cause, or if it is unwise to say them, then expose the mistakes of your opponent.

I am not pessimistic. Progress was never as rapid as it is to-day. The future is bright. The Federation of Churches is uniting in action. I would have the high authorities in all denominations take up some means to get good ministers to adopt the new who were trained under old methods. Our seminaries are slowly changing so as to give their men practical ideas to meet to-day's needs. The colleges and universities have already done so. The chief difficulty will be with men who finished their schooling more than a decade ago. The next decade will witness greater progress than any quarter of a century. The preachers will again take their place as master guides of public thought, conscience and opinion.

W.C.P.O. 12

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

### NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

#### EXCERPTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS OF "MADE-MOISELLE MISS"

AMBULANCE 12-1, April 12, 1918.

. . . BUT who would not get out of focus in this great, sleepy, deserted village; all the troops I love, all the good officers I know, even to the general, gone up yonder into the furnace, and I nailed to my post. I only note that years have brought some advantage, for instead of getting into a perfect paroxysm of restlessness as I would have done once, I am trying to let my bark glide calmly with the current only with her decks cleared for action so that no time need be lost if a chance presents itself. Do not imagine that I am idle; every minute is taken, sorting materials, packing, unpacking, dispensing, and it would take two months to write all the letters I owe on the subject. Despite the hundreds and hundreds of cases that I have opened in the interim, there are cases that have followed me about unopened, and what made me hold on to them was not so much their contents, for they could have been so thankfully used anywhere, as the hope of some time thanking their givers. I always have this hope on opening a case, but it is not often enough fulfilled. What happens is that I go in the night or instead of eating my lunch, to open a certain case that I think holds the articles that, for the moment, I want most on earth. I generally find them and a card, or a list, with the name of the person who has made me happy. Overflowing with gratitude I want to write while the inspiration is fresh. Of course that is impossible, for my patients need me, so I put the card in my pocket, and if I don't lose it I find it weeks afterward among a pile of similar souvenirs tucked away with conscientious care. By this time I have accumulated many more pressing tasks, and so the dear person who has packed that case, and put so much love, thought, and sacrifice into it, is relegated to the limbo of loving memory.

April 24—All quiet in our budding valley, so quiet that one has to

stop one's mind from working, or, at least, hold it within the visible horizon, in order to keep steadily at all. And since keeping steady and not only seeming but being serene is everyone's cardinal duty, at present, perhaps in itself that ought to be enough occupation. War not only consists in charging over open country, but in waiting wearily and molding in damp holes as well, and sometimes the latter part demands the greater valor. Thus I try my lesson of waiting. I think I told you of the hapless American ambulance driver who had the misfortune to get stranded here with pleurisy. For two weeks I respected the conventions and limited myself to taking him fruit and lemonade and a word of cheer. But as time passed and his so called infirmier never thought of bathing him or doing anything else, in fact, I kicked over the traces and gave him baths, etc., on the sly. By a delightful coincidence his fever—over 104 degrees during nearly three weeks—began to fall after the first one. When he was able to eat I bribed soldiers who brought me chickens and eggs, and my case for some time had been to fatten my American—not so easy a matter, since he measures almost six feet three inches and had lost over sixty pounds; at the same time I wrote letters in all directions scheming to get the poor fellow into the hands of our own people, a crying necessity in every case, in no way provided for by our authorities. A brave American lieutenant offered me an auto as far as E—— and a man of his section to conduct White to Paris—White's section having gone to the Somme.

The "Médecin Chef" was persuaded to return him officially to his corps; and Tuesday morning, with many hot water bottles, for the air was sharp, we trundled our patient carefully along through the soft brown hills and reached E—— in time to stoke him up with hot chocolate, and arrange for a private compartment before the scheduled arrival of the train. The train was nearly two hours late, during which time I stretched out my patient on the quai, and when it came there was hardly a corner to stand a musket in. A pretty dilemma for a man whom the least over-exertion might kill outright. I flew despairingly from one end of the platform to the other, and in the last compartment of all came upon a party of train officials who had just laid out their lunch in style. To persuade them that they must get out, and to hoist my American in, took less time than I do to tell it, but they piled like creatures mesmerized, and I don't believe to this moment they knew why. White was safely stretched at his full lank length on the coveted seat with my lunch

box and the last of Mrs. Buffington's chocolates ready to open beside him. "All is well that ends well."

White left to official devices would now be restrained in some town of the interior, dependent on chance to get him with his own people, and a chance that it might take many weeks to realize. The other day I had a unique experience—one that for picturesqueness and pathos could not be surpassed. The British War-Relief Society had sent me masses of civilian clothing, no easy thing to dispose of in a military camp far from all centers and rather a white elephant to house. I asked the "Médecin Chef" if he could not find me some refugees. The dear man set to work, wrote to the mayors of all the villages in the vicinity, and found there was quite a colony in the hamlet of S——, and on Sunday we went together in a "Camion" full of cases and played at beneficent fairies in the queer little school-house. "Médecin Chef" worked as hard as poilu and as cleverly as a woman. Everything from old linens and baby caps to overcoats and shoes were classified on the school benches, and in the middle was a table with bags of candy among flags and toys (again that blessed Mrs. Buffington). Then the cracked old bell was rung, and in they came—the homeless ones who had clung to their bombarded city all these years only to be driven out at last now by the flames. Old men and women, girls and mothers with their babies, and not one went out without a smile or a tearful blessing that it seemed somehow must make its hallowed way across the sea. Could you have seen the "Médecin Chef" trying a shawl on an old woman or a bonnet on a baby your heart would have uttered a special hallelujah. And their city? It wears its martyr's crown of flame. Perhaps no generation has witnessed such a dazzling horror since Nero looked on Rome. A few nights ago I saw it first. I had walked through the balmy afterglow, the young moon was setting, the great stars rising—village and valley seemed at prayer. Then a turn in the path revealed the hellish horror. Miles of city mounting in straight red flame to heaven, and belching smoke that hid the horizon stars. O merciful God, do not let the smoke get into the eyes of our souls! Do not let it veil the star of everlasting love! Let us hope, and write on the cities' sacred ashes "Sursum Corda."

May 10—You remember my telling you of the visit of the American doctors here last winter, and my pleasure in meeting their very remarkable chief, Col. Ashford. He has returned with a new "team," and came to see me the first day. I gave him and a notable associate

tea the next day, and we examined the distressing problem of Americans stranded in French hospitals. I had valuable and poignant data to present on the subject, and they are keen to rectify the lacks in the evacuation system. . . . My life continues crowded, though I am less of a nurse just now than "Cantinière," and cheering up bureau for the defected. So many of the children, beside Galois have been wounded in the Somme region, and they write so pathetically that they want their "petit mère," which calls for many letters. Several of the divisions, near here last winter, returned recently and have been in cantonments and villages around about for a little while before going back to the front lines. So many came to call that the "Médecin Chef" jestingly declared that he would put a sentinel on the road, and only let them pass one at a time. I gave them all tea and sandwiches (more of a luxury than you might think with butter at 7 frs. a half *rancid* lb.), and as much welcome and cheer as I knew how. Whenever I am tempted to get restive at the fate that holds me here inactive, I think of the joy of all these lonely souls at finding a little oasis of affection amid the cruel desert whose boundaries no man sees, and I am comforted. If my cup of tea is going to send a man off to the trenches with a better heart what more constructive thing could I be doing? Now the last battalion has mounted and I won't hear any more of them for some days. When Kara Mustapha and Hadj Mohammed—two lone waifs from Fez—came to say goodbye Kara slipped four hard boiled eggs, still hot, into my apron pocket, and Hadj pressed a five-franc note into my hand. You see they take me very literally as their "Maman" to whom offerings are made at parting. To refuse both would have broken their hearts, so I took the eggs and gave one to the "Médecin Chef" and one to the "Gestionnaire," but refused the note. I had a difficult time with Hadj, who insisted he had belonged to me, was I not his "Maman"?

Mark you, I have never done anything for Hadj but give him a kind word and a few cigarettes; but all these exiled hearts hunger for affection. It is their one talisman against the shells. I see a great deal of the American section 640 who invited me to Thanksgiving dinner last fall. During the winter I saw little of the section. It was off getting its costly experience and didn't often evacuate here. Occasionally one of them would drop in dripping to get warm by my mite of a stove and, unless I was busy with a patient, he had a most sympathetic listener and a cup of something hot; but these ambulance men are not much on recounting their exploits. It has



been too often repeated by the sleek "embusques" at home and in the rear, "If you can't fight drive an ambulance," and its iron has entered into their souls. I use all the magnet I possess to draw it out every time I get a chance, for it is a poisonous lie. Perfectly true that nearly every section gets months of perfectly stupid, safe service—sort of to and from the station thing—but when it is in action it is in action in a way to test the mettle of the bravest. There is not a man in the trenches who would have changed jobs with 640 when it was evacuating Rheims a little while ago. When I looked down upon that gigantic brazier from the hill, consuming away the pride of France there under the soft spring stars, it did not make the sight any more bearable to think that my brothers were ploughing through the midst of it. Any poilu will tell you there was never anything finer than the way 640 evacuated Rheims—the bravest joint action made by all the sections round about—and it is the only one that has had no citation. . . . At least, however, I could show them publicly what I thought of their conduct. Invited to an occasion I arrived with my 37 baby *croix de guerre*, wrapped up in the Stars and Stripes, and pinned on the crosses, beginning with the lieutenant and ending with "cookie," amid one delighted roar of cheers. I had explained that the accolade should go with the *real* decoration of which this was a similar prophecy.

AMBULANCE 12-1, SECTOR 233.

While the memory of it is still fresh I must tell you how I played Easter Rabbit on the front.

First, however, that you may have the picture framed, I must take you back to a certain gray and windy week day many weeks ago, when Colonel Guerin sent the queer little omnibus of the division after me. I piled bright comfort bags on top of it, and drove exultantly off to that camp behind the lines where our young heroes come to train for those inimitable "Coups de Main" which are the peculiar glory of the army. There was to be a special "conours" that day in all the most daring maneuvers with all the deadliest engines. I was invited to see it all—a trust of the very first magnitude, for there were many things, as you may imagine, not to be repeated—after which I was to distribute prizes. At the entrance of the miniature "champ de bataille"—a tract several kilometers square containing every variety of surface, hill and wood, ravine and open field, and even a marshy dell where artillery might get most successfully stuck—a triumphal arch had been erected for me to walk under. As we

entered, the colonel, followed by his captains, all those gallant young "diables bleus" (as the boches call them), drew up in salute and then dispersed in squads to their various posts. From one to another we went, and each taught its terrible, vivid lesson, explained by their most surprising captain—a priest who had doffed the robes of sanctity to win five palms and four stars in his "croix de guerre." As we stopped before each piece, at the invitation of the colonel, I fired several shots, sometimes coming plumb on my objective—a feat sufficiently out of keeping with my costume to delight those spirited veterans. Then, after the different pieces of the "first line" had been fired, came the different methods of assault, capturing of the enemy's batteries, etc., and you saw men go over the top, and blue forms creeping among the tree-trunks, crouch and fire, leap forward and crouch again to fling those deadly grenades, as deadly for the assailant, unless he is careful, as for the enemy. Then all was smoke and flame and blind struggle and uncertainty for an instant, and when the curtain lifted the battery was ours. All the time colored smoke and flag signals were being made, and the thunder of the guns raged about a much contested fort in front of us. At the end of the program we followed the combatants back to the starting point, and were about to inspect the ammunition magazine before the prize-giving, when the colonel abruptly asked if I didn't want to give the men a "bel exemple" by throwing a grenade myself. My first sensation was blank astonishment, my second, admiration for his faith in American nerve and forearm (feminine), my third, enthusiasm to be able to furnish a "bel exemple," so I said, "Certainly." Whereupon the colonel and his suite discreetly stepped back—why I only realized afterward—and the be-palmed and be-starred captain advanced with me a few rods and produced a grenade, which, he explained, was perfectly harmless until a little key in one end was bent back and withdrawn, whereupon it might immediately explode unless I kept my thumb firmly pressed on a kind of flat steel spring on the side; otherwise I could hold it *four seconds!* After these reassuring instructions he handed me the weapon. I drew the key, holding down that spring most conscientiously, I can assure you, and, despite the slander on feminine collar bones, threw the thing to a safe distance, that is to say, at least thirty yards. It obediently exploded with a great noise, tearing up some ground. Great applause from the rear. The captain, pleased with his pupil, then produced the most powerful grenade made—the other was only half strength—and the

same performance was repeated with a bigger noise and more scateration.

Whereupon, we all, in the best of spirits, went to enjoy the fruit of our labors. The colonel, with admirable tact, withdrew and left us to ourselves, so there was no constraint. Squad after squad filed in gravely with their guns and helmets, and filed out again, swinging their bright bags and smiling, and one could only think of the flowering of Aaron's rod, and be thankful. When everybody had been thus decorated I was taken off to tea by the colonel and his officers, and then put into the little omnibus to drive home in the sunset. You may know my thoughts were busy as we threaded the woods and crossed the crest whence the wounded city of the "twin towers" glimmered rose and gold as I had seen it on that dreadful day last July.

If you have misgivings about those bags that were originally destined for the wounded, calm them. It is a grave error, too often made, to imagine that a man must be nearly cut to pieces before he needs or deserves to be comforted; and the particular comforts contained in a comfort bag are peculiarly fitted to rejoice the heart of a foot soldier, and lift it too, thereby having a military value as well. The socks and handkerchiefs, the chocolate and tobacco, the writing paper and knife, the comb and mirror, and other surprises, are things he always wants and almost never has. If he is going to the attack perhaps he will send the pretty sock home to his mother or fiancée as a souvenir. Don't think me hard and suddenly changed to our beloved blessés. Of course he comes first and foremost, like the Bible among books, which we leave out of every day discussions on comparative literature. But he was a combatant once, just as glorious and somewhat more useful before he was wounded; and that is a fact that many good people seem to forget. All these years I have been dimly feeling that, and I think that must be the reason why I just had to get to the front despite all the powers of evil hidden under the hide of smug bureaucrats who tried to bar the way—now I know. . . . A few days after the "Concours" a "planton" came bearing a note from the colonel in which he announced that I had been named "Grenadier d'Elite" of the regiment and endorsing my diploma "bravement gagné." The diploma itself is a museum piece, and I would have sent it to you but for the risk of the mail; then, too, it may be useful some day as a testament, eloquent beyond all others, to my military trustworthiness, for I am very probably the

only woman in France who possesses one. You may imagine that now there was a stronger tie than ever between me and my brothers and that was why I broke the traces and braved the avions—that does sound ridiculous after all I have been through—but you can't imagine how afraid I was to be killed in Paris instead of at my post, and went there to obtain supplies for my Easter celebration. This morning early I embarked in the creaky old omnibus and away through the fickle, fragrant spring sunshine to ——— where the colonel stood waiting at the door of his quarters with his suite to conduct me into the mess-room. Lunch was a most charming function and the bivouac atmosphere lent special piquancy to the grace of the host and the courteous bonhomie of the company. After Pershing had been well toasted and Wilson and our army and your own most humble servant, we adjourned up the hill amidst fruit trees beginning to flower and were met at the top by a salute and cheer for Mademoiselle Miss. The interior of the braque was gay as a carnival and a monument to French ingenuity. The woods, too, had been pillaged of their best treasures, budding boughs cunningly hid the rafters, and the long table over which I passed the coveted gifts was covered with moss and wee flowerets and dells and fairy woodlands, a veritable miracle in landscape gardening. Again the colonel had the good taste to withdraw, and for nearly three hours we had the merriest time you can imagine just as though the fate of the world were not being decided a hundred miles away. It was the kind of an afternoon one wants never to come to an end, and the sign and symbol of it was that supernal rainbow that suddenly blazed above our lines at sunset to bless and illumine my journey home. I suppose you are wondering a bit what I am made of to be able to talk and think on laughing themes when the Somme lies bleeding and Paris is torn with horrors, and so many of my children, perhaps Galois, for he has gone with his battalion, have found nameless graves since I last wrote. But that is what we learn at the war, to live day by day, rather moment by moment, for otherwise one couldn't live at all.

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#### A PICTURE OF MADEMOISELLE MISS AT HER WORK<sup>1</sup>

I AM out of danger and on the road to recovery. My head still aches dreadfully and I have few good nights of sleep. But there is

<sup>1</sup> A private letter written from an army hospital in France, by Cyril B. Smith, a Syracuse University student, in Ambulance Service at the front.

one joy that has entered my life here that I must tell you about. When I was brought to this hospital my cot was in a long wooden barracks. On every side there were men with high fevers, severe wounds, bronchitis, pneumonia, and other ills. The room was long and narrow, with a double row of cots. It was not as spick and span as one would expect a hospital to be. The cots had not clean sheets, the walls were not white as they were meant to be, but somber dingy gray, darkened by the smoke from the two coal stoves that heated the big room. The sick and wounded did not have clean night shirts; some had none, and slept in their clothes.

The second night I was there I had my vision. She was an infirmière, an American nurse. She brought me malted milk and little refreshments to augment the scant rations accorded me by the hospital. She was a beautiful creature, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, although she tries to impress one with the idea that she is old enough to be one's mother. Day after day she came to my cot always with the same radiant smile and the same gentle touch of her hand. She came after her own regular duties for the day were finished, usually after nine o'clock. So all day I would look forward to her coming; and when she came, her blue-gray eyes were brimming over with kindness reflected right from her heart. I am telling you this to show how a touch of kindness is felt by a soldier who has left the joys of life behind him.

The fact that I was a compatriot caused her to tell me something of her work; and I learned a great deal more about it from her "enfants," as she calls her patients. She is Miss Norman Derr, author of a book, *Mademoiselle Mias*, which has had the huge sale of forty thousand copies. It was prefaced by Dr. Richard C. Cabot. The profits from it are all turned over to French War Relief. She has been in France seven years, in the pursuit of art until war broke out, when she gave herself to her present humane work with an ardor and a courage that would do credit to the bravest of men, in nursing the wounded in hospitals at the front. Many times she has been under fire and bombardment. Her name has been mentioned for bravery time and again in military honors.

I wish I could tell you the immensity of her work. Through her, the generosity of many Americans at home is being carried directly to the simple soldiers in the trenches. At Christmas time, in guise of Santa Claus, she gave Christmas stockings well filled to fifteen thousand soldiers in the front line. Later she carried beautiful com-

fort bags to the soldiers who had volunteered for a *coup de main*. Never imagine that there is any joy in making the attack called a *coup de main*. Sometimes the attacking party consists of only a dozen men. They volunteer for the dangerous work, and then go back behind the lines to practice for the attack. I have never seen any outbursts of joy among those fellows. Those of them who come back, and often there are very few who return, are awarded the Croix de Guerre. Miss Derr was asked by the general of the army to visit those heroic volunteers to brighten them up. She told me how hard it was to instill any cheer into the hearts of men facing such grim prospects and desperate chances. How successful she was only the few soldiers who came back can say. Do you wonder that the *poilus* to whom she ministers call her "Petite Mère"? One of the many soldiers whose lives she has saved, came all the way from Marseilles to see her, taking the time from his brief leave of absence. He had to pay his fare from his government stipend of five cents a day.

She has been especially good to the "Joyeaux." They are men who, before the war, were serving terms of imprisonment as desperate criminals. They were taken out of prison and put at the front to fight. They are used for attacking in desperate raids. (The name given them indicates French public opinion.) God knows their lot is a hard one. They are given the worst trenches and their work is always the most dangerous. In the hospitals they are treated by many nurses on a par with the despised Boches. But with their "Petite Mère" everything is different. Their grateful letters would move one to tears. One fine looking fellow, who is undergoing, under her influence, a complete psychic change from the criminal condition and spirit into something nobler, adores her. Once after he had recovered in hospital and was back at the front, he had something on his mind that necessitated Miss Derr's advice and consolation. So he left his company for a brief time when it was resting, and sought her in her hospital. For this breach of military discipline he was locked up in the guard house; but he counted that all joy.

One letter written in the criminal trench, up to his hips in mud so he could not keep the letter clean, contained a little blue flower, which he had picked in "No Man's Land." Looking over the parapet he saw it. A desire to risk his life for his "Petite Mère" made him desire to pluck that flower out of the jaws of death, out of the mouth of hell, to send it to her; so he crept over and crawled across through the mud under fire from the enemy, amid exploding shells, and got



back with his blue flower which made his letter an homage to his benefactress. Such a spirit as that has been developed in a professional criminal!

The power a nurse can exercise over a man's soul for good is as great as the power she can exercise over his body. And it is wonderful how much religion there is in a dying soldier, a good sound religion of Faith, Hope, and Love. It is a great joy to be in a hospital that has two hundred barracks, over two hundred doctors, twenty groups of operating barracks, a big hospital accommodating ten thousand sick and wounded, and to find in that tragic place of suffering and death, amid the bustle of medical and surgical activity, a soul that has made every sacrifice for her "*enfants*"—the soul of an American woman.<sup>1</sup>

## THE CONFERENCE COURSE OF STUDY<sup>2</sup>

### INTRODUCTORY

THERE is no subject more vital to the church than the training of her leaders, and the importance of this subject increases with the years. One of the most important actions of the last General Conference was to entrust to a special commission the direction of this work in relation to the Conference courses of study. It was perhaps inevitable that there should be some misunderstanding and some criticism in connection with such a plan. All the more significant is the fact of the general approval that has come from the men who, next to the students, are most directly interested in this work, the

<sup>1</sup> Miss Norman Derr, "*Mademoiselle Miss*," daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Z. Derr, of Decatur, Georgia, has the rank of Lieutenant in the French Army, and has been decorated with the Cross of War for arduous and heroic service. She is dear to the Editor of this Review as being of the fourth generation of his friends in the family of her mother, Mrs. Julia Latham Derr.

<sup>2</sup> The General Conference Commission on Courses of Study has issued a statement explaining the Origin of the New Plan, the Organizing of the Course, the Subject Matter, the Arrangement of Subjects, the Selection of Books, Important Features of the New Plan, and the Relative Importance of the Various Studies. The Commission's statement closes with two General Considerations and Eight Important Matters which are among the Waiting Tasks of the Church. The appointment and work of this Commission constitute a progressive step in providing for ministerial education and efficiency. We give space to as much of the statement as we have room for. [We omit the part relating to criticisms of the course.] The Commission was appointed by the Board of Bishops in obedience to the order of the General Conference and consists of two Bishops, E. H. Hughes and F. J. McConnell, the Book Editor, David G. Downey, two Theological Professors, H. F. Rall and F. W. Hannan, and two pastors experienced in the work of Conference Board of Examination, L. F. W. Lesemann and Frank S. Townsend: all men of rank and standing, well educated, highly intelligent and able, utterly loyal to the faith of our fathers, holding the confidence of Methodism as thoroughly competent for the task assigned them by the General Conference. Their work and their statement will doubtless be accepted as satisfactory and approved by the church at large.

fifteen hundred preachers who compose the Conference Boards of Examiners. These men, whose devoted service and intimate knowledge qualify them to speak, have been repeatedly invited by the Commission on Courses of Study to send in their opinions and personal conferences have been held with many of these Boards. Helpful suggestions have come from them and occasional criticisms of some detail, but no criticism of the general plan and no objection to any book on the score of its teaching has come to the Commission from any Board.

During this time objections, chiefly on doctrinal grounds, were raised in certain quarters. The Commission felt under no obligation to enter into public controversy over this matter. The Course of Study had been approved by the Board of Bishops in exact accordance with the plan arranged by the Board and with the provision of the General Conference. The bishops had given full opportunity to the complainants to present their objections. The Commission had met these objections in a statement made at the request of the bishops, and the approval of the Course had then been reaffirmed. The attacks that were being made were thus quite as much attacks upon the Board of Bishops as upon the Commission, and, indeed, the books attacked included several placed by the bishops in the previous course.

There are reasons, however, why a full and clear statement upon the situation should be issued now by the Commission. The important work of training our preachers, with whose supervision the Commission is charged, demands the intelligent understanding and hearty cooperation of the entire ministry of the Church. To this end it seems desirable to set forth the aims of the Commission and the character of the work that is being done. Suggestion and criticism are both welcomed by the Commission. For the sake of the Church and in justice to itself it simply asks that these be based upon an understanding of its plans and a direct acquaintance with the books of the Course, including the five volumes of the *Directions and Helps*.

## I

### THE NEW PLAN AND ITS MEANING

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE PLAN

The present plan arose in the minds of men who felt that the Church was facing a serious situation which was not being adequately considered. First of all was the fact of untrained leaders in the

Church. In twenty-five years college students had multiplied four-fold in this country, and high school students had increased from three hundred thousand to a million and a half. The Church was facing ever greater tasks, and we were realizing that every forward movement in the last analysis depended upon the leadership of our preachers. Meanwhile the standard in our Conferences was falling rather than rising. Roughly speaking, in this day of increasing demands half of our candidates did not have a college training and a fifth of them had not even finished high school. Here was a Conference in a strong Methodist State of the midwest, where out of twenty-five applicants only six could meet the suggested minimum of a high school course. Here was another strong Conference in the north Atlantic section receiving twelve candidates with but one from college and with nine having only high school training or less. Five of that number ranged in age from thirty-five to forty-four and these five averaged only an eighth-grade education. With this went another startling fact. Opposite four thousand Methodist charges in this country there stood in the Minutes the words: To be supplied. And in most cases these were supplied by men who could not reach even the low standard indicated above.

The second fact was the comparative neglect of the Church in connection with the training of these unprepared men. We had urged our young men to go to school and had raised millions for college and seminary, but three fourths of these candidates did not have college and seminary training. What were we doing for these? For the one fourth we were spending in our seminaries alone perhaps a quarter of a million a year, for the three fourths we were spending nothing at all. We gave them no instructors and no educational supervision. We furnished them a list of books and then told them to go to it. They were untrained men and they had to work alone, but we prepared no special texts and no helps for their need. Often we required of them the study of difficult works, prepared for college graduates who had in addition the help of their instructors. Once in four years the list of books was revised, and that was about the extent of the attention which the general church gave to the problem. An occasional far-seeing and self-sacrificing Board of Examiners strove to remedy the situation by furnishing questions and outlines and holding midyear institutes, but the above was the rule.

The fundamental error here was plain. The Conference course of study was an educational proposition but it had never been treated

as such. The educators of the Church had passed it by; they were interested in particular institutions. The Board of Education had definitely limited itself to problems of education as connected with institutions. The bishops had their hands full of many duties and had been charged simply with the matter of the selection of books. Meanwhile the young men who were dependent upon this course formed three fourths of our candidates, and the problem of the Church, especially in small town and open country, was growing more and more desperate for the lack of rightly trained leaders. The task was plain. It was to lift the course from being a set of examinations and make it a means of effective training.

The first requisite seemed clear: constant and careful educational supervision. Essentially the problem was the same as that of one of our seminaries. It was not that of selecting books or determining theological standards, but of educating men. If it was not possible to have a president and a theological faculty, then at least there could be a commission which could give continued attention to the task, not merely determining the course of study, but preparing plans and materials to aid the students and cooperating with the Board of Examiners.

The general scheme now in force was developed by conference of the heads of our theological schools, after consultation with bishops, district superintendents, pastors, and educators. It was presented to the Methodist college presidents at two succeeding annual meetings and approved by them. After careful consideration by the large Committee on Itinerancy it was adopted by the last General Conference.

#### ORGANIZING THE COURSE

The Commission appointed by the bishops labored under decided difficulties because of limitation of time. Its plan can best be understood by indicating how it proceeded. It began, not with the selection of books, but with the broad question of subjects to be studied and their arrangement in the course. Its conclusions were something like this:

#### SUBJECT MATTER

1. The preacher must know his Bible. That is his inspiration, his instrument, the source of his message week after week.
2. If the preacher is to understand the Christian religion and the Christian church, if he is to have breadth of outlook and be saved

from errors, he must know Christianity in its history. He must study the church at large to be a catholic Christian, and his own church that he may serve it with intelligent loyalty.

3. He must study Christian doctrine. He must see the great truths of the Christian faith, that he may know their meaning for life and preach them with power, building up men at once in grace and in truth as these have come to us in Jesus Christ.

4. He must be fitted for his practical task as servant of the Church and a leader of the Church in the work of the Kingdom. Foremost stands the work of preaching, but hand in hand with this come the questions of evangelism, of religious training, church organization, pastoral duty, missions and social service.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF SUBJECTS

Then came the question of the arrangement of these studies in the Course, and the general conclusions were about as follows:

1. Simplify the work as much as possible, not having more than four subjects for study each year. Do not try to have all subjects represented each year. Let each year stand for certain special studies, and let the collateral reading be related to these.

2. Bible study, however, may well be given each year. Not only its importance warrants that, but the fact that such study will help the young preacher constantly in his actual pulpit work, and that such study of the *Bible*, not of books about the Bible which have been our staple hitherto, will make the Course itself vital and interesting.

3. Arrange the subjects in some pedagogical order. The more difficult doctrinal studies may well come later, the student being prepared for these by biblical and historical work.

4. Give adequate attention to the practical branches. These concern the actual tasks with which the young preacher is engaged. Take up one such branch each year, so that each year's Course will call the student to apply practically what he is learning and to master one field of his calling (preaching and pastoral work, Sunday school, missions, social service).

5. The minister's greatest single task is preaching. While emphasizing homiletics in one year, let us make each year bear upon this question, and let us show the student how to make his other studies bear fruit for his preaching.

6. For personal inspiration and help, let us have each year one biography, taking up in turn the founder of Methodism, its first great

American leader, the great Protestant reformer, and a representative preacher of the modern church.

#### SELECTION OF BOOKS

The task of selecting textbooks came last. It was exceedingly difficult. It was necessary to keep constantly in view the fact that the Course was being prepared for young men who had not had full school advantages, of whom probably one fourth had not even completed the high school course, and who were under the added disadvantage of pursuing their studies with no aid from teachers. To fling at the heads of these young men learned volumes designed for college graduates would seem to be as cruel as it was stupid. The ideal plainly was a series of texts arranged specially for such work, a plan which is the basis of all successful correspondence schools. But no such books were available. It was necessary to choose the best that could be had, leaving to the future the preparation of texts specially suited to the course.

#### IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE NEW PLAN

It was here that a unique element in the plan was introduced, the scheme of handbooks known as *Directions and Helps*, one of which accompanies each year of the Course. The name indicates their purpose. These little volumes take the place of the teacher. They seek to teach the student first of all how to study. Even in our colleges large numbers of students are ignorant of that art. And yet that is one of the greatest single advantages of a course of training, not merely to acquire information, but to learn how to study. A large number of our young men approach the Course without knowing how to study, and leave it without having learned this. And that is one reason why they so often cease real study as soon as they finish their Course. The present plan seeks to teach these men how to study. The *Directions and Helps* contain, first, General Suggestions devoted mainly to the question, how to study. To each book of the Course a section is devoted giving the student suggestions for study, explanations, references to other books, and directions as to his work.

*Required written work* forms a vital part of this plan. The purpose of this is not to exact elaborate and original essays, but to train the student to think. Mere reading or memorizing is not study. Only as the student thinks and expresses his thoughts is there real study, and the written work aims to secure this.



To this principle of activity on the part of the student, the present plan joins that of *interest*. There is little profit where there is no interest. The interest of the student is aroused in various ways. At each step the Directions and Helps point out the importance of the study in question. Wherever possible the connection is made directly with the actual work of the young preacher, the fact being kept in mind that almost all the students are pastors at the same time. Every encouragement is given in connection with the practical studies to test and apply them in the actual work of the charge. The student is required to outline the condition of his own Sunday school, to report his own community survey or constituency list, and this is handed in as part of the required work. There are great possibilities of development of the plan on this side, that will enable us to bring our young preachers into line with the most advanced and effective movements in the Church. The Directions and Helps afford a flexible instrument for this, for they are not necessarily limited to comment upon the books of the Course and they can easily be modified.

The *homiletic work* affords an even better illustration of the way in which the new plan, through the Directions and Helps, interests the student by tying up his studies to his work and making them immediately fruitful. Homiletics as a special study is taken up in the first year. But the work of preaching is too important to have this study limited to one year, and the art of preaching is not acquired from the mere study of a text. For each year, therefore, the Directions and Helps have a special section devoted to *Homiletical Suggestions*. These Suggestions show the young preacher how he can utilize the material of his studies in preaching, the individual books being considered with specific illustrations and suggestions. By this method the student's interest is gained for the course of study while at the same time he is learning the important lesson of how to make his reading bear upon his preaching. Finally, he is required in connection with this work to hand in outlines, sermons, and other homiletic exercises, enabling the examiner to give him helpful criticism and advice throughout the Course.

The last named point suggests another element in the new plan: The endeavor to change what has commonly been a mere board of examiners into a *board of instruction*. The disciplinary name, Board of Examiners, shows the limitation of the old conception. What is needed is a group of men who will serve not merely as examiners, but as instructors, counselors, and friends. The new plan strongly urges

the establishment of summer schools where students and examiners will meet. But the special opportunity for such helpful relation is given through the required written work. Where this is sent in by the student, as suggested, at intervals throughout the year, it can be made the basis for constant helpful criticism and suggestion.

#### THE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE VARIOUS STUDIES

One of the most difficult problems facing the Commission was to determine the relative attention to be given to different subjects. At no point is there likely to be greater difference of opinion, and here, as elsewhere, the Commission asks for suggestions and seeks to learn from experience. As might be expected, those who have expressed themselves are far from agreeing with one another. Some questions rest upon a misunderstanding of what the Course really contains, and certain proposals are made without thought of the Course as a whole and would result in intolerable burdens for the student. A few questions will bring out the main points.

Is enough attention given to *Methodist history and doctrines*? The question is easily answered. As at present constituted the Course contains the following: The Discipline, with a thorough treatment occupying over one half of the first volume of the Directions and Helps; Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection; Selections from the Writings of John Wesley, a volume of over four hundred pages, including ten sermons and thirteen of Wesley's most important writings on Methodist doctrine and practice; The Life of John Wesley; The Life of Francis Asbury; Stevens' History of Methodism, in three volumes; Sheldon's System of Christian Doctrine, as a standard work of Methodist theology; four volumes of the METHODIST REVIEW, presenting current Methodist thought. This makes in all sixteen volumes, with the rather staggering total of about six thousand pages.

Has too much attention been given to *the social question*? As a matter of fact, the number of such books was reduced as compared with the last quadrennium, even if one were to include Soares, which has now been dropped and which was in reality a Bible study text. As against Peabody, Rauschenbusch, Patten, Brown, and Earp, we now have Ellwood, Rauschenbusch, and Ward, and the last named (on Social Evangelism) might be placed in the practical theology list.

But is not too much attention given to *practical theology*? In the general field of practical theology the present Course contains two books on evangelism, one on worship, four which deal with pastoral

methods and parish problems, and one general work (Quayle, *The Pastor-Preacher*). But these eight books taken together are not equal in size to two of the books on theology in the Course. Six of them together are about equal in size to Sheldon's *Christian Doctrine*. The Commission felt the urgent need of help in this field for the young preacher, the untrained man who is thrown into the work with little preparation and with no "senior preacher" any longer at hand for counsel. Just in this field, however, it is difficult to get satisfactory manuals, especially in the matter of church organization and pastoral work, and this accounts for the selection of a number of smaller books.

It has been suggested that too little attention is given to *doctrine*, and that this is postponed to the close of the Course. Note the facts. There are seven volumes devoted to the statement and defense of Christian truth: two by Wesley (*Plain Account and Selections*), and those by Strickland, Bowne, Simpson, Sheldon, and Clarke. In addition, special attention is given to our Articles of Religion in connection with the study of the Discipline. Counting the Discipline, three of these books come in the required study for admission on trial, that is, at the very beginning of the Course. These three bring a clear statement of the principles of religion as Methodism conceives them, and are placed here so that these may be understood by the candidate before he applies for admission into the ranks of the Methodist ministry. The other works are placed in the last two years. The biblical and historical branches furnish necessary preparation for the study of doctrine, and for this last named more difficult discipline the student is better fitted after a year or two of study.

It needs no debate to make plain that the matter could never be settled to the satisfaction of all. It is interesting to consider where the Commission would have been led if it had followed some of the advice that has been given. Thus one veteran theological professor thinks that a knowledge of the Greek Testament is indispensable, even for the young men who may not have graduated from high school or college, and that with this should go the study of commentaries like those of the International Critical series. The same writer, criticising the present course in the matter of theology, thinks that "a mastery of Hodge, A. H. Strong, Shedd, or others (even a Roman Catholic like Scheeben) would be of incalculable value." Pope's three volumes are then commended and the statement added: "But let these be *in addition* to our own Raymond, Terry, Curtis." Sixteen volumes of theology are proposed here. Assuming that but one non-Methodist

in this list were to be studied, eliminating the Roman Catholic and all the Calvinists but Hodge, leaving out Pope, and dropping Sheldon, this would still give us five thousand pages of heavy theological material for these young men, hundreds of whom have not even completed the high school. The "mastery of Hodge" alone would involve the study of over twenty-two hundred pages.

#### TWO GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS

1. Books are not included in the Course because every detail of opinion in them is approved. The Course of Study is handled in the same manner as in any good school for training preachers. The books are first of all selected because adapted to teach their special subject. Doctrinally they must be in essential harmony with the position of the Church. At the same time the student must be made familiar with the best thought of the day, and must learn to handle the problems that he will meet as a leader and teacher of men. He must be taught to think, to discriminate. The Course is not intended to give him a set of ready-made opinions to be taken without thinking and for the rest of his life to be handed over to his people equally without thought. Such an attitude may fit Roman Catholicism but not Protestantism.

This position is generally recognized. Professor Faulkner definitely stands for it. It is well stated in the discriminating discussion of the Directions and Helps by Dr. Oscar L. Joseph, which appeared in the *METHODIST REVIEW*. In contrast is the hypercriticism which we have been considering. A book on *How to Study* is put in the "Index" because of a casual reference to native depravity (and that misinterpreted). Ellwood's fine work on *The Social Problem* is a genuinely spiritual protest against "an egoistic and materialistic social philosophy" and one much needed to-day, but because it looks at human history from the standpoint of its social development it is condemned as representing the dangerous idea of evolution. Rauschenbusch's stirring work, placed in the Course by the bishops ten years ago, is the outstanding book for the student who wants to understand the modern social development in religious thought, and has contributed more to this development than any other volume. It is condemned because of objections to incidentally expressed biblical opinions.

2. A second and very important consideration is the part played by the Directions and Helps. This essential part of the plan, indi-

cated in the Discipline and emphasized in all the matter put forth by the Commission, has been entirely ignored by the New Jersey Conference critics. Of these volumes, ranging from 165 to 200 pages, one accompanies each year of the Course. It gives guidance to the student, directs his work, and gives necessary explanations and comments upon the books. It seeks to give the aid furnished by a wise teacher in the class room. In general, the aim is to point out what is of value, to give explanation and quicken interest, to advise and caution as may be needed, and to lead the student to think for himself.

#### WAITING TASKS

It remains now to point out some of the work that waits to be done, and to ask for suggestion and cooperation in the doing of this work. The Board of Education has just completed its great campaign and added many millions of greatly needed funds to the endowment of our schools. These schools can make no higher claim to our regard than their service in training leaders for the Church. But here, in this Conference Course of Study, is the instrument upon which we must depend for the training of three times as many men as come to our ranks from the theological schools. We must give far more thought to this work, and we must spend more money upon it.

Here are a few of the important matters to be considered:

1. We must develop better materials for study, textbooks that will be suited to the needs and capacities of men who have not had college training and who must work by themselves. The recent legislation of the General Conference has excused the men who are graduates of both college and seminary from taking the Course. Our candidates who graduate from college for the most part are taking the seminary course also. This leaves us free to fit the Course to the untrained or partly trained men. The successful correspondence schools of to-day indicate how the books for such men should be written. The style should be clear and simple. Special attention must be paid to the arrangement of the matter. Every effort should be made to make the material interesting, and to tie it up to the problems and tasks of the young preacher's daily work. Adequate explanations and suggestions should accompany. Above all, the student should be given regular written exercises, which will insure real study and give him the chance to express himself. The best men available should be secured for the preparation of this material.

2. We must magnify the work of the Conference Board of Ex-



aminers. We must set up for them a new ideal, an ideal which progressive Boards here and there have already reached. These men should seek to establish the closest relations with the students, serving as instructors, advisers, and friends. The name of the Board might well be changed to Conference Board of Instruction, the examinations being but one aspect of this work.

3. Through the establishment of some central agency, or by relating it to our theological schools, it might be possible to establish regular correspondence school work, and those students who so desire might take their work in this manner, the Annual Conference accepting the certification of such agency as it does now in the case of college or seminary.

4. For the men who have completed the Course, there should be produced graduate courses of study from among which they might select some field in which to continue systematic work.

5. Annual reading lists might be published, for those who wished guidance in finding books most worth while.

6. A department might be established in the *METHODIST REVIEW* devoted to all interests, serving as the agency of publicity, and perhaps furnishing each year one of the graduate courses.

7. Summer schools should be encouraged, either Conference schools such as are already being held in some quarters, or schools supported by a larger area such as the State school which the Ohio Conferences initiated this summer in such successful manner. These schools should be for the young men in the Course and for older ministers, should continue at least ten days, should have generous financial support, and should command the ablest instructors and lecturers available, at the same time giving opportunity for the personal contact of examiners and students.

8. A final problem is to be noted that has received practically no attention as yet. That is the case of our supplies. Over against nearly one fourth of our charges there stands printed in the Conference minutes, "To be supplied." For the most part, that means that these churches are to be taken care of by men who cannot measure up even to the low minimum standards which prevail so generally. What is being done for the training of these men? The welfare of four thousand Methodist churches in this country "left to be supplied" is largely dependent upon these men. The large majority of them have presumably the status of local preacher. How much training did they get through the local preachers' course? How much



attention is given to the men that are taking that course? How much reading and studying do these men do after they have finished that course?

It is hardly feasible to require these regular supplies to take the Conference course. Many would not be equal to it in point of training, many of them must supplement their meager salary by other work and have little time. In some cases the preaching is simply a service assumed in addition to some regular task like that of farming. On the other hand, every possible help should be given these men for the sake of the churches to which they minister. Might it not be possible to devise a course, simpler than the Conference course, but more thorough than the local preachers' course, and require at least the younger men as they take up the work of regular supplies to complete such a course? And could this not be placed under the Conference Board of Examiners? Whatever may be done, here at least is one of the problems worthy of serious attention.

These statements and suggestions do not come as formal recommendations of the Commission on Courses of Study. They are simply indications of large and important matters that await solution. What the Commission would do is to ask the serious attention of the Church to these questions, and to invite the cooperation of all concerned in a common effort to solve them.

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## THE ARENA

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### MORAL CAUSES OF THE WAR

THE problem of how a great Christian nation could revert in one or two generations to a state of lawlessness and pagan savagery witnessed in this war, is before us. Not being allowed to go to the front, I am trying to help bayonet Prussian militarism with a steel pen and gas it with Carter's Ink. Some folks are still asking what has come over Germany and what is she up to? Two articles in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for September-October, seek the solution of Germany's moral degradation and precipitation of this war, in a deep and studied ethic degeneracy; two other interesting war articles in the same issue, VI and IX, are not within my purview. The article by Bishop Cooke, traces the principal cause to a vicious civic and state theory. That by William Houliston traces it to a fatal abandonment of Christian ideals. The articles have much in common. The present writer desires to find the more immediate cause of the war in a despicable spirit of *jealousy* and *conceit*, prompting

to a cruel, selfish ambition for world-supremacy and domination. Let us get an all-round view of the problem, underlying and immediate.

Take jealousy first. I hold that this and an involved envy have been especially directed against England and her American "spawn," as they call it. Jealousy is a "green-eyed monster," whether in an individual or nation. This war has revealed an intense hatred of England by Germany, as a triumphant rival. The development of England in 300 years is a marvel of history. She rules to-day one third of the human race and her domain covers one fourth of the land surface of the globe, and she dominates the entire ocean's expanse. German commerce in getting round the world, must almost always pull up in English docks, Gibraltar, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Columbo, Calcutta, Singapore, Hongkong, etc., and then dock in the American branch of the English race. In the commercial world the Bank of England has been supreme. Pounds sterling are in demand and go everywhere. In the courts of the world's powwows, Great Britain's word has weighed heaviest. Herr von Payer, vice-chancellor, in a recent speech seeking to tone up Teutonic courage in view of present army disasters, talks of German "technique and genius." But abounding Anglo-Saxon fertility of invention, genius, and startling discovery have been a source of Germany's jealousy. Most of the useful and marvelous discoveries of the age are English and American. Besides, the lingua franca of the world is English. In 1800 this language was spoken by only 21,000,000; German by 26,000,000. In 1890, English was spoken by 111,000,000, an increase of 428 per cent, while German was spoken by only 75,000,000, an increase of only 150 per cent. The only language that is spoken or understood all around the world is English. For convenience German missionaries and other foreigners study English. Jealousy of the language is seen in the fact that in 1914, persons heard talking English in Berlin had their faces slapped. Further, Anglo-Saxon colonial expansion has aroused jealousy and envy. It is a phenomenon of history that Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and French early colonies have nearly all been absorbed by England and America. Note North America alone for example. The French had preempted the central continent from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Spain had a large part of the South. Holland was in New York and Pennsylvania. Where are all these now? This outcome was by no plan of mere selfish lust of world domination. The English race is liberty-loving, democratic, with a sense of justice, and has risen in power and domain from the date of the Magna Charta, the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and from the Elizabeth age when England began to hold the balance of power in Christendom. This race is not without fault and pages of history that are to be regretted, but its expansion has been providential nevertheless. England has stood for law and freedom, for the open door, for world evangelism, for the Sabbath and the Bible, which with a marvelous prodigality she has scattered broadcast over the world, and her gospel missions have girdled the globe. Wherever she goes she gives the best she has. Add the other half of the English race, the American people, against which the German hate is equally strong, and the world superiority of the

Anglo-Saxon is immensely emphasized. The United States to-day holds one third of the world's wealth and produces one fourth of its manufactured products. Moreover, the growing rapprochement of these two great English-speaking nations, mother and daughter, has aided in stirring pan-German envy and jealousy. An Oxford professor has been advocating a common citizenship for English residents in both countries, with equal immunities and privileges. Thus the combined English race, free, democratic, and humane in spirit, has now a sane and beneficial leadership of the world. The Anglo-Saxon is not responsible for Teutonic race rivalry, jealousy, and hate. These added to an over-weening conceit of "Kultur," fitness, and military power, have led Germany confidently to try by the sword to gain world-leadership.

A "conceit" person is undesirable and the best service possible is disillusionment. The same is true of a nation, and that nation is Germany, and the job of disillusionment is on. And frankly, no small blame for fostering Germany's conceit belongs to us. We have worshiped German masters of music, philosophy, linguistic research, etc. Our students lay and clerical have coveted German university degrees and have been poisoned in return by their rationalism and Godless philosophy and vicious theories of personal, domestic, and political life. Carlyle's interest in German literature and fulsome laudation of Frederick the Great, who laid the foundation of Germany's infernal militarism, aided the Teutonic arrogance and self-admiration. German literature reveals various forms of this conceit, fostered by us as just stated. Teutonic writing reeks with the vanity of this arrogant obsession. Paul Conrad writes: "We feel ourselves the bearers of a superior culture." Adolf Lessen boasts: "We are morally and intellectually superior to all, without peers." This has become a race or national conceit for this "superman." Dr. W. Lehman boasts: "The German nation leads in the culture domain of the inner life. No nation possesses the deep things as we do." Ludwig Woltmann swells thus: "The German race is called to lead the earth under its control, to use all its resources, and to use the passive races in subordinate capacity for development of its *Kultur*." Face these sickening bits: "The world shall henceforth have its coat cut according to German measure," vaunts Fritz Phillips. And he has this rapturous vision: "The history of the world is a preparation for the time when it shall please God to allow the affairs of the universe to be in German hands." It will be observed that this nauseous arrogance becomes a religious affectation. "It will please God," indeed, to sanction the unspeakable atrocities of ghouls and fiends! And the frenzied Nietzsche, who aided largely in hatching this awful world war, marked by these unheard of atrocities, wrote: "While preparing to found a world empire, Germany is also preparing a world religion. The present bent of mind at the universities among the most cultured, is toward the religion of valor. Ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the peacemakers,' but I say unto you, blessed are the warmakers, for they shall be called, not the children of Jehovah, but the children of Odin [Wodin, god of war], who is greater than Jehovah." The Germans seem to be seeking a religion that takes

all the "nots" out of the ten commandments, and would destroy the moral order of the universe. As has been said of the Hindus, these Germans sin religiously. E. W. Yaerm raises the question, "Has the German a Christian mind?" He says, "While other nations have expanded intellectually, Germany has retrograded into a fiendish, apish, black monster that threatens the future of the world." This flagrant religious aberration takes on its most arrogant form in the monarchical hallucination of the Kaiser: "I represent monarchy by the grace of God. Only one is master of the empire and I am that one—the Spirit of God has descended on me because I am German emperor. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am his sword," etc. (Speech to Potsdam recruits.) It remains to be seen if this blasphemous pretender is to outlast the war he precipitated.

The Prussian conceit of military power, crowned in the Hohenzollern, fomented the war and confidently planned a larger world conquest than Alexander the Great. "Paris in three weeks—London in three months—New York in three years," was the program. Germany's military dominance in continental Europe for the past half century generated this unblushing vain glory and hope for speedy world conquest. Belgium was of no consequence, France was only to be walked over, the English army was "contemptible," American poltroons ignorant of fighting, the job was not very long for Teutonic prowess! While moral degradation, as indicated in the two REVIEW articles, may be at the bottom, nothing can be more certain than that German jealousy and conceit were the immediate cause that started this war—jealousy of Anglo-Saxon leadership, which never was a menace or world aim. And there was junker conceit of every form of superiority. "Deutschland über alles," is the goal. Jealousy, envy, and conceit of superiority have begotten a pan-German rivalry of the English race. Hence the songs of bitterness and hate and the ill-concealed hint of "that day." For world peace and safety, this pestilent, dangerous Teutonic cancer needed cauterizing, and, please God, it is now getting it. Germans have virile, valuable qualities, and when this Germany is whipped to its knees and driven out of the world, a better Germany, disarmed and brought within rational peace terms, will arise.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

T. J. SCOTT.

#### WHAT TO PREACH TO SOLDIERS

THIS question occurs to every minister who has been invited to speak in a camp and every minister whose church is adjacent to the camps.

A minister leaving his parish to enter the chaplaincy was given a hearty farewell reception by his congregation. As they said their "Good-bys" and "God bless yous," an old lady wrung the hand of the minister and said, "I want you to find my two boys when you get to France. They are brave soldiers, but not Christians." Then she turned away with a sob and the tears ran down her cheeks as she pleaded, "Save my boys if you can, save my boys."

"Save my boys if you can"—this is the chaplain's purpose. If you

preach to soldiers, in what way should your purpose be different? Is not that the motif in your preaching regularly in your pulpit? Should one enter the ministry for any other purpose than to help the Redeemer save his people? Whether then the soldier comes to church or you to camp, preach salvation.

A minister went to a small camp on a recent Saturday and that night there were three dances in progress—one at a carnival put on by a Catholic church to raise money for the priest's house; another at the barracks, where there were no more than two hundred men, and a third for the officers at the post. Two bands and an orchestra, three dances and less than two thousand white people in the camp, village, and within a radius of three miles. What should the minister preach about Sunday morning? Why, about the thing needed there, namely, salvation. Nothing else to preach about at that camp.

A priest who had come to a church near a camp said in conversation with the medical officer, "I want you to come up to the house and see me. I've got some good cigars up there." The medical officer replied, "Is that all you've got?" The officer may have meant to intimate that the priest ought to have something to drink, but it struck me that he meant that any minister ought to be offering people religion rather than cigars.

A colored man at Camp Meade prayed in meeting one night "Lord, we recognize these meetings as a vital part of our training as soldiers." What shall I preach? Something that is vital to their training as soldiers. After a Sunday night lecture in one of the Y. M. C. A. huts there, several men remarked to the secretary, "We thought you were going to have preaching," and their disappointment was evident. Soldiers need preaching. The editorial page of the Philadelphia North American recently carried a story reported by a Pennsylvania medical army officer. He said that a chaplain of a British regiment was planning a motion picture show for the men, but one of the Tommies blurted out "To hell with the movies—give us some religion!" A nurse said to a pastor at the close of his sermon at an army hospital, a warm, one hundred per cent religion sermon, "Several of the soldiers told me as they went out that your sermon did them more good than all the medicine they have received here." The cross, through this war, has been restored to the place from which many ministers had allowed it to slip. They find that sermons to men in uniform must carry a message of sacrifice, vicarious suffering, substitution. The cross as a symbol means much to military men. Many enlisted men and officers of the line protested when they understood that the chaplain's insignia was to be changed from the cross to the shepherd's crook. The roughest regiment in a certain camp was a problem to the Association secretaries. The men were profane, defaced the hut, and disturbed the services. They had to be quiet of course when the chaplain was conducting a meeting, because he was an officer. The secretaries conferred with the chaplain one day and, as a result, railed off a portion of the platform and erected there a large white cross. Nothing was said or done about the matter, but that cross changed the whole moral atmosphere of the regiment. It may be stated that there were very few



Catholics in the organization. The preaching of the cross similarly has changed the lives of thousands of men and the atmosphere of some entire camps.

Preaching to soldiers is not tremendously different from preaching to civilians. When General Pershing received a recent message from the Federal Council of Churches, assuring him of the support of the church in America, morally and materially, he included this statement in his reply: "What is necessary for the manhood of the soldiers is necessary for the manhood of the civilians." We might reverse it and say, "What is necessary for the civilians is necessary for the soldiers." What is necessary for both? In this age of worry, turmoil, and conflict, men need a message of faith and order and victory. Give them a clear call to the central purpose of life. Then tell them how Christ will enable them to live their ideals. And show them that God is counting on their cooperation to work out his plans, both in this world and for all time and through all eternity. The business of the preacher is not to laud, but to lead.

The church is expecting its chaplains to put their best efforts into their preaching and other distinctively religious work. No other officer on a ship or with a regiment is equipped and trained to lead men in religious matters. It is not to be desired that chaplains abstain from handling welfare matters that are sometimes committed to their care if they are given help so that they may do it in an executive way. But their own enthusiasm, the best musical talent they can secure, the assistance of noted men, all the resources they can gather, ought to be used in channels that will secure the largest religious results. If a chaplain succeeds in other things but fails in his religious ministry, he has failed as a chaplain and the church would be honored if his commission were revoked.

"Woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Use historical and literary allusions? Yes. Make it thoughtful and intellectual? Yes. Polish it until your homiletics professor can see himself in it. But preach the gospel.

And don't forget that preaching is a means to an end. Most of the religious periodicals have printed in some form the story of a salesman who heard a noted divine, but said to him after the sermon, "You marshaled your talking points in an impressive way and you had your goods sold, but you made the fatal mistake of not trying to take any orders." One of our Methodist ministers who has just entered the chaplaincy has been an army Association secretary for the past six months, and during that time has held but four meetings in which men have not sought Christ.

How, then, should I preach to *marines*? The first time the writer did so, he asked himself, "What about the marines—what are their characteristics?" First to fight. That is their best boast and their most descriptive slogan. It is the business of the marines to fight and to do it before anyone else gets a chance. Marines then will want a preacher to go straight to the heart of the whole religious matter and get there



before anyone else does. I decided to preach on the topic "Jesus saves." My outline was as follows:

Saves from what?  
Who is it that saves?  
What does He say about his salvation?  
What is the process?

Is it any different preaching to *sailors*? "Go ye into all the world and preach the *gospel* to *every* creature." "For it is the will of the Father that every one that beholdeth the Son and believeth on him shall have everlasting life."

CLYDE F. ARMITAGE.

Washington, D. C.

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## ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

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### THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE

"O OUR Father! our King! manifest the glory of thy kingdom over us speedily; shine forth, and exalt thyself in the sight of all the living. O gather our dispersions from among the nations, and assemble our outcasts from the extremities of the earth! Conduct us unto Zion, thy city, with joyful song, and unto Jerusalem, the residence of thy holy temple, with everlasting joy. And there in thy presence, will we prepare the offerings enjoined us, even the daily offerings according to their order and the additional offerings, according to their institution."

The above prayer has ascended from millions of hearts ever since the destruction of the Holy City by Titus and his legions. Like Daniel of old, no matter to what part of the world the exiles of Zion have been driven, they too, with faces turned toward Jerusalem, pray for the return of God's elect people. No matter how gloomy the prospect or how dark the night, prayer for the restoration of the Jews has never ceased. Age after age has passed and century upon century has rolled around, and yet deliverance has not come. The darker the night, the more brilliantly has the star of hope shone from above.

Though disappointed times without number, the pious Jews have not been without faith, nor ever totally discouraged. Little more than twenty years ago some of the more hopeful Israelites met together and prayed and planned. The Zionist movement was started and soon assumed a concrete form. Many of the rich Jews favored the project and poured in their money lavishly so as to make it the more easy for the oppressed Jews of Russia, Roumania and other lands to find a home in the Land of Promise.

The colonization of Palestine began in earnest, and soon nearly fifty colonies were founded by Jews from various countries. Our readers know how successful these had been and what promise they held in store for the dispersed Hebrews. Several of these colonies succeeded beyond the

expectation of the most sanguine. The promise of greater success was never brighter than when all of a sudden the "Great War" broke out, and brought to naught the patient toil of many years. The unspeakable Turk, urged on by the still more atrocious Huns, pounced upon the peaceful colonists and turned field, garden and home into wilderness and ruin. The young Jewish colonists were forced into the army, the old men, women and children who had not fled the country shared the fate of Belgium and its civil population. In short the colonies, plundered and destroyed, seemed to have been a thing of the past.

The darker the night, the nearer the dawn. The success of the entente allies in Egypt and southern Palestine appeared like a brilliant star in the Jewish sky. The capture of Jerusalem and many other cities by the forces of Gen. Allenby has brought new hope, new faith and new joy into Jewish hearts throughout the world.

Nothing, however, has given the Jews, especially the Zionists, more courage than the declaration of Mr. Balfour, made some months since. The effect of his words upon Israel has been aptly compared to that of the edict of Cyrus, which made it possible for the Jews carried captive to Babylonia to return to their own land.

"His Majesty's Government," says Mr. Balfour, "view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

This is a memorable document. No wonder it pleases the average Jew. One Jewish writer of great ability calls it epoch-making. "The pioneer of a new era—an era which will see the world divided, for political purposes, into supernatural states or commonwealths, and ultimately unified . . . centers of national tradition and inspiration which will save the soul of mankind from the deadening influences of materialism and uniformity."

Every beginning is hard, and nothing harder or having more obstacles in the way than the beginning of a new commonwealth, the creation of a new Jewish state in Palestine. The phrasing of Mr. Balfour's declaration, though clear and concise, is quite guarded, if on careful reading not disappointing. It will no doubt satisfy the reasonable and liberal Jews. But how will the orthodox and more conservative regard it?

In the very nature of things, the British government or a League of Nations cannot toss Palestine over to the Jews without regard to the feelings of the present inhabitants. Before the war broke out the population of Palestine was made up of Moslems, Christians and Jews in the proportion of 60, 30 and 10 per cent, respectively. Certainly one tenth cannot lord it over the nine tenths. The formation of the new state must be gradual. All Jews who may desire to immigrate into Palestine will have the privilege of doing so with full assurance of complete protection. Thus in the course of time it may be possible for the present small minority of the Jewish population to grow so as to become a substantial

majority, and thus legitimately obtain a prevailing voice in the affairs of the new State, without, however, desiring to exclude all non-Jews who may wish to reside in the Holy Land. Though the orthodox Jews still dream of and hope for the "restoration of the kingdom of David, and of the temple, and of the sacrifices on Mount Zion, they do not expect it *now*." This is to come in "the end of days, in the far distant future by some miraculous divine intervention." Prof. Amran of the University of Pennsylvania, an orthodox Zionist, makes a fine distinction—which we do not understand—between the return of the Jews and the establishment of a Jewish State under an international protectorate and "their return according to Messianic prophecy." He maintains that "when the temple is to be restored in the days of the Messiah, it will be restored overnight by the same miracle which will bring forth the Messiah and cause the divine refulgence to shine with a visible light on Mount Zion."

When, however, the Jews shall have all the rights and privileges of a free state in Palestine, immigration will proceed with a rapid course. The orthodox Jews especially will settle there in ever increasing numbers. Wealthy and benevolent Jews living in Europe and America, who have no desire to leave their homes, will pour out their riches in order to make the new state a success, and the lot of the new colonists comfortable and pleasant. Before many years, a goodly portion of the Mohammedans, who have not the same love for the Holy Land as the Zionists have, will sell out at good profits to the newcomers. At any rate, the growth of the Jews will far exceed that of the Moslems and Christians. Thus the dream of the ages may be realized.

Of course, the Jews in the new State cannot shut the door in the face of any who may wish to locate in Palestine, nor can they set up a form of government or system of education obnoxious to other people, much less a state religion to which all must conform. In this age of the world an established state church is impossible in a free country. And as David Starr Jordan has well said, "Palestine cannot be a theocracy." It must be a democracy in every sense of the word, where Moslem, Christian and Pagan may enjoy as many privileges as the most orthodox Jews. In short, Palestine must be ruled in the interest of humanity and not simply in the interest of the Jews. As seems probable, the vast majority of the population will at no distant date from the creation of the new State be orthodox Jews. Then it will follow as day follows night that the government will be molded according to Jewish ideas. And as Viscount Bryce has said, Palestine from the beginning is to be for Israel "a safe home, consecrated by the most sacred memories, with the one sole purpose of restoring it to its long lost purpose."

But, as already intimated, it will not be all smooth sailing. In the first place there is not general agreement among the Jews themselves as to the advisability of the establishment of a separate state for them, either in Palestine or any other place. There are orthodox Jews, there are liberal Jews, and not a few Jewish agnostics or infidels without any form of religion; indifferent not only to Jewish rites and ceremonies but to revealed religion in general.

Now, there are nearly fourteen million Jews in the world, mostly in Europe and America. It will be many years before Palestine, were it ceded to the Jews to-morrow, could accommodate one tenth of these. Moreover, the great majority of Jews are perfectly satisfied with their lot in the countries where they are now settled and engaged in various enterprises. Great Britain, France and the United States and some other lands treat the Jews generously and well. They appreciate their freedom and privileges, politically, religiously and commercially. Consequently the millions will remain where they are. No Jew will feel under any moral obligation to join his more sentimental brother in Palestine, because a Jewish commonwealth may be established there, any more than the Irish of Boston, New York or Chicago would dream of returning to Ireland, even if every demand of the "Sinn Feiner" were granted.

Of those Jews opposed to the creation of a new Jewish State, we may mention Prof. Morris Jastrow, Jr., of the University of Pennsylvania. This learned Jew has thought the subject through and understands the Eastern question better than most men. He has stated his objections in a recent number (June) of the *Menorah Journal*. He says: "To my mind the establishment of a Jewish State, from the point of view that the Jews constitute a nation that should be given the opportunity of developing a national life, is fraught with the greatest possible dangers to the Jews and to the religious peace of the world." He enters into the discussion with much spirit. His arguments, however, though clear-cut, concise and apparently logical, will not appeal to many Zionists. Even if the allies should hand Palestine over to the Jews, it would be a great blunder to do so without the consent of its present population. Moreover, he asserts that the Jews have no special claim to the Holy Land. When Joshua entered Canaan, he came as conqueror and wrested the territory from its rightful owners. Some centuries later the Jews were in turn vanquished, and led away captive, and only a remnant of them ever returned to the land whence their ancestors had been carried away. In the course of a few centuries this remnant was so utterly destroyed by the Romans that from that day to this the Jew has been a pilgrim and a stranger; less welcome in Palestine than anywhere else. The only claim the Jews have to Palestine is that more than three millenniums ago they took it by conquest, and held it for six or seven centuries, but they have been exiles from it for well-nigh two thousand years. "If," says Prof. Jastrow, "we recognize the legitimacy of the Jewish conquest, then we must also recognize the reconquest which took Palestine away from the Jews."

Another point made by the professor is that the ideas and plans of the orthodox Jews are antiquated, contrary to the conceptions of modern statesmanship and government, since they require the union of church and state and demand that nationality, religion and citizenship should be blended into one. Citizenship should be, as in the United States, independent of nationality and religion.

Then again Prof. Jastrow argues with great force that Palestine is a Holy Land not only to the Jews but also to the Mohammedans and Chris-

tians. For that reason the program of the ultra-orthodox Zionist cannot be realized. It may be argued that the Jews, having suffered so long and so grievously in the past two millenniums, have learned the lesson of toleration to perfection, and that they would respect the views of other races and those of different faiths. Such lessons, however, are difficult to learn. There can be no doubt that many of those who will immigrate to the new State do so with the full expectation that the Jewish religion, with its sacrifices and other rites, the temple, with its ancient worship, will be restored. This would involve the replacing of the Mosque of Omar by a new temple—a thing inconceivable, as long as there are so many Mohammedans. "Anyone," says Prof Jastrow, "who has been in Palestine, and seen for himself the large settlements of Greek and Roman Catholics and of the various Protestant sects, particularly in and about Jerusalem, will realize the opposition that the plan of handing over any portion of Palestine to the Jews will arouse, an opposition that may easily lead to fanatical outbursts." The enlightened Zionist may be very tolerant, and will not make ultra demands, impossible to fulfil, but what of his less charitable brother, the orthodox Jew? "Would not the return," he aptly asks, "without the restoration of the temple and the sacrifices, be a travesty of the religious hopes bound up with orthodox Judaism?"

It is further asserted by the professor that the world would be a loser by the creation of this new Jewish State, if it were possible to gather the Jews in it in very large numbers. The Jew, we are told, has contributed more to civilization and the world at large after the destruction of Jerusalem and the dissolution of the Jewish State than during the period when Israel was a distinct nation. Judaism, he insists, in its finest expression is antinationalistic. The prophets of Israel preached a universal religion. The Jews are by nature cosmopolitans. Their success has been most marked when they mixed most freely with other nations and adapted themselves to new situations. They became famous, not in the ghetto, but rather when they left it. They have exerted greater power, wielded more influence during their dispersion than during their independence in Palestine. "The Jews," says Jastrow, "can render better service to humanity in their dispersion than 'when settled in Palestine.'" This has been answered by saying that no one knows what the Jews might do in an autonomous new State.

It is further argued, that if there shall be a Jewish State, pure and simple, after the great war, the probability is that the Jews would be less welcome in other lands than they are now, when, so to speak, homeless. They would become less interested in other countries and *vice versa*, other lands would be less interested in them. For then the question would naturally arise: Now, since the Jewish people have their own government and country, why do they not remain in their country and enjoy its freedom and blessings?

Here let us ask, What is Palestine? No two authorities will agree as to its area or boundaries. Prof. Jastrow claims that Philistia and Phœnicia or the seacoast were never a part of Jewish Palestine, nor was much of the land east of the Jordan Jewish. If we take his figures the



area, at the most, was about 2,400 square miles. The writer of this article has always regarded it as about the size of Wales, 7,300 square miles. Viscount Bryce says that Palestine as understood to-day is about 10,000 square miles. Some Zionists claim for the proposed new State an area of not less than 13,000 square miles. No matter which of these is accepted as correct, much of it is unproductive, too dry and rocky, not only for tillage, but even for grazing. Intense farming and scientific irrigation will doubtless help, so that new Palestine may support one million as tillers of the soil. There will be, no doubt, wherever Jews may settle industries of various kinds and emporiums for the exchange of commodities. This will add another million to the population of the new commonwealth at no distant date.

Prof. Jastrow seems to expect when peace shall have been declared, the Turkish Empire will be broken up into its natural divisions, into separate, independent states, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, etc., under the protection of an International League of Nations. Palestine, for example, could for the time being be managed by an international commission with its seat at Jerusalem. "Each city or village to enjoy complete local freedom of development in any direction that they choose—cultural, technical, artistic or religious." He opposes a state made up of Jews alone. He thinks Moslems and Christians and what not should be included. There should be an elective parliament—two houses—to which members should be elected by the free suffrage of the inhabitants. Palestine, instead of being closed to all but Jews, should open its gates wide to all mankind. His motto is: "Whosoever will let him come." This harmonizes, too, with the first declaration of the American Zionist Convention, recently held in Pittsburgh, Pa., which reads: "First—we declare for political and civil equality irrespective of faith, race or sex of all the inhabitants of the land." It may be difficult to harmonize this with the sixth or last declaration: Sixth—"Hebrew, the national language of the Jewish people, shall be the medium of public instruction."

Present conditions seem to favor the creation of a Jewish commonwealth in the Holy Land. The Jews are taking advantage of their opportunity. They are already flocking to Jerusalem and are making great plans for the future. Among other things they have laid the corner stone of a Hebrew University on the Mount of Olives.

From late dispatches we learn that Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, has closed negotiations with the Central European Jewish Organizations with the following statement:

"We are resolved to do away with all restrictive measures regarding emigration to the settlement of Jews in Palestine. I assure, you of my sympathy for the creation of a Jewish religious center in Palestine by means of well-organized immigration and colonization. It is my desire to place this work under the protection of the Turkish government. I cherish a firm hope that the labors of the special commission which has been sent out to evolve a detailed plan will shortly be terminated."



## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

## THE GERMANIZATION OF CHRISTIANITY

MANY strange utterances of the German Kaiser and of some of his subjects concerning the relation of God to the German nation have forced upon the student of religious history an interesting inquiry. What is the source and what have been the stages in the development of these strange notions of God's partiality for the German nation and especially for the house of Hohenzollern? But we are not about to propose an answer to this inquiry. Perhaps, however, the following notices may afford some welcome materials for the study of the religious history of Germany in the last fifty years.

The influence of nationality upon the development of Christianity has become the subject of special research only in the last few decades. Once the very fact itself was unrecognized; Rome could in naïve assurance boast of a church *semper eadem*. Now, however, we know that Karl Hase was right beyond dispute when he wrote: "A people that is truly a people is so mightily individual an essence that in the course of time it inevitably impresses upon the church, which knows neither Jew nor Greek, certain peculiarities. Hence even the Catholic Church, in spite of all possible resistance on the part of Rome, has more and more acquired the character of an organism membered of national churches." Early Christianity passed through a process of Hellenization. Then there followed a long period of the Romanization of Christianity. In like manner there has been a process of the Germanization of Christianity from the time of Ulilas. So also the English genius has left its mark upon the development of the church in that country. Beyond question the Christian churches of America show characteristics that could never have appeared in any other country. So long as the nationalization of Christianity is the inevitable and undesigned impression of the national genius upon the forms of religious thought and life, the development, while perhaps faulty enough, is not perverse nor radically vicious. If the Christians of each nation seek for the fullest and most catholic fellowship, the limitations and defects will be overcome. The case is different where the nationalization of Christianity becomes a program. For this standpoint is not that of unconditional submission to a revelation that is absolute for all peoples and for all times, the vocation of all peoples being to attain to the full fellowship where there is neither Jew nor Greek. Broadly speaking, all Bible translation, all missionary labor, looks to a nationalizing of Christianity in a new land. But this is a nationalization which looks to bringing the knowledge of the Son of man to all the sons of men. It seeks to bring Christianity home to all peoples. It is accordingly beautiful to see how wonderfully the gospel inspires the art and literature and customs of the various peoples, and this in the rich variety of their national genius. But there is a nationalization of Christianity in which extra-Christian elements are introduced to satisfy the desire of the natural man, thus perverting the gospel. Such a program of the Germanization

of Christianity has been proposed in Germany. If comparatively few have adopted it, its influence has yet been very considerable.

When the Bible translator Luther toiled to make the prophets and apostles "speak German," when Albrecht Dürer saw the biblical history through German eyes and painted it so; when Bach gave to church music an unmistakable German stamp, when the whole development of church life in Germany bears the mark of the German spirit, we all cordially approve. But when in the second half of the nineteenth century Paul Lagarde comes forward with a new program of the Germanization of Christianity, we have no longer before us the Christianity of Jesus Christ, but an eclectic system. Lagarde was not only a great scholar—one of the greatest Semitic scholars and one of the most impressive university teachers of his generation—but a man of real genius; and not only a man of genius, but also a prophetic soul. Intensely interested in all great questions of the day, he strove especially to awaken interest in a movement to develop a satisfying "present-day religion." This should be, according to Lagarde's conception, a modernized Christianity. He would purge historical Christianity of various burdensome elements that had now become intolerable. Among these elements he reckoned the setting value on single events of history (real or alleged), such as the miraculous birth of Jesus, his death, his resurrection; the binding force of dogma and sacrament; the authority of the Bible. The binding force of dogmas and sacraments, he argues, is to be given up all the more readily, because these have been imposed upon us by non-Germanic peoples. But Lagarde had no desire to do away with church, dogmas, and sacraments altogether. What for two thousand years has so largely satisfied a want, does not cease to satisfy a want merely because it is burdened by certain intolerable elements. What is needed is a purging away of the dead matter and the breathing into old forms and concepts a new life from the living, present-day German spirit. Thus understood even the Catholic sacraments might be found useful and satisfying. Lagarde would recognize elements of value in the worship of Mary and the saints. He valued the Catholic idea of the unity of the church, and he disliked Luther and Augustine. His new unified German church could not be artificially produced. Only as earnest, thinking men labor perseveringly for the liberation and unifying of the German spirit, without seeking to carry out any fixed program, could the goal be reached. It cannot be the work of officials and scholars as such: the whole people must be led to participate in the work. In all this Lagarde is essentially an individualist; the great social movement toward which he aims must rest upon the principle of freedom and independence of the individual. Lagarde's deep earnestness in all this is unquestionable; but it is very clear that it is not the Christianity of Jesus Christ nor of unconditional faith in him that he preached.

Among the other modern advocates of a Germanization of Christianity by far the most interesting is Arthur Bonus. Born in 1864, pastor from 1893 to 1903, then because of ill health made emeritus, Bonus has still had the strength to produce many highly original and interesting

writings. His themes are many: of an æsthetic, or literary, or political or religious nature; yet everything seems to move about the one central theme: the Germanization of Christianity. In some respects Bonus is much to be preferred to Lagarde. The historic Jesus stands more clearly in the center of thought for Bonus than for Lagarde. Of special interest is the fact that Bonus seeks to turn much of Nietzsche's doctrine to account in behalf of religion. Nietzsche's emphasis on the will, the will to power, Bonus takes up in the interest of a manly, active, conquering life. In distinction from Nietzsche and as a follower of Naumann he is no less social than individualistic in his standpoint. He talks of the "German God" and of the "German Christ" and of "German faith." But upon closer examination we find that he does not use these phrases in a strictly exclusive sense. He as a German preaches the Germanization of Christianity; but it is the task of every other people also to nationalize Christianity, each in its own way. What interests Bonus is not so much the "Germanizing" of Christianity as its "actualization." He is unwearied in denouncing all that is merely traditional or outward or official in religion. With equal vigor he opposes intellectualism in religion. Not only formal orthodoxy, but also and equally the rationalistic tendencies of much "modern" theology are offensive to him. He is also a foe to naturalism in religion; he sets man in sharp contrast to nature. Yet he is not a supernaturalist of the ordinary type. Religion is for him a matter of the heart, and that not in the sense of a mere sentiment, but in the sense of an active, optimistic, social will resting in a feeling of harmony with the creative power of the world. Like Nietzsche, he abhors weak resignation, but, unlike Nietzsche, he would find relief in the power of the good will of God. Faith is for Bonus the active rather than the passive union with the active will of God.

In all this there are some very appealing elements along with some that are very objectionable. Essentially Nietzschean is the emphasis upon the will to power. The motive of religion is not the love of God but the love of power. This principle is applied both to the individual and to the nation. Because of an alleged greater depth and inwardness the German people are fitted to bring forth a Germanized Christianity that shall be better than the old Christianity was in its best state, immeasurably better than that Christianity as handed down. Religion he prizes as a power for man's advancement rather than as the means of glorifying God. Not God but man is in the center. From this standpoint it is not strange that applying the philosophy of power to the nation, he should attempt to persuade the German people to assume the role of lords of the earth. How great his influence has been we cannot judge; perhaps he should be regarded more as a product than as a producer of the wide-spread philosophy of might. Yet far-reaching as this vicious philosophy has been in Germany, we should not lose sight of the fact that the most representative religious teachers of that country quite vigorously repudiate every tendency to this new and vicious Germanization of Christianity. In spite of them, however, this philosophy of might has been playing havoc with the religion and morals of the people.

## GASTON FROMMEL'S THEOLOGICAL INFLUENCE

WHEN Gaston Frommel died in 1906, at the age of forty-four, as professor of theology at Geneva, he was not widely known. Already, however, he was recognized within a limited circle as the most interesting and significant religious thinker of French Switzerland since Vinet. His influence was not checked by his untimely death, but has continued in a strong and widening stream. Just now, in spite of the war—or is it perhaps in part just because of the war?—his work is gaining larger recognition than ever before. For all must recognize in his writings not only richness of thought and expression, but above all an intense and vital faith. The interest in his thinking has been considerably enhanced by the posthumous publication of an important apologetic work entitled *La vérité humaine* (3 vols., 12mo, 1910-1915). It is a work of impressive power and beauty, but it naturally lacks the finished form which its author would have given it had he lived. Frommel's personality and the character of his thinking make a wide appeal. His general position is unmistakably conservative and warmly evangelical, but all his writings show a rare independence and originality together with an ideal openness of mind. His interest is firmly centered in the inner and vital essence of religion. There is something magnificent in the directness, the immediacy, with which he lays hold on the real problems of religion. His theological development was interesting. After a short period of study devoted to natural science he turned to theology as a consequence of a marked religious awakening. He studied in Neuchâtel, Erlangen, and Berlin. Among his teachers Frank made the deepest impression on him. In Berlin he began his literary career with essays on Amiel and Pierre Loti. Afterward he studied a while in Paris; then, after a brief pastoral service, he spent some time in England and Geneva, studying and writing. The next few years he was engaged in pastoral service. The last twelve years of his life he spent as professor of systematic theology at Geneva.

Frommel cannot be called a regular disciple of Frank, but in the fundamental principle of his theology he is at one with the Erlangen master. He used to say of his theology: "My dogmatic has two parts: a second, upon which I never venture, and a first part that rests solely upon experience." His system was wonderfully simplified, not by way of curtailment, but by means of concentration upon personal faith in Jesus Christ. His position is rendered clear by mention of the fact that it was largely through his influence that the confessional basis of the "Association chrétienne évangélique," which he and his cousin, Frank Thomas, founded, was John 3.16 and Matthew 16.24. His method of study and exposition was largely psychological; but it was not a psychology that neglected the historical revelation. He welcomed the influence of William James, but he opposed the evolutionistic theology of Auguste Sabatier. One of his most brilliant essays was on "The Moral Danger of Religious Evolutionism."

Within the last two or three years at least four extended studies of

Frommel have appeared. Three of these four are in French, one in German. One of the French studies is a book of 217 pages. The German study is by Wernle, of Basel.

We call special attention to Gaston Frommel at this time, because we believe the marked interest shown in his work in the midst of the tumults of war is symptomatic and significant. The Christian world is weary of vain disputings concerning matters of tradition and yearns for reality. The significance of Frommel for our time lies not in his "system" (if he can be said to have had one), but in his powerful concentration upon the reality of Jesus Christ for faith.

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### BOOK NOTICES

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#### RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

*The Laughter of God and Other Sermons.* By DAVID J. BURRELL, D.D. 12mo, pp. 217. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, net, \$1.25.

THOUGH without Methodist ancestry or connection, Doctor Burrell has been called the Methodist preacher of the Reformed Church pulpit. For about thirty years, in the white marble Collegiate Church at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, he has been preaching with fervor and force, with passion and eloquence, the warm old-fashioned gospel of salvation from sin, the everlasting good news and glad tidings. And his preaching has compelled a large hearing. In the best sense he is a popular preacher. His church is a warm and welcoming and home-like place. A sample of the directness and faithfulness of his preaching is his sermon on *The Hand of Macbeth*. Isaiah 1. 18. It is a far cry from Isaiah to Shakespeare: but a reference to one of the terrific scenes in "*Macbeth*" will help us, perhaps, to a clearer view of the relation of the cross to the pardon of sin.

#### Act II, Scene 2

(Enter Macbeth, looking on his hands) This is a sorry sight!

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, "Murder!" That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other, As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen," When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"? I had most need of blessing, and "Amen" Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep"; the innocent sleep;  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more! . . .  
Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine!

The question arises, Why should Macbeth be so deeply distressed by a crimson stain on his hand? A little water would easily wash that off. But was there something beneath it? In truth, the trouble lay deeper down; it was the ingrained sense of sin! I. *Sin is a Fact.* This needs emphasis, because there is a disposition in some quarters to explain it away. There are those who regard sin as a physical malady, to be healed by proper dieting and therapeutics. This, however, was not the prognosis of the royal leech; for when Lady Macbeth entered, walking in her sleep and rubbing her hands, with a smothered cry, "Out, damned spot! Will these hands ne'er be clean?" he observed, "More needs she the divine than the physician." Here is a touch of true philosophy on the part of the great dramatist. The stain is more indelible than crimson on the hand. Sin lies deeper than the smarting uncleanness of any overt act: and it behooves us to get at the root of it. II. *Sin as a Universal Fact.* The malady of Macbeth makes him brother of us all. "For there is no difference; all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." By this we are not to understand that all alike are guilty of conspicuous vices. In fact, there are many respectable sinners among us. It would have been difficult to find in all Jerusalem a more presentable group of church members than the Pharisees who dragged the adulterous woman to Solomon's porch and threw her at the feet of Jesus saying, "Moses in the law requireth that such as she shall be stoned; but what sayest thou?" He stooped in silence and wrote with his finger on the pavement, while



the poor creature with the scarlet letter on her brow crouched before him. But see those Pharisees now slinking away: as it is written, "They went out one by one, beginning with the eldest." Why so? They had followed the finger of Jesus as he wrote, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Were they adulterers, then? O, no! Not one of them would have been guilty of that particular sin. Nevertheless there was no room for stone throwing: for they all lived in glass houses and knew it. III. *So, then, sin is a Personal Matter.* It comes home to you and me. Why are we not all in Sing Sing? Is it because we have not broken the law? Who are these men and women in stripes? Thieves, adulterers, murderers. That however is not why they are behind the bars. In the light of the Sermon on the Mount the Ten Commandments condemn us all. Covetousness is theft! Hatred is constructive murder! Adultery flames in a lustful glance! The reason why these people are in Sing Sing while we go scot free is not because they have broken the Ten Commandments but because they have broken the eleventh; "Thou shalt not be found out." We have not broken it. I am aware that people do not like to be addressed in this way. They feel as Lady Huntingdon did, who went in her carriage to hear George Whitefield preaching in the open fields and drove away indignant because, as she said, "He called me a vulgar sinner, like the rabble about him." Yet this is Bible truth and everybody knows it. IV. *Sin is a Germ Disease.* A friend of mine who has suffered from intolerable pain for a fortnight, so that physicians could not relieve her, tells me that she went out yesterday to an X-ray operator who discovered a microbe gnawing in a sinus near the eye. The Lord, in like manner, lays his finger on the germ of sin when he says, "He that hath offended in one point is guilty of the whole law," thus tracing our malady to our first sin. The word "trans-gression" means a crossing of divine law. If a planet leaves its orbit, however slight the departure, there is no power save that of its Creator that can restore it. It is thenceforth an outlaw. The old name for sin is *anomia*: which means "out of order." The instant a soul violates the divine law, which is also the law of its own being, it is henceforth and—so far as its own power is concerned—forever alienated from God. A shepherd in the Valley of Chamonix saw an eagle leave its eyrie on the mountain and wheel majestically through the air. Then suddenly, with drooping wings, it fell like a stone. On examination he found that an adder was coiled around it. The moment the adder struck its poisonous fang, the eagle fell. The reason why sin does not cause immediate death in the same way is because there is mercy in God. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked but that all should turn unto me!" But ah, that turning! There is the difficulty. We sin and live and still keep on sinning and are spared; but never of ourselves do we return to God. Can the Ethiopian change his spots? Can a wandering planet swing back into its orbit? What hope, then, is there for us? V. *Sin is a Malignant Disease.* "It eateth like a canker." It eats at nerve and sinew, and to the very marrow of the bone; so that our whole physical being is corrupted by it. It eats into mind and conscience and heart;

so that our whole spiritual nature is defiled by it. "Out, damned spot!" cries Lady Macbeth: and her word is well chosen, for sin means condemnation: "When it is finished, it bringeth forth death." The prophet Isaiah uses no exaggeration when he says, "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint; from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds, and bruises and putrifying sores." The so-called doctrine of "total depravity" does not mean that there is nothing good in us, but that every power and faculty of body and soul is affected by sin. VI. *This malady is incurable by any human means.* The ingenuity of science and philosophy has found no germicide for sin. In a paper mill the scarlet rags are separated from all others because their color is "fast." It cannot be extracted without destroying the fiber. All sin is scarlet; all guilt is "blood guiltiness." It is essentially homicidal and suicidal, too. Thus saith the Lord, "Though thou wash thee with nitre and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me." So, then, Macbeth is right: "All great Neptune's ocean cannot wash this blood clean from my hand!" And Lady Macbeth is right: "Here is the smell of blood still! All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Ours is apparently a desperate case. But possibly death will erase the crimson stain? No, death destroys nothing; not even the body, and certainly it cannot change character. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still!" VII. *What then shall we do?* This is an echo of the cry that was raised on the day of Pentecost, when Peter said to the multitude, "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Ye have taken Jesus of Nazareth, approved of God by miracles and signs, and with wicked hands ye have crucified and slain him!" They saw the crimson stain; and "being pricked to the heart, they cried out, Men and brethren, what shall we do? And Peter said, Repent, and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins!" This is God's answer to our perplexity. He sent his only begotten Son to bear the shame and penalty of our sins in his own body on the tree: so that, "whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but should have everlasting life." In the last scene of the tragedy, Lady Macbeth is represented as saying, "Come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone!" This is quite true. There is no undoing of the past; but God's thoughts are not our thoughts. There is another way. A few weeks ago I was present at a "Campfire" of Federal and Confederate soldiers who met to exchange memories of the Civil War. The conversation turned to narrow escapes; and presently the chairman said to a gray-haired veteran, "General, have you nothing to recall?" He answered, "I have nothing to say for myself; but I should like to repeat a story that a comrade told me not long ago. He said that during the Campaign in the Wilderness, the Confederate officers were forewarned that spies were to be sent through the lines to discover the disposition of their troops. A number of sharpshooters were accordingly put on sentry duty and enjoined to be watchful and to fire on sight. My friend

took his place on a hillside and lay with his musket beside him. An orchard was below and a wood beyond it. He saw three men presently making their way through the wood and acting suspiciously. He aimed once and again, but could not fire. Though he had been in many engagements he had never aimed deliberately at any particular man. He had a mortal dread of sending a soul into eternity. But presently the foremost of the spies entered the orchard and, as he was dodging from tree to tree, the sentry aimed and fired! The man threw up his hands and with a gush of blood from his forehead, fell and lay with hands stretched out. His two companions fled. That night my friend could not sleep. The specter of the dead man haunted him. It 'murdered sleep.' As time passed he fell into a settled melancholy. The war was over; but day and night, the specter of that dead man in the orchard was before him. Not long ago as my friend was traveling through Iowa he entered a smoking-car and fumbled vainly for a match. In the seat before him was an old man whom he asked for a light. The man turned and showed a Grand Army badge on the lapel of his coat. This led to reminiscences of the war, in the course of which the Grand Army man told of a narrow escape he had while serving in the Wilderness. He had been sent with two companions to learn the disposition of the Confederate troops. In approaching the lines they came to an orchard, where he must have been careless, for a bullet struck him and he knew no more. His two companions fled; but at nightfall they returned and carried him to the hospital, where he lay for weeks in delirium. 'My recovery,' he said, 'was a miracle; for see where the bullet struck me.' With that he raised his hat and showed a scar from the center of his forehead and backward where the bullet had plowed its way. Up to this point my friend had listened in silence with his heart in his throat; but now he sprang to his feet and screamed, screamed for joy! The horror of the weary years was gone! O, that it were possible thus to undo the past! "I would give my life," said John B. Gough, "if I could undo the things this guilty hand has done!" It cannot be. But, in divine mercy it has been provided that the record may be blotted out. The past may be submerged as in the depths of an unfathomable sea! The Word of the Lord is: "I will cast your sins behind my back: I will remember them no more against you." Wonderful thought of God! The thing which is otherwise impossible is accomplished at the cross. The only condition affixed to the divine plan of salvation is that we shall accept it. How plain, how simple and reasonable! "Come now, saith the Lord, and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." Do you know any other way? "Only believe!" Only believe and the fountain that is filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins does instantly what "all great Neptune's ocean" could never do. The stain is blotted out! The conclusion of the whole matter is found in the last will and testament of the man who wrote Macbeth: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, hoping and assuredly believing, that through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, I shall be made partaker of everlasting

ing life." May we thus rest our hope in him! Take as another sample of a strong minister's earnest preaching, this picture of Paul on his knees: If ever a man had "the gift of the knees" it was Paul. He began his Christian life with a prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" That was thirty years before our text; and he had been praying ever since. He was now a prisoner in the Pretorian camp at Rome. No more missionary journeys for him; no more sermons on Mars Hill or in Solomon's Porch or at the corners of the streets. Old and weary with oft infirmities he was apparently disabled for service. Disabled? Not he! "Love laughs at locksmiths." This man had in his bosom a galvanic battery which was constantly sending up wireless messages to heaven for his friends near and far. A man of prayer is a man of power; and his power radiates in invisible streams of power for other men. In our text we have one of Paul's wonderful prayers: in which he intercedes for his Christian friends in Ephesus. *And the burden of his prayer is for power.* To the young minister of the Ephesian Church he had written once and again, "Be strong"; and to the members of the flock, "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." He was not thinking of physical or intellectual strength, but of the spiritual strength which enables a man "to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand." This is what he means by being strengthened "in the inner man." Paul never thinks of himself as one man but always as two. Thus he says, "Though our outward man perish yet the inward man is renewed day by day." While the outward man is fainting with the cry, "What shall I eat and what shall I drink and wherewith shall I be clothed?" the inward man is growing stronger in the graces that make for character and influence and everlasting life. So it was with the prisoner in the Pretorian camp. Physically he was old and infirm, but spiritually his eyes were bright and his natural force unabated. Let him speak for himself: "I will glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; for when I am weak then I am strong!" And the strength of which Paul was conscious is what he desires for his Ephesian friends; that they, like their old pastor, may be strengthened with might by the Spirit who alone can baptize with fire and power in the inner man. But why this earnest plea? What advantage would come to the church members of Ephesus through such a baptism of power? Only so, says Paul, could they attain unto the full measure of the Christian life. Without it they might be minimum Christians, living at a poor dying rate, like doves with their wings clipped; but with it they could mount into the higher air. And just here the great apostle opens up the Three Great Mysteries of the Gospel—into which none can be initiated save those who throw their hearts open to the gift of power which God, "according to the riches of his glory," would bestow upon all who love him. *The first of these mysteries is the indwelling of Christ:* namely, "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." There are some church members who apparently have only a speaking acquaintance with Christ. In the morning they kneel down and have a brief conversation with him, then part company for the day; and in the evening when he comes again as

a formal caller, they kneel at their bedsides and have another short conversation with him. But there are other Christians who entertain him as an "indwelling" guest; and these know the true happiness of the spiritual life. Our Lord speaks of this indwelling in the parable of the Vine and the Branches: "He that abideth in me and I in him the same beareth much fruit." And again in his conversation with Jude, "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come in and make our abode with him." And again in his sacerdotal prayer, "I in thee and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; that the love wherewith thou hast loved me may be in them and I in them." The key to this happy hospitality is faith; "that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." What is faith? It is the reaching out of the soul to appropriate the proffered gift. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock;" says Christ, "if any man will open unto me I will come in and sup with him and he with me." Faith is the hand that draws the bolt to let him in. "According to your faith be it unto you." It will not answer to leave him on the threshold. "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" Come in and spread for us the feast of fat things and wine upon the lees; bread of life, apples and pomegranates from the royal orchards and water from the king's wells! Come in and take possession of every room and closet of our lives! Come in and sup with us! *The second of the mysteries is the knowing of the unknowable love*; "that ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth and height and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." It is surmised that Paul is here intimating a comparison with the great temple of Diana, under whose shadow these Christians of Ephesus were living. Its dimensions were familiar; four hundred and twenty feet long; two hundred feet wide; and seventy feet in height. They could walk about that temple and measure it with ease; but who among them could measure the love of Christ? It is long as eternity and wide as the universe, high as the heaven from which he came on his errand of mercy, and deep as the hell from which he has saved us.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill;  
Were the whole world of parchment made;  
Were every several stick a quill;  
And every man a scribe by trade;

"To write the love of Christ alone  
Would drain that ocean dry;  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky."

And the key of this mystery is love; "that ye being rooted and grounded in love may be able to comprehend it." No objective analysis will answer here. We know about light not by reading Tyndall's essays, but by lifting our eyes to the sun as he cometh forth like a bridegroom out of his chamber. We know about heat not by studying calories, but by warming our hands at the fire. A man may be familiar with the chemistry of



water and yet die for want of a cup of it. A letter comes to me from an old-fashioned friend, written in stilted phrases and a cramped hand. You read it and smile; there's nothing there for you. Ah, but she's not your mother. Give me the letter, now; how it warms my heart and bedews my eyes! Love only can comprehend love. God's goodness is Sanscrit to any but his children. If you would understand, you must yourself be "rooted" in it like a tree drawing its life from a fountain beneath the hills; and "grounded" on it like a temple on a rock. So it comes to pass that the love of Christ which is otherwise unknowable is known and comprehended by those who love him. *The third of the Mysteries is the fulfilling of the fullness of God*; "that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." At this point I confess myself at an utter loss. What does this mean, to "be filled with all the fullness of God"? How can the finite contain the infinite? How can a human heart hold the divine plenitude? I find one commentator saying, "It is as when a dewdrop shines and sparkles, up to the full measure of its capacity, with the glory of the sun"; and another, "It is like a child dipping a gourd into the sea; the gourd, according to its measure, holds the fullness of the sea." But such explanations do not explain. The best we can say is "I do not know," and leave the solution of this mystery to the brighter day. Its key is held in reserve among the great surprises that await us when we reach the Kingdom. "In that day ye shall know." Meanwhile let us rest in this assurance, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

"There are depths of love that we cannot know  
Till we cross the narrow sea;  
There are heights of joy that we may not reach  
Till we rest, O Lord, in thee."

But here is the practical question: Do we want the spiritual strength that enables the soul to mount up as on eagle's wings and kindle its eyes at these sublime verities as at the noonday sun? It goes without saying that one who is not a Christian has no such aspiration. He has not even begun to run up the heavenly way. His concern is for the welfare of the outer man. At his heart stands Christ the life giver, an unwelcome guest, with the door closed against him. What hope is there for such a man? His contentment on the lower levels shuts out all possible dreams and visions of better things further on. But what about those who profess to be Christians? Are they willing to receive this power "according to the riches of his glory"? O, to be willing in the day of his power! We are just as good Christians as we want to be. I am glad the Lord did not say, "Blessed are they that are satisfied," but "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst; for they shall be filled." Where there is no hunger or thirst there is no promise of the bread and water of life. If we fall short of our highest privilege it is not because of any reluctance on God's part. He is willing to bless the willing even unto the uttermost. Large prayers honor his beneficence. "Open your mouths



wide," he says, "and I will fill them." It is related by Mr. Moody that, after having his name on the church roster for more than twenty years, he became convinced that there was something beyond, a glorious measure of ability and usefulness to which he had not attained; and for this he began to pray. One night, immediately following the Chicago fire, he walked the streets pleading for the gift of the Holy Ghost and power. At a late hour he retired to his room and fell upon his knees resolved that there should be no more reservation; that the last bolt should be drawn and the door thrown wide to the waiting Christ. Then the blessing came—came so plentifully that he found himself walking up and down his room crying, "O Lord, stay now thy hand! No more, no more!" Then and there he received the baptism which enabled him to win souls to Christ as doves flocking to their windows. O, for this willingness to be strong; this consuming desire to be our noblest and do our best in return for the unreserved love of the Saviour who gave himself for us! The day came when Paul was led out along the way toward Ostia to his execution. There were priests and beggars and Arab merchants and camel-drivers who turned to look at the procession as it passed. This was what they saw: an armed guard with a Jewish culprit in chains; an old man of "mean presence" who was destined to walk through history with a commanding stride. The place was reached: there was the flash of a heavy sword; a head fell from the block. "There's an end of this zealot," said the executioner to his men. Little they knew! The outward man had perished, but the inward man still lives and renews his strength along the centuries. He walks up and down in our church councils, with a determining voice in all theological controversies until the end of time. Thus Paul's death was but the widening of his parish.

"Out of sight sinks the stone  
In the deep sea of time;  
But the circles sweep on."

If we care for an abiding influence like that let us make no reservations, as of doors ajar, in our welcome to the waiting Christ; but bid him come in and sup with us. And while at the feast let us lift our hearts like chalices to be filled with his inflowing grace. So shall Christ dwell in our hearts by faith; so shall we, being rooted and grounded in love, be able to comprehend the love unknowable; so shall we move on from grace to grace and from glory to glory until, in the clearer light of heaven, we shall understand what this means, to be "filled with all the fullness of God!"—Decade after decade the old gospel holds its own in the Marble Collegiate Church, and holds its full share of attention in the greatest city of the world.

*The Meaning of Faith.* By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. 16mo, pp. ix+318. New York: Association Press. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

THIS book offers much-needed guidance on a subject about which there is no little confused thinking. The author is wise in not try-

ing to define faith. Instead he shows its inevitableness by pointing out the results of the exercise of faith, which is "not a *tour de force* of intellect alone, but is an act of life," inspired by insight and daring. The arrangement of the volume is for daily use, covering a period of twelve weeks. For each day we have a Scripture selection, and pithy and pointed exposition and a prayer. The thoughts of the week are then gathered up in a weighty discussion. Most of those who use this little book are supposed to begin on Monday and end on Sunday of each week. If this plan is followed, at the close of the twelve weeks the reader will be enriched in mind and heart and be strengthened for his tasks and duties. The comprehensive character of the book can be seen from some of the chapter titles: "Faith and Life's Adventure," "Faith a Road to Truth," "Faith in the Personal God," "Belief and Trust," "Faith's Greatest Obstacle," "Faith and Science," "Faith and Moods," "The Fellowship of Faith." In a very suggestive way Mr. Fosdick shows that faith in God is absolutely necessary for the highest meaning and noblest hopes of life. The loss of such faith is bitter and grievous. Here is the count: When faith in God goes, man the thinker loses his greatest thought, man the worker loses his greatest motive, man the sinner loses his strongest help, man the sufferer loses his securest refuge, man the lover loses his fairest vision, man the mortal loses his only hope. In a clearly convincing way a distinction is drawn between trust and belief, as seen in the following quotation from the chapter on this subject: "Trust cannot exist without belief, but when one seeks the inner glory of the religious life that has overflowed in prayer and hymn, supplied motive for service and power for character, he finds it not in belief, but in the vital relationships involved in trusting a person. Men often have discussed their particular beliefs with cool deliberation, have stated them in formal creeds, have changed them with access of new knowledge and experience. But *trust*, the inner reliance of the soul on God and glad self-surrender to his will, has persisted through many changes, clothing itself with beliefs like garments and casting them aside when old. Trust has made rituals and churches, and unmade them when they were ineffectual; it has been the life behind the theory, the experience behind the explanation; and its proper voice has been not creed and controversy, but psalm and song and sacrifice. Men have felt in describing this inward friendship that their best words were but the 'vocal gestures of the dumb,' able to indicate but unable to express their thoughts. *For while belief is theology, trust is religion.*" Another sentence from this discussion is worth quoting: "The peril of religion is that vital experience shall be resolved into a formula of explanation, and that men, grasping the formula, shall suppose themselves thereby to possess the experience." One of the most heartening chapters is on "Faith's Greatest Obstacle." Many people are perplexed by the injustice of life when they try to reconcile God's love with their experience. The pain, suffering and distress complicates the problem. Fosdick reminds us that "Christianity was suckled in adversity; it was cradled in pain"; and that it "has never pretended to supply a theoretical ex-

planation of why suffering had to be." He adds: "When in biography or among our friends we see folk facing crushing trouble, not embittered by it, made cynical, or thrust into despair, but hallowed, sweetened, illumined, and empowered, we are aware that noble characters do not alone *bear* trouble; they *use* it. As men at first faced electricity in dread, conceiving toward it no attitude beyond building lightning-rods to ward away its stroke, but now with greater understanding harness it to do their will, so men, as they grow wise and strong, deal with their suffering. They make it the minister of character; they set it to build in them what nothing save adversity can ever build—patience, courage, sympathy and power. They even choose it in vicarious sacrifice for the good of others, and by it save the world from evils that nothing save some one's suffering could cure. They act as though character, not happiness, were the end of life." Our faith is directed toward what we regard as of highest worth and it is this sense of value that guides us in the hours of dilemma. "Man might be so constituted as to face facts without feeling, but he is not. Facts never stand in our experience thus barren and unappreciated—mere neutral *things* that mean nothing and have no value. The botanist in us may analyze the flowers, but the poet in us estimates them. The penologist in us may take the Bertillon measurements of a boy, but the father in us best can tell how much, in spite of all his sin, that boy is worth. This power to estimate life's *values* is the fountain from which spring our music, painting, and literature, our ideals and loves and purposes, our morals and religion. Without it no man can live in the real world at all." The thought underlying the chapter on "Faith in the Earnest God" is expressed in these sentences: "The faith that lifts and motives life is not simply our faith in the Divine, but the faith of the Divine in us. One of the most glorious results of believing in God is that a man can press on to the further confidence that God believes in us. If he did not he would never have made us. The very fact that we are here means that he does believe in us, in our possibilities of growth, in our capacities of service, in what he can do in and for and through us before he is done. Man's faith in God and God's faith in man together make an unequalled motive for great living." The two chapters on "Faith in Christ the Saviour" contain much fine thinking on sin, forgiveness and the Christian experience. On the dynamic of fellowship a warm testimony is borne to the ministry of the church. The unaffiliated believer follows ideals without any regard to actual conditions. He tends to become a star-gazer and disregards the responsibilities of earth. While conscious of the shortcomings and faults of the church, we must yet acknowledge that "the church conserves the race's spiritual gains, fits out our youth with the treasures of man's accumulated faith, is a power house of endless moral energy for good causes in the world, exalts the ideal aims of life amid the crushing pressure of material pursuits, holds out a gospel of hope to men whom all others have forsaken, and to the ends of the earth proclaims the good news of God and the Kingdom. No other fellowship offers to men of faith so great an opportunity to

make distinctive contribution to the race's spiritual life. In the presence of the church's service and the church's need an unaffiliated believer in Jesus Christ is an anomaly. For enrichment, stability and expression, faith must have fellowship." This book is a pioneer in the new type of devotional literature which reckons with the mind and the heart, the emotions and the will, for the sake of balanced character.

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#### PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

*The Joys of Being a Woman.* By WINIFRED KIRKLAND. 12mo, pp. 282. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

As often with collected articles, the book takes its title from the first essay. For this volume as a whole the title might almost as fitly be, "The Joys of Being a Minister's Child." It is nervously alive and quivering. Its optimism makes trials seem trifling. There is in it no hill-climb steep and breathless, that is not sung to by a roadside rill, its song the louder and merrier wherever the road is steeper. There is sparkle of gentle wit, bright banter, light raillery, and suffusing humor. There are sensitive shadings and delicate discriminations. Listen! "I would not forego an afternoon's romp with a baby for the sake of having written Macbeth." That sentence in this book made us certain yesterday that the author is a woman. But to-day we are not quite so sure, since reading in the morning paper how American soldier boys on their way to the front are making themselves very much at home in hospitable English houses. After a few visits they become like members of the household and do odd jobs and chores around the premises. In one English house where there were several babies, two hefty young Yankee soldiers were found enjoying themselves immensely bathing the babies. "Gee whizz, this is great," they said. So to-day we are not so sure that a writer who loves a romp with a baby is therefore necessarily a woman. This author might be a soldier boy. But she isn't. By numerous tokens she is a woman; for one she frequently avows herself so, and she is the one who ought to know about that. Very much a woman, truly feminine, not feminist. She is not the "advanced" woman. If any reader fails to like her very much it may be the ultra feminist, the student "modern woman." Such might think this bright and winsome author too diffident in her claims for the female of the species. But instead of trying to describe her and her book any further we will let her speak for herself. The real reason why we give so much space to this book is that it reflects the life of ministers' children and pictures vividly, sensitively, and genially many experiences familiar to parsonage or rectory families. From such families come a larger number of successful and distinguished literary people than from any other class of homes. The essay on "My Little Town" might almost be entitled the "Joys of a Country Parish." It opens with a picture of the minister's children in church on a Sunday: "My mother is held home from the sanctuary that

morning. The three of us sit a-row in the front pew. Above us our father thunders forth his sermon, to which we give but scant attention, that roar in his voice being part of the program of this one day in seven. Against my own shoulder drowns my little sister's head. On my other side, my little brother conceals his yawns by receiving them into a little brown paw, and then, as it were, softly sliding them into his pocket, as if his hand had other business there. But I, I sit erect and unwinking, for I am the minister's eldest, and the Parish is at my back. So on every Sabbath we presented to the Parish's criticism unwriggling infant backs, little ramrods of religion, while our thoughts went flying off on impish business of their own; and, as the years flowed by, on and up to man's estate we tramped, always thrusting forward in sight of the Parish, fashionable, urban, critical, our shabby best foot, skittish though that foot might be. Holding well together, on we went, running the gantlet of many parishes, until at last we trudged us into Littleville. We supposed my little town would be a parish too, but it is not. Cozily remote and forgotten among its blue hills, Littleville has preserved a primitive hospitality, so that, battered nomads of much clerical adventuring, we sank gratefully into its little rectory. There was perhaps a reason for the sincerity of the welcome given us, for if we had had our parishes, so, too, had Littleville had its parsons. It belongs to that class of far-away, wee congregations whither they send ministers wearied with long or excessive work, or who had proved ministerial shipwrecks because they were burdened by some fatal handicap in child or wife—if such have come to Littleville, Littleville has been very kindly. My little town has accepted its hay crop as the rain has willed, and its ministers as the bishop has sent them. Its views on both visitations are produced in a spirit of comment rather than criticism; its conduct toward both is that of adaptation rather than argument. For instance, there was that bachelor-rector who preferred the society of beasts to that of his parishioners in the rectory, and to that of his fellow saints in the new Jerusalem. During his incumbency a setting hen occupied the fireplace in the spare room, and a dog sat on a chair at his celibate table, and crouched before the pulpit during service. Littleville did not protest; rather, of a week-day, the female members from time to time descended upon the unhappy man in his retirement, and with broom and mop-pail cleaned him up most thoroughly; and of a Sunday the whole body of the congregation listened unwinking while their rector's brandished fist demanded from their stolid faces eternal salvation for his dog Rover—listened with those inscrutable eyes I have come to respect: for I know that while Littleville never argued with their parson the point of kennels in the skies, they will turn this theological morsel under their tongues down at the hardware store unto the third and fourth generation." This ministerial family needed a garden to supply the table. The minister had neither taste nor capacity for gardening, so his wife attended to it. This minister's child writes of her mother's gardeners: "My retrospect shows our gardeners stretching back to the bounds of my memory, a lean, gnarled, hoary procession. One of the earliest of them we called Father



Time, with hoe instead of scythe, and with white locks rippling down his back. Father Time's frank admission when engaged might have daunted some, but did not daunt my mother, for he confided to her at once that he could hoe but could not walk. He proved useful when carefully hauled from spot to spot, but our garden was cultivated that season in circles, of which the hoe was the radius and Father Time the center. Another of our ancient hoe-bearers was a veteran. I do not know whether he had lost his eye on the battlefield or elsewhere, but certainly he had not exchanged it for wisdom. That is why he is the favorite of my mother's recollections. She likes her gardeners a little imbecile. They are more manageable that way. The burden of their intelligence is the more usual trouble. A simple faith united to an instant obedience is the desideratum in gardeners; usually a gardener is as obstinate as he is conservative, and this is not at all to my mother's mind. She loves to glean garden-lore from every source, but better still she loves to invent garden-lore of her own. She likes to be allowed to set out on an entirely new tack with some poor erring cabbage, and it is all she can do to hold on to her ministerial temper when she finds that her gardener has ruined the work of regeneration by some old-fashioned disciplinary notions of his own. Our ancient warrior, however, had no notions of his own, disciplinary or other, and that is why he possesses a shrine apart in our memories. He was as meek in my mother's hands as his own hoe, and he never did anything she did not wish him to do except when he died! On a bad eminence of contrast my memory declares another figure. I do not remember whether it was an invincible audacity, or an utter despair of securing likelier assistance, that led us that year to employ our own sexton. It is an axiom known to every ministerial household that it is unwise ever to put any member of your own flock to domestic use. A brawny Romanist, if such can be obtained, for laundry purposes, a Holy Roller for the furnace, and a Seventh-Day Baptist for the garden—these are samples of our principle of selection. I do not know just why those of our own fold are undesirable—it is wiser perhaps that the silly sheep should not see the antic gamboling of the sober shepherd behind his own locked door, or guess what internal levities spice the discreet external conduct of his family. I do not know how it was that we fell so utterly from the grace of common sense as to employ our own sexton that summer. Apart from sectarian issues, a sexton is the most mettlesome man that grows, and not at all to be subdued to the ignoble uses of a hoe. This sexton was an agony to my father in the sanctuary, and an anguish to my mother in the garden. He went about with a chip in his mouth, and he always held it in one corner of his lips and chewed it aggressively and bitterly, and with the other corner he talked, just as bitterly. He talked more willingly than he worked, and that summer was a lean and sorrowful season, when the garden languished and my mother was browbeaten, unable, all because he was the sexton, to bring the man to order with the sharp nip of her words across his naughty pate. We were more cautious next time and availed ourselves of a certain village ancient, an Anarchist and a Methodist. The combination is unusual, I



admit, but you may look for almost anything in a gardener. As an infant, I used to scan his person for a glimpse of the red shirt, and his lips for a spark of the incendiary eloquence, but no symptom of either ever showed. He was old and underfed and taciturn, and he gardened exactly as he wished to, without paying the tribute even of a comment to my mother's suggestions. He had such original methods of his own that, for very amazement, she gave up her own initiative for the pleasure of watching him. That summer was one of cheerful surprises. This singular spirit had, I believe, a genuine sympathy for the poor toiling vegetables; I remember that he spent one afternoon in tying up his tomatoes in copies of a certain sectarian sheet he brought with him for the purpose. A sportive wind arose in the night, to die before the Sabbath morning, on which we beheld not only our rectory lawn, but the utterly Episcopal precincts of the church, bestrewn with 'Glad Tidings of Zion.' He was a lonely soul and dwelt apart, chiefly in a wheelbarrow. The vehicle was one of his idiosyncrasies. He never appeared without it. Up and down our leafy streets would he trundle it; but yet I never saw anything in the wheelbarrow except the gardener. He appeared to push it ever before him for the sole purpose of having something to sit on when he wished, from the philosophic heights of his theological and sociological principles, to ruminate upon the evil behavior of 'cabbages and kings.' For the most part vegetables are an ill-behaving lot. The cabbage inflates itself with an appearance of pompous righteousness, the longer to deceive our hopes and the more largely to conceal its heart of rot. The radish sends up generous leaves as if it meant to fulfill all the mendacious promises of the seed-catalogue, and when uprooted exhibits the pink tenuity of an angle-worm. The cucumber is at first, for all our ministrations, hesitant and coy of leaf within its box, and then suddenly bursts into a riot of leafiness whereby it does its best to conceal from our inquiring eye its swelling green cylinders. Corn, deceptive like the radish, is prone to put forth a hopeful fountain of springing green, only to ear out prematurely, and reward us with kernels blackened and corroded. But it is not the vegetables alone that strain my mother's sturdy optimism. All gardens are subject to invasion by marauding animals, differing in size and soul and species, all the way from the microscopic tomato-lice, past woodchuck and rabbit and playful puppy, up to the cow, ruminating our young corn-shoots beneath the white summer moon, on to my father himself, planting aberrant feet where his holden ministerial eyes behold no springing seedlings in the blackness of the soil. But our worst enemies are hens, and as it happens at present, dissenting hens, sallying forth from the barnyard fastnesses of the Baptist parsonage upon our helpless Anglican garden, plucking our young peas up out of the soil, and then later and more brazenly prying them out of the very pod! Forthwith they fall upon our lettuce-beds, scratching away with fanatic fervor, as if for all the world they meant to uproot Infant Baptism from out the land. All this is too much for my mother. On the vantage-ground of the back doorsill she stands and hurls coal out of the kitchen scuttle at the sectarian fowls, coal and anathema, low-voiced and virulent. Hers

is no mere vulgar many-mouthed abuse. There is nothing of so delicate pungency as the vituperation of a minister's wife, really challenged to try the subtleties of English and yet offend no convention seemliness. Add to the fact of the challenge, another fact, that she is of Irish blood, and that her gallery gods are just inside the door, and it is a pity her audience should be merely the hens and I." From the essay entitled "Genus Clericum," we take the following: "The children of the clerical class may come into existence with a leaning toward the world, the flesh, and the devil, and may long conceal, beneath an outward conformity and a due filial reticence, an infant resentment against the pre-occupation of their parents with the salvation of souls. I think I speak for many ministerial children when I say that the attitude of my infancy toward its environment was mainly one of protest, broken by passionate upheavals of partisanship. Sometimes I sympathized with little neighbors who limped shamelessly through the catechism or went out of church before the sermon, but as often I longed to shake them and thrust them, well-prodded, upon their duties. The mere external discipline of the church militant came easily to me because I was so early inured to it. It is back of my memory, but I have ascertained that it was at the age of two and under that I learned rigidity of muscle in the sanctuary, where I sat holding immobile on the pew cushion legs too short to crook, while my fingers, in white cotton gloves, were extended in stiff separation each from each. The hat upon my head was in itself an early example of ministerial adjustment to parochial issues. Two ladies who were rivals in missionary zeal had each been moved to present me with a hat. That neither hat suited either my face or my mother's taste was, of course, mere incident. The claims both of courtesy and of equity necessitated my wearing the hats in impartial regularity, on alternate Sundays. Thus before the beginnings of memory, and through the medium of a baby's hat, did I become acquainted with the potency, in our domestic concerns, of that great public called Parish. It must have been at about this period that I experienced one of my intermittent attacks of partisanship, desiring with my clear infant voice to rebuke the lukewarm responses of the congregation, and remodeling the unintelligible stretches of the Litany by the stentorian variation, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable scissors!'" The words of liturgy and hymn did not, however, long confound me. I had the concentration of many a sanctuary hour to devote to their meaning, so that by six years old even the Trinity had become a term of crystalline comprehension. By this time, also, other ministerial babykins had come toddling into the march in my rear, to share with me the soberness and separation of our calling. It was, on the whole, well disciplined, our little army corps, although we recognized the latent twinkle in the eyes of the mother who generated us with a clever balancing of motive between our well-being and that of the Parish. Both she and we were occasionally flabbergasted, sometimes by our public performance of private virtues, sometimes by our private performance of public ones. By the age of ten we had an unerring sense of what was due to the Parish and what was

due to ourselves, with the result that our outward conformity was about balanced by our inward misanthropy at having to conform. We attended, muttering imprecations up to the very door, the infant missionary society that filched our Saturday afternoons, we tore up futile scraps of calico to jab them together again with accursed "over-and-over" stitches, we gazed at pictures in which splendid blanketed braves, or splendid unclothed Samoans, were seen to exchange romance for religion in the shape of conversion and white cottas. Our souls loathed patchwork and missions, but, on the other hand, how we thrilled to the righteousness of reward when the visiting missionary, male or female, became our own particular guest! The ecstasy as one flirted one's Sunday flounces before the eyes of less favored neighbors because one was walking to church, holding the hand of a genuine Arctic archdeacon! And then the bishop's visits, when we were whisked into cubbyhole and closet out of our crowded nursery that it might be converted into a prophet's chamber! Which one of my schoolmates had ever passed the right reverend plate at supper? And the honor of the bishop's petting afterwards! The episcopal lap, the high general's knee, is the prerogative of the captain's children only, the same that never miss church and know all their collects. Slowly we grew accustomed to the weight of clerical example which did not burden our irresponsible playmates. We knew that the minister's children were different. We did not want it to be so, but we began to see why it was so. True, we protested when our father would not pause to tell us stories or our mother stay at home from calls to play with dolls, yet in the silent thinking-places of our little hearts we began to divine the beauty of the midnight sick-watches, of the valiancy of Sunday-school labors, of the brave weariness of sewing societies, of the heaven-born patience with Parish bores. As we watched the sleeker parents of our schoolmates, there dawned in us realization of what our parents had given up, and silent shame for our jealousy of their devotion. Few children are hurt by being shoved aside a little because of an ideal. The hours when our parents played with us are still passing precious, but it is because of the other hours that there was born in us a shamefaced sense of the meaning of the banner under which we trudged. Isolation is the chief inconvenience of having an ideal in the family. We were apart from other youngsters, partly because we knew it incumbent upon us to set them an example, since, early enough and sadly enough, we had acquired self-consciousness from the frank criticism of all our conduct made by any parishioner so minded, and partly were we cut off by the vow of poverty taken by our parents. The ministry is the best place in the world to learn that poverty is a nut that yields good meat if you crack it boldly. Well I remember an icy rectory which had but one register in the Arctic regions of the second story. At bedtime we would gather about this register to warm our toes. Each blanketed to the ears like a little Indian, we would discourse, as serenely and acutely as any schoolmen, of the nature of angels, for was not the whole realm of heaven and earth ours for the mere talking? Pinched and patched we might be, but bold to meet penury with a consciousness of princely possessions. I did not so much think

well of myself for this superiority to worldly comforts as I thought scorn of those who did not have it. Very early I had a contempt for a child who could not evolve a game from a clothespin or set a pageant moving forth from a box of buttons. I had a veritable snobbishness of disdain for a youngster who had to be amused. Necessarily one requires respect for inward resources when the only things one has ever had enough of are bread and butter and books. Every ministerial child breathes book-madness and burns for an education. When at the age of five you have known your father to go without boots for a book, and then to caper like a weanling lamb on the volume's arrival, you have acquired something more potent than a mere conscientious respect for literature; rather you have learned to regard the book-world as a place of bacchanal liberty and delight forever open to you. I do not know whether it tended toward my humanizing or against it that the dominant beings of my young imagination were books, while those of my girl friends were boys." Miss Kirkland has this to say of the beautiful side of the parochial relation: "Personally I perceive no stronger argument against the charge of present-day irreligion than the tribute of trust paid to any sincere minister. From my childhood on I have seen it everywhere, the respect for consecration. Everywhere I have heard it, the belief in the man who believes, ring confident as the cry of the roadside beggar upon the Nazarene. Few people think it worth while to put on pretense with a clergyman; they rarely try to make him think them better than they are; yet he generally does think so. Long campaigning is likely to make ministerial offspring lovers of peace, yet I believe I am not really unwilling to fight the Devil. The trouble is that we of the ministry so often fight him when he isn't there. I wish our young theologues could be taught the sound and shape of Satan. Frankly I arraign the theological seminary as a very poor military school. It sends forth a soldier who does not know so much as how to set up a tent, whose idea of the Enemy is a mediæval bugaboo in a book. I would establish two new chairs in our seminaries, a chair of agriculture, rudimentary, perhaps, but sufficient to teach the difference between tares and wheat, which Nature, uninstructed in any isms, still ordains shall grow together unto the harvest; and a second chair, in common sense, to dispense instruction in human nature. The average theologian is deep-read in Hebrew Scripture, but ignorant of the A B C of what is written in the Bible of man's soul. Doctors may dispute the divine inspiration of the former, but who is infidel enough to dispute the divine inspiration of the latter?" This woman gives her experience as a writer: "The body my soul bears upon its back is a heavier burden to carry than a man's, and I find I cannot accomplish the pilgrimage if I give up my own little jog-trot for a man's stride. All that happens is that I lose my breath, and break my back, and have to lie down by the roadside to be mended. But when I do keep my own small pace, I have time and strength to pick a few fence-row flowers, too fine and frail and joyous for any striding man to notice. I find my body constantly pushing upon my work; but it is possible to treat a body with a certain humorous detachment. It is possible to say to yourself, this is a headache that

you have, don't do it the honor of letting it become a heartache, your own or—far more fateful peril—your heroine's. It is quite practicable for a woman to live apart from her body even when it hurts, quite practicable to give it sane and necessary attention, while keeping the soul separate from it, exactly as if she were ministering to some tired baby; this course is one of the only two solutions I have ever discovered of the problem of preserving a worker's spirit in a woman's body. The other solution lies in the frank concession to certain physical incapacities as the price one pays for certain psychological capacities. A woman's talent both for being a woman and for being a writer is measured by the force and the accuracy of her intuitions. My intuitions in regard to the people about me, when duly transformed into story-stuff, have a definite market value. If I did not possess them, I could not conceive, make, or sell a single manuscript. Supersensitive impressions necessitate the supersensitive channels by which a woman's outer world connects with her inner one. If I will have woman's intuitions, I must have my woman's nervous system. The fallibility of a woman's body seems beyond disputing. If a man does dispute it, it is because he never had one; if a woman disputes it, well, personally, if I can't be as strong as a man I should like to be as honest as one! The fallibility of a woman's intellect is a little more open to argument, but only a little. I keep to my primary assumption that I am not trying to see further than my nose, or to voice any observations but my own. Among the men and women of history and among those of my vicinity, I cannot see that woman's brain is the equal of man's in originality, in concentration, or in power of sustained effort. As a worker, I find that I can write for only a few hours and no more: beyond that limit stands disaster for the woman, and, far more perilous, disaster for the writing. In regard to my brain as in regard to my body, the primary condition of doing my work at all lies in recognizing the truth that I can't do so much work, or do it so well, as a man. In all matters that can be weighed or measured, a man's endowment is superior to a woman's; but, on the other hand, a woman's endowment consists in the quality and the quantity of an imponderable something that cannot be weighed or measured. The chief difficulty about analyzing a woman's brain is that it is so hard to separate her brain from the rest of the woman, whereas men are put together in plainly discernible pieces—body, mind, and soul. The perfection of a woman's intellect depends upon the perfection of its fusion with her personality. A woman amounts to most intellectually when she amounts to still more personally. She cannot move in pieces like a man, or like an earthworm. It needs the whole woman, acting harmoniously, to write. A man can retire into his brain and make a book, and a good one, leaving all the rest of his personality in confusion; but a woman must put her whole house in order before she can go off upstairs into her intellect and write. It follows that a woman's artistic achievement is for her a harder job than a man's achievement is for him, which would make the other fact—namely, that the woman's book when written is never so great as the man's—seem additionally cruel, if we could not discern that the best



of women writers have, in attaining that best, reached not one result but two: impelled to clean all her spirit's house before she can feel happy to write in it, a woman writer achieves both a home that people like to visit and a book that people like to read. Is it not true of all the greatest women authors that we think of them as women before we think of them as authors? It is true that professional women who direct their toil on the conviction that a woman's brain is of the same quality as a man's sometimes produce work that approximates a man's in quantity. But sober observation of such women does not make me want to be one. I see them too often paying the penalty of being lopped and warped. Again I cannot see that, while such women attain their Ph.D.'s and M.D.'s and LL.D.'s, they ever attain the highest rank in literature. Imaginative writing seems to demand inexorably that a woman writer be inexorably a woman. On the other hand, I have reached as a brain-worker the conclusion that, while my head is different in substance from a man's, I get most work out of it when I copy a man's mental methods. To impose upon a woman's intellect a man's discipline and detachment is excellent in theory; it is staggering in practice. Convention and his own will make a man's time his own. A woman's genius is for personality, or achievement within herself; a man's is for work, or achievement outside of himself. Now it takes time to be a person, and it takes other people. A real woman's life is meshed in other people's from dawn to dark. These strands of other lives are to her so vital and precious that for no book's sake will she ever break them, yet for any book's sake she must disentangle them. A woman writer's life is a constant compromise, due to the fact that if she does not live with her fellows, she will not have anything to write, and that if she does not withdraw from them, she will not have time to write anything. I do not know how other writing women manage their time. I know that to attain four hours a day at my desk means that I must be revoltingly stern with myself, my family, and my friends. One pays a price for retirement, but one need not pay too heavily. A solution lies in retaining those relations that mean real humanity, while cutting off those that mean only society: I do not play cards, but I do play with children." Winifred Kirkland's latest book will delight the people who live in parsonages. Its thirty-two essays are on a wide variety of subjects.

*Religion and War.* By WILLIAM HERBERT PERRY FAUNCE, President of Brown University. 12mo, pp. 188. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, \$1, net.

*The New Horizon of State and Church.* By W. H. P. FAUNCE. 16mo, pp. 96. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 60 cents.

THESE two volumes are among the most important discussions of the problems occasioned by the war. They give the mature conclusions of one in active contact with world events. Most convincing are the sane thinking, the ethical and spiritual discriminations, the reassuring outlook and



the confidence in the certain survival and supremacy of Christianity as the universal religion. Such considerations as are found in these two books are an adequate answer to the pessimistic generalizations and negative criticisms *ad nauseam*, which attempt to bewilder our minds and to paralyze consecrated efforts in the name of Jesus Christ. The little volume on the New Horizon contains the concentrated essence of a library of rich thought and it interprets the duty of the present with the vision of a prophet. Nationalism is not determined by common language and literature, nor by one religion, nor by the natural boundaries of geography, nor even by a single government. "A nation is a collective memory and a collective hope. A nation is cemented by remembered sacrifice and maintained by expected devotion." Nationalism, therefore, is the sense of a corporate consciousness, a spiritual principle. "Christianity, then, cannot abandon or ignore nationalism, unless it is to adopt frankly an ascetic ideal and retire from the world of human struggle." Patriotism is "the local attachment of a man to the memories and hopes of his own political group," while nationalism is the demand of patriotism for expression in self-government. This sentiment is not to be crushed, but related to the world through the service of cooperation. The function of the Christian patriot is well discussed, after a clear exposition of the Christianity of Christ, whose cosmopolitanism was due to his vision of the whole of life. Paul's championship of a universal brotherhood was in perfect keeping with the spirit of Christ and won for the early Church a signal triumph over the bigotry and provincialism of an influential group of conservatives. "In all the great days in the history of the Christian Church the same note of universalism has been clearly struck. In its victorious days, the church has never been shut away from the vital conflicts of humanity, but has been at the forefront of the human struggle. We often wonder how men of former ages could have been so profoundly stirred over theological disputes which now seem to us cold and dead. The reason is that religious problems were then not merely theological; they were economic and social and political, and the famous questions about the Trinity and about 'nature' and 'person' were then matters that affected a man's bread-winning, his home, his allegiance to his King. Religion will never be so vital again unless again it is injected into all the problems and struggles of the daily life of the common man." Dr. Faunce quotes from a conversation with Chief Justice Tyabji of the supreme court of Baroda. This representative Mohammedan told him: "There are three things that hold humanity apart, and, curiously enough, in your English language they all begin with C. They are Caste, Color and Creed: Caste, the idea that where a man is born there he forever must stay; Color, the idea that a man's mere complexion may make it impossible for him ever to be my equal or my brother; and Creed, the idea that a man must adopt my religious formula, or he never by any possibility can enter my heaven." This expression was called forth in the course of a talk on the problems of the Orient and the Occident. "As we stood there," says Dr. Faunce, "in the slanting sunlight at the close of the Indian afternoon we shook hands—Mohammedan and Christian—and pledged one another to fight against those three foes of humanity

just as long as we lived." This is the chronic struggle between universalism and parochialism which has been waged at all times, and on the outcome of which will depend the true peace of the world. The most effective way out of our dilemma is by becoming possessed of the international mind. Among the obstacles are the passive and flabby conceptions of peace held by dreamers and sentimentalists; the perverted forms of education which perpetuate racial and national prejudices and animosities; and, above all, the curious attempt to limit ethics to the sphere of the individual life and to deny that the Christian religion has any application to national conduct. The task then before the Christian Church is to oppose and replace outworn conceptions of competing sovereignties, and to exalt and establish the collective sovereignty of Christian civilization. Some matters relevant to this outstanding issue are treated by Professor Morris Jastrow in his book *The War and the Coming Peace*. It deserves to be studied by all who desire to cultivate the world vision and to guard against the pernicious conservatism which refuses to recognize the liberties and rights of other nations. The principles which President Faunce so ably sets forth in his book on the New Horizon are further expounded in his book *Religion and War*. While the earlier parts of the Old Testament breathe the spirit of blood-revenge and tribal hostilities, the prophets of the exile show a spirit which is akin to Christianity. On the other hand: "War in the New Testament is never justified and never explicitly condemned," implying that there are circumstances which make war inevitable. The method of Jesus was not to attack public evils but rather "to introduce a new attitude into human hearts, which shall ultimately make these concrete evils seem futile or detestable." The first two chapters give a very lucid exposition of the Bible teaching on war. The next chapter criticises the pacifism of rationalists, whose naïve faith in the inherent goodness of human nature is not borne out by the actual facts of life. "The rationalist and the Christian together oppose war as one of the greatest earthly evils. They are both pledged to its ultimate abolition. But the one opposes war as irrational, as a mistaken move in the game; the other opposes it as cruel and hideous, an outrage on humanity, an affront to God. The one would suppress war by suppressing the passionate loyalties and devotions out of which war springs; the other by deepening and broadening those devotions and enthusiasms until they include all humanity and flow around not a single local government, but a true Parliament of Man. Rationalism would bring world unity by effective reasoning; Christianity by the establishment of good will among men. One enlarges on self-interest as indicating the path to peace, on the economic damage and futility of slaying one's own customers and destroying one's own markets; and the other insists on the moral disaster involved in reducing God's crowning handiwork to cannon-fodder and inflaming a whole nation to hymns of hate." There is a stimulating chapter on "The Moral Leadership of the Church." Dr. Faunce asks whether the man in the pulpit is a real interpreter of God and whether he is able to help the confused and storm-tossed souls who look to him for help concerning the ultimate realities of life. Due stress is laid on the teaching

function of the Church and its mission to set at liberty them that are bound. The Church has an important part in the work of rebuilding the world. To this subject he devotes the closing lecture. The profound dissatisfaction with the current conception of God must be honestly met; and where that is done man will receive the recognition of fair play without any regard to his antecedents or associations. "The Church of the future will be the visible embodiment of the Kingdom of God, ever striving to be as wide, as catholic, as spiritual as the Kingdom itself. It is a tragic thing that the Church should include only a segment of the Kingdom, only those who agree on certain formulas or rituals or modes of procedure. The Church must be composed of all Christlike men, of every race and faith and name. To share in the Christian purpose is the only qualification for membership, just as the hand is made a member of the human body simply by sharing in the blood that comes from the heart." This ideal must control all who work for the reconstruction of the social order, moved not by the spirit of justice but more by the spirit of love, which is the mightiest transformer of society. Thus only will the dream be realized of a league of nations as the inevitable outcome of the present combat of nations.

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#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

*The Letters of Queen Victoria.* A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence Between the Years 1837 and 1861. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A., and VISCOUNT ESHER, G. C. V. O., K. C. B. In three volumes. 8vo, pp. xviii, 641; xiv, 575; ix, 657. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, red cloth, \$15.

This book notice is reprinted by request from January, 1908.

IN England, in the twenties of the nineteenth century, there lived a little auburn-haired girl who might one day become queen, though nobody told her that while she was little. She was willful and passionate, but affectionate and truthful. In childhood she did not like to study, and until she was five she resisted all attempts to teach her the alphabet. Her mother was a widow so poor that when her husband died she and her little girl would not have had money enough to get home from the funeral had not a relative assisted them. The king, George IV, was very rude to this poor widow. This little fatherless girl was brought up very simply; indeed, her training in childhood was austere, her life narrow and starved. She never had a room to call her own until she was fully grown; always slept in her mother's room until she was eighteen, and she studied in her governess's bedroom. Years afterward she spoke of her childhood's home as a place of tears, and said that she could not help pitying herself when she looked back on her years from fourteen to eighteen, though she acknowledged that those unpleasant years had given her much wholesome discipline. One June day, in 1837, her mother, who was known as the Duchess of Kent, woke the eighteen-year-old girl at six

o'clock in the morning, and told her to get up, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain wished to see her. The little maiden rose, hastily put on her dressing gown, and went alone into the sitting room. In a moment those two august and momentous gentlemen came in, knelt down and kissed her hand, addressed her as "Your Majesty," and told her that, by the death of her old uncle, King William IV, that morning, she was now queen of England. Then she went back to her mother's bedroom, took a good look in the mirror at the new queen of England, and dressed. Her letters tell us she was not excited. A few hours later the wise great officials of the realm came to her house to learn her wishes, receive her commands, and take her message of authority for the House of Commons. What a morning for a girl of eighteen! Now, we have no desire to be rude to that innocent child, nor disrespectful to a great and noble nation, but a convinced republican, a citizen of Greater England, and of the twentieth century, cannot help feeling that this is a mediæval spectacle which scarce befits our modern age. To see a lot of strong, experienced statesmen bowing humbly to a child of eighteen and pretending that she is capable of exercising authority over them and of wisely ruling a kingdom, makes the Western observer ask: "Does not this look like the Land of Make-Believe and the age of fetishes?" Herbert Spencer said that a people should not be deprived of their king any more than a child should be deprived of its doll. The present reigning monarch of Annam is eight years old; the Annamese must have their doll. And there are great nations of people who still consider it a rational method for selecting their rulers, to renounce their own natural right of intelligent choice and to commit the appointment to the unintelligent, incalculable hazards of heredity in a single family; who regard it as fair and wise to grant to one family a perpetual monopoly of the right to be supported luxuriously in royal palaces and to enjoy all other privileges and perquisites of royalty from generation to generation, and who accept it as proper and judicious that one particular maiden, presumably no better or better qualified than hundreds of other eighteen-year-old English girls, shall appropriate the throne and wear the crown simply because she happened to be born into a family which long ago cornered the business of governing. In these centuries a certain group of princely families in Germany holds the monopoly of royalty. With eminent shrewdness they have managed to secure a wide acceptance for the antique doctrine that they are sovereigns by the grace of God. In that group the Coburgs have been and still are conspicuous and powerful. The widowed Duchess of Kent was a Coburg, and it was through her little girl Victoria that the Coburgs had a grip on the throne of Great Britain. And notwithstanding the English people did not like the extremely ambitious Coburg family, the laws of succession put Great Britain at the mercy of that German family, and little Miss Victoria, who jumped out of bed into her wrapper one fine June morning to be saluted as "Your Majesty" by British statesmen on their knees, lived long enough to become the mother and grandmother of royalty over Europe and to extend the sovereignty to the Coburgs over the Continent. The royal succession passed over to the Coburg Princess

Victoria through the fact that the only offspring of King William IV living at the time of his death were not legitimate. This did not contribute to British complacency or peace of mind. The ablest of the Coburg family was Leopold, first king of the Belgians, uncle of little Victoria, who assiduously coached his young niece from her early childhood for the royalty business. Never did any young person have a more sagacious, more astute, more adroit, more able adviser. Nothing is more evident in these three volumes of letters than his keen worldly wisdom, his superb and masterful political finesse. Without his faithful, constant coaching one feels sure that the young Victoria might not have climbed so coolly, so serenely, so sure-footedly her high and dizzy way. In order to keep the English people from dwelling on the fact that she came of a foreign family, Uncle Leopold advised her to refer frequently and proudly to the fact that she was born in England and had never been out of it. To insure the support of the ecclesiastical power, he counseled her to speak highly of, and to identify herself closely with, the Church of England. That advice was more important in Leopold I's day than it would be now. Experienced Uncle Leopold, king of the Belgians, told her how to protect her dignity from the overfamiliarity of those around her, as follows: "Never permit yourself to be induced to tell the people about you any opinion or sentiment of yours which is beyond the sphere of common conversation and its ordinary topics." "Do not permit anybody, be it even your prime minister, to speak to you on matters that concern you personally, without your having expressed the wish of its being done. You have no idea of the importance of this for your peace, and comfort, and safety." In order to strengthen the grip of the German Coburgs on the throne of England skillful Uncle Leopold brought it to pass that the young Queen Victoria quickly married Prince Albert of Coburg. For his assiduous and successful activities for the advancement of the Coburg family Leopold was visited by the English papers with what he called "the most scurrilous abuse"; which he could afford to ignore, since he had beaten them in the game of manning their throne. The Germanizing of the British court was further extended and intensified by the fact that the queen kept in her household and always near her Louise Lehzen, who had been governess to the Princess Victoria from early childhood, and exercised over her a strong influence. Fraulein Lehzen was the daughter of a Hanoverian clergyman. Another powerfully influential German personality always near and on confidential terms with the young queen was Baron Stockmar, a very able man with immense political knowledge and no personal ambition, who was utterly and unselfishly devoted to two ideals—the unification of Germany under Prussia, and the establishment of German control in England through the Coburg queen to whom he was really private secretary and chief adviser. Uncle Leopold urged his niece Queen Victoria to follow the advice of Baron Stockmar, whose influence was also great over Albert, the queen's German husband. In the minds of the English people there was much dissatisfaction, often loudly expressed, because of the preponderance of German influence in the court of the new half-German queen. But in the light of subsequent history, all this was well for



England, for it was the beginning of a long, wise, beneficent, and highly respectable reign. In justice to Leopold I of Belgium it should be said that he ever held up to his niece Victoria, both before and after her accession to the throne, the highest ideals of morals and of womanhood, urging her to be always straightforward, sincere, truthful, consistent, just, and every way blameless, and to devote herself unsparingly to the welfare of her people. All of this she faithfully obeyed, and the loving confidence between her and her uncle Leopold never wavered. That it was immensely useful to her cannot be questioned. Once he wrote to her: "You may pull your husband's ears if you will, but you must never be irritated toward your uncle." Again he wrote: "In the next fifty years of your glorious reign, you may get many things; but you cannot, by any power of earth or of heaven, get a new uncle who has kept his word to you for twenty-five years." Victoria enforced her own strict notions of propriety upon her court. She insisted that no one, no matter of what rank or importance or claim, should be appointed in any capacity to the royal household on whom even the slightest breath of scandal rested. The domestic virtues shone in her and exercised for sixty years a powerful exemplary influence over English homes. She satisfied the middle classes of Great Britain because she was essentially one of them in education and nature, though she had no sympathy with political democracy, which she stoutly discouraged, resisting all its aggressions against royal prerogatives and titled privileges. She was a stickler for the dignity of the crown and for the rights of the nobility. She had little general culture, small knowledge of or interest in art or science or literature. Her mind was essentially commonplace. Lord Melbourne, Victoria's first prime minister, said: "The prince consort is bored with the sameness of his chess every evening. He would like to bring literary and scientific people about the court. The queen, however, has no fancy to encourage such people. This arises from a feeling on her part that her education has not fitted her to take part in such conversation; she would not like conversation to be going on in which she could not take her fair share, and she is far too open and candid in her nature to pretend to one atom more knowledge than she really possesses on such subjects." To be a good wife and mother and a good queen was her whole ambition, and no woman that ever sat on a throne ever succeeded better. Her very limitations confined all her attention to the business of governing, and she learned that practical art with great thoroughness. Her memory will long be justly and heartily honored even in the day when kings and queens are done away—a day which, we think, is sure to come, not soon but inevitably. Royalty is a relic. Its justification no longer exists in reality. It is a clumsy and bungling makeshift for twentieth century intelligence. There are hundreds of abler and nobler men in Great Britain than the man who, by the accident of birth, sits on the throne. It is doubtful if there is one really great man on any throne in Europe to-day. Consider the young man who now sits on the throne of Spain. The rulers of Europe during the century and a quarter of this republic's history do not compare in ability with the presidents of the United States. Kings are not chosen for ability;



presidents are. The stork appoints emperors; the votes of intelligent millions choose presidents. No wonder Gilder calls them "crowned absurdities"—"that lot of little men pretending to be kings." But if anyone wants to see royalty at its best he can gain in these three big volumes of the Letters of Queen Victoria an inside view of its principles and methods, as well as a pretty full revelation of the heart of one of the best of women. These volumes come down only to 1861, and for selections from the queen's correspondence through subsequent years the public must wait till other volumes are ready. At the time of the writing of this book notice, the emperor and empress of Germany are at Windsor as guests of the king and queen of England, holding a family reunion. In the streets of London, crowded to welcome the Kaiser, the sentiment is displayed, "Blood is thicker than water"; and Emperor Wilhelm is saying to throngs at Guildhall: "The main prop and base for the peace of the world is the maintenance of good relations between our two countries, and I shall strengthen them as far as lies in my power. The wishes of the German nation coincide with mine." All this the spirit of wise and successful old Uncle Leopold I of Belgium would delight in. It is still England and Germany bound by many cords, with the German blood dominant in both countries. In the light of Victoria's reign and of the present status of Great Britain and Germany among the powers of the world, we cannot help thinking that the blood-alliance and friendly feeling between those two great nations are good for both of them and for the peace of the world. England and Germany together are strong enough to dominate Europe. As to the present rulers of the two nations, neither of whom is a great man, England has the less impulsive, the more diplomatic and sagacious, the less strenuous and strident; Germany has the more voluble, the more histrionic and spectacular, the more dashing and ambitious, and the more strictly moral. In a game of political and diplomatic chess between the two we fancy the cool-headed, suave, unloquacious Albert Edward might win. In these Letters of Queen Victoria the history of Europe during her reign is largely reflected.

*Life and Letters of Thomas Hodgkin.* By LOUISE CREIGHTON. 8vo, pp. xiii+445. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, \$4.50 net.

In these days of rush and excitement, which are mistakenly regarded as signs of progress, it is a genuine refreshment to read the life of a man who was intensely busy without being feverishly strenuous. Dr. Hodgkin was a successful banker, a historian of high standing and a Quaker minister and preacher. It is a testimony to the catholicity of his tastes that the life of this representative member of the Society of Friends should be written by the wife of an eminent bishop of the Anglican Church. The ties of scholarship and spiritual sympathy are stronger than those of ecclesiastical uniformity. Great as is Dr. Hodgkin's merit as the author of *Italy and her Invaders*, in eight volumes, and of other books on historical and religious subjects, he will be remembered by those who knew him because of his fine Christian character and the influence of sweetness and

light which radiated from him. Viscount Bryce wrote of him: "He was indeed one of the purest and sweetest natures, and one of the most high-minded and public-spirited that I have ever known. To be with him always made me feel happy and tranquil; there was such a simple sincerity of goodness about all his thoughts." Harold Anson, a clergyman of the Anglican Church, testified: "It is indeed a rare thing to find a man who is at once keen and successful in business, an historian and scholar of the first rank, a noble type of country gentleman, a lover of peace, and an ardent and passionate upholder of all great social and philanthropic causes. Dr. Hodgkin was all of these, and there must be many who knew him in one or other capacity who were quite unconscious of his excellence in other walks of life of which they themselves had no experience, and yet beyond all this there was something for which those who knew him even a little loved him more and held him in greater reverence." His biographer declares: "Perhaps no adjective describes his manner and the effect his temperament made on others so well as urbane. There was a quiet dignity and thoughtful consideration for others, a spirit of moderation and width, which found expression both in his manner and his talk." Yet another speaks of him as one whose character found expression in his literary work. "His merit as a historian was greatly increased, if not created, by his large amount of human nature. He lived in the past and made it live to others—yet in past as in present he felt the obligation of keeping the balance true, and of examining the evidence before coming to any conclusion. Perhaps no one ever came nearer to my ideal of a Christian gentleman. You see it in his books and you felt it in his talk. His beautiful self came out in all that he wrote and said and did. His charity and kindness, with his high standard of moral rectitude, marked all that he uttered about men and women of all ages, our own included, and his modesty with all his learning was to me most touching." These words of appreciation are a good introduction to the volume. His long life of eighty-one years was distinguished by versatility of talents and variety of interests. His industry was extraordinary as we think of one who was active in business finding time for research in the preparation of his writings, and also devoting himself with energy to the work of lecturing and speaking at Friends' meetings in different parts of England and Ireland. He undertook an extended visit to Australia on behalf of the Quaker cause; and such was his love of travel that he went often to Italy and the continent, and also made a journey to the Holy Land which bore fruit in his religious ministrations. The numerous letters which are quoted in this volume, written on a variety of subjects, show how well he appreciated and practiced the epistolary art, to the benefit of all who were privileged to receive his communications. When he was engaged on re-writing the first volume of *Italy and Her Invaders*, he wrote: "How one's standard of accuracy alters! I was satisfied to knock off the reign of Theodosius in one rather superficial chapter in 1877, and now I have to give him six chapters, which have cost me much labor." He was firmly persuaded that Quakerism has a mission to discharge which is essential to the future of Christianity, and that, "its protest against sacerdotalism, sacramentalism

and all that the typical ecclesiastic loves and lives in, should be maintained." He believed that whatever success Quakerism had was due to the following of the Divine Light. "To depend on ceremonial worship and the use of such things as candles and incense was to mock God when he is seeking to speak to us heart to heart." In his Swarthmore Lecture on Human Progress and the Inward Light, he said: "There was and still is in the soul of every man who has not by long continued sin succeeded in stifling it, that which our early Friends called the 'light within,' or the 'divine seed,' that which we in our generation, by a mode of expression which comes more naturally to us, call the Voice of the Lord speaking to the soul of man." He also recognized that if Quakerism continues to be only or chiefly a protest, its influence would be negative. He therefore worked to broaden its outlook and laid much stress on the ministry of preaching. Whatever criticism he encountered for his broadmindedness was overbalanced by the younger members of the Society, who followed him with understanding and sympathy. He is no doubt writing from experience concerning "the great temptation that a religious leader is under to supply, not a corrective but a stimulus, to the prejudices and passions of his followers: and how the phraseology of the sect thus becomes molded not by the highest but by the lowest intelligences in it. The great danger, I think now, of our church and of some others, is that upon the true and right foundation we should be building edifices of wood, hay, stubble, which will not stand the fire. It is so easy to preach what is called a gospel sermon, setting forth one particular phase of Christian truth and piling text upon text in support of it, without troubling oneself about 'the proportion of faith,' or considering what relation one's broad, slap-dash statements bear to the facts of human consciousness, or even to other passages in the Bible itself." While holding strong convictions as to Quakerism, he was free from the sectarian spirit and enjoyed close friendship with men of many varying creeds. "A religious reformer," he wrote, "at any rate one who desires to work in harmony with the spirit of Christianity, cannot have sectarian aims. He cannot be satisfied with conquering one little province of the Christian world and labelling it with his own name. He must believe that he is the bearer of a world-wide message, adapted to all sorts and conditions of men, and that for the whole Christian Church the only hope of health and cleansing lies in the acceptance of that message." On one of his visits to Rome, the Ecumenical Council was sitting at Saint Peter's. With curious eyes he watched the members and observed: "The faces looked like those of good commonplace men, kindly but accustomed to routine and not likely to go beyond it or to produce any great influence for good or evil on the thought of the age." We could well have spared some of the letters on political subjects, if Mrs. Creighton had given more space to an estimate of the historical writings which have deservedly given such distinction to the name of Dr. Hodgkin. The record of this busy and buoyant life, which has fragrance of new mown hay, deserves to be read by all who are bearing the burden of the world's need, that they may receive the quickening of faith and courage.

**A READING COURSE**

*A History of the Christian Church.* By WILLISTON WALKER, Titus Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$3, net.

It is no easy task to compress the history of two millenniums within the space of five hundred and ninety pages. But the well-nigh impossible thing is done in this volume, and, what is more, the brevity does not overlook important facts nor does it affect the readableness of the chapters. You will be increasingly pleased with this panoramic presentation of the course of Christianity and strengthened in your convictions of the adequacy of the gospel of redemption for present and future needs. It is written in a clear style and with literary finish. Words are well weighed and the references are carefully made, without the misspelling of names and the titles of books. The author has a historical and literary conscience and his judgments are discerning and discriminating. He is not lost in details nor is he absorbed in statistical summaries, pedantic technicalities, and ecclesiastical prejudices. He is interested in the truth, and if his conclusions at times go against tradition, so much the worse for tradition. A Church historian, above all historians, should be free from the pettiness of sectarian bias and the warping of judgment by prepossessions favorable or otherwise. You will not agree with everything, but that is not to be expected where so many issues are criticized and estimated. You will, however, accept his final summary in the concluding paragraph. "The long story of the Christian Church is a panorama of lights and shadows, of achievement and failure, of conquests and divisions. It has exhibited the divine life marvelously transforming the lives of men. It has also exhibited those passions and weaknesses of which human nature is capable. Its tasks have seemed, in every age, almost insuperable. They were never greater than at present when confronted by a materialistic interpretation of life, and when the furnace of almost universal war bids fair to transform the whole fabric of European and America civilization. Yet no Christian can survey what the church has done without confidence in its future. Its changes may be many, its struggles great. But the good hand of God which has led it hitherto will guide it to larger usefulness in the advancement of the Kingdom of its Lord, and toward the fulfilment of his prediction that if he be lifted up he would draw all men unto him."

The arrangement of this volume gives at a glance the career of Christianity through the centuries. It is divided into seven periods and each one represents the attitude of Christianity to the world, and that of the world to it. The titles of these periods are: From the Beginnings to the Gnostic Crisis; From the Gnostic Crisis to Constantine; The Imperial State Church; The Middle Ages to the Close of the Investiture Controversy; The Later Middle Ages; The Reformation; The Transition to the Modern Religious Situation. Note how the law of development is observed in this arrangement and how one period is related to that which preceded it. The new method of studying Church history is to

reckon with the economic, political, and social factors in the life of communities and nations; because they had even more to do with the spreading or retarding of Christianity than the theological and philosophical disputations of rival thinkers. An understanding of the background and of the atmosphere made by contemporary ideals and customs is essential toward an intelligent appreciation of the difficulties in the matter of adjustment. We will also be less harsh in our criticisms of the compromises made with paganism by the Christian leaders. When you read sections one and two on the general situation and the Jewish background, note carefully how Christianity came at the Providential fulness of the times with its deeply satisfying answer to philosophic uncertainty, ritualistic and ascetic emptiness, superstitious bondage and the social inequalities fostered by both paganism and Judaism. Next turn to section one in Period VI on The Reformation and follow the divers social, political, and religious currents, observing how these trains of thought and activity were related to the protest on behalf of religious liberty, with its sequel looking toward democracy, which, however, was not realized. Note the causes which stood in the way and you will understand the character of the "unfinished reformation" which faces us at the present day. Another factor in the study of background is the large places which wars have had in the religious development of the Christian centuries. Read what the author says about this aspect of it on pages 134, 354, 437ff., 441ff. The missionary expansion of the church also receives due recognition. If more is not written on this subject it is because there was insufficient material and not much to chronicle, commensurate with the greatness of this movement as we understand it today. For instance, Dr. C. H. Robinson in his notable volume, *The Conversion of Europe* (Longmans), writes: "The very fact that a space of fourteen centuries separates the day on which 'strangers from Rome' listened to Saint Peter's first missionary sermon from the day when the nominal, we dare not say real, conversion of Europe was completed, whilst it should serve to rebuke the impatience of those who are dissatisfied with the progress of Christian missions in modern times, suggests also that there was something lacking either in the contents of the message delivered by the pioneer missionaries in Europe, or in the methods by which they sought to proclaim their message."

As illustrating the insistent opposition to progressive thought, making for the greater freedom of the Christian consciousness and the more extensive influence of Christianity, read how the Christian seers and thinkers were invariably persecuted and hampered by ecclesiastical stand-patters. The sufferings of men like Paul, Origen, Augustine, Athanasius, Chrysostom, Savonarola, Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox, Arminius, Fox, Wesley will impress you with the nature of the difficulties experienced by those who in modern times offer fuller interpretations of the Christian message in accord with the findings of philosophy and science and the exacting practical problems of our present confusion. In this connection, it is profitable to study the theological controversies and the history of the creeds. These symbols were the expression of the



understanding of the Christian faith at the time they were formulated, but we must not be expected to use them as though there has been no growth of thought and experience since those days. "Though great religious bodies still use Reformation formulas, and bear names then originating, they no longer move in its atmosphere, but in various measure, indeed, in that of modern Christianity" (p. 482). To what extent are we justified in revising the creeds? It is not incumbent on us to perpetuate the past but to relate it to the present and look to the future for completion, while conscientiously careful that we do nothing to jeopardize the steady growth of truth. If we are to be good stewards of the manifold grace of God, the spirit of historical reverence will not lead us to depreciate what has been accomplished, but to enrich the deposit by removing the barnacles of accretion for the sake of the permanent content and progressive continuity of Christianity. Make a careful study of Dr. Walker's characterizations of such types of thought, like montanism, gnosticism, scholasticism, mysticism, and of such movements, like the Cathari, the Waldenses, the Anabaptists, the Mennonites, the Quakers, the Moravians. Find out why these protests were made by faithful souls at the cost of much inconvenience and suffering. One explanation of the weakness of Protestantism is given in the following sentence: "It was the misfortune of Lutheranism that it had no other bond of union between its representatives in its several territories than agreement in 'pure doctrine,' and that differences in apprehension were regarded as incompatible with Christian fellowship" (p. 141). How would you meet the author's statement that "justification by faith alone" is well-nigh meaningless to some earnest folk who are desirous of serving God and their generation? (P. 340.) Note what is written about the emphasis on salvation made respectively by Luther and Zwingli and explain the difference (p. 363).

Those who are interested in the institutional progress of Christianity will find much of value in the discussions of the growth of ministerial orders, baptism, the Lord's Supper, the rite of confirmation, the fasts and festivals. Also read the descriptions of monasticism, the papacy, the Franciscan and Dominican orders. He is eminently fair in his references to Roman Catholicism and he writes warmly of the revival of missionary zeal which the genius of Spain contributed to kindle Catholic enthusiasm. "Viewed from any standpoint, Ignatius Loyola is one of the master figures of the Reformation epoch." The section on Wesley and Methodism is marked by his characteristic impartiality and reliability. Unlike most writers, he correctly states that Wesley's conversion took place at a meeting of an Anglican society in Aldersgate Street (p. 513). Dr. Walker is especially strong in his estimates of the notable leaders of the church. What he writes is *multum in parvo*, but the student will have an accurate and trustworthy knowledge of the work of Origen, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Hildebrand, Marsilius of Padua, Bernard, Anselm, Abelard, Aquinas and the Reformation and post-Reformation thinkers and preachers, to some of whom reference has already been made. The study of church history is a tonic for times of depression and it tones us up



for our own work. It is a *warning* to guard against pitfalls and to avoid them. It is also a *summons* to keep the torch of truth well lighted and to improve the conditions for the larger spread of the ideals and hopes, the virtues and graces, the benefits and blessings of Christianity.

#### SIDE READING

We invite the reader's attention to the exceptionally informing bibliography of twelve pages, from which selections might be made by those interested in further research and study.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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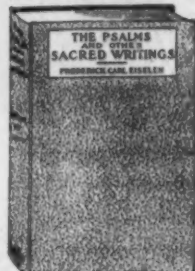


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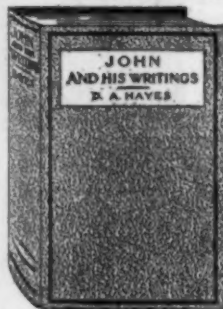
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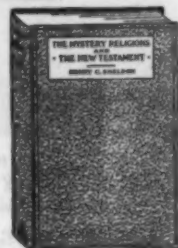
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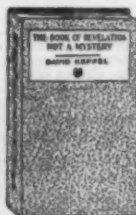
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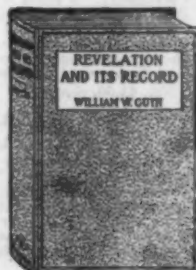
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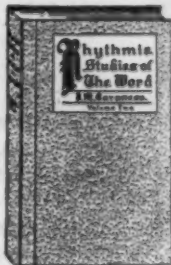


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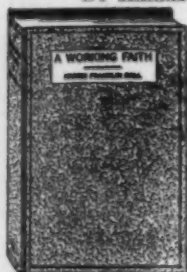
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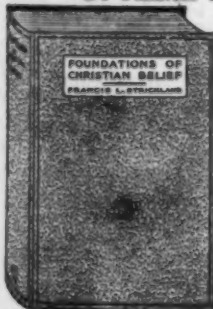


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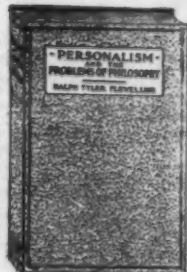
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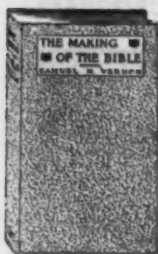
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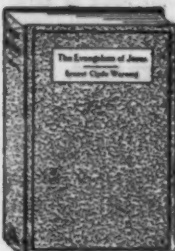


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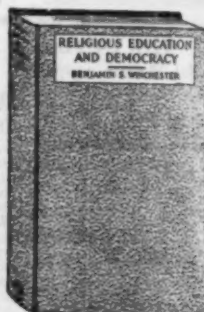
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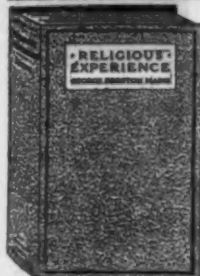
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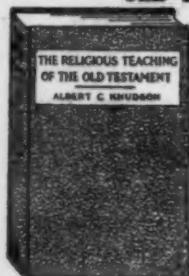
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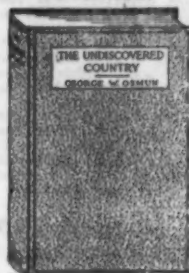
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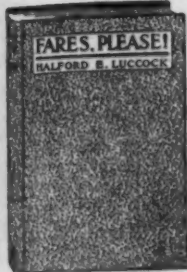
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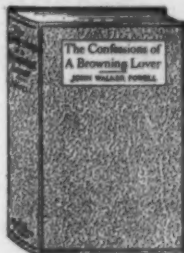
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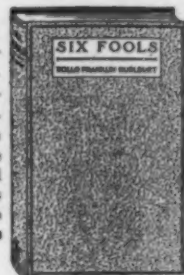
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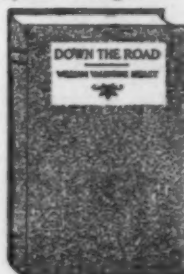


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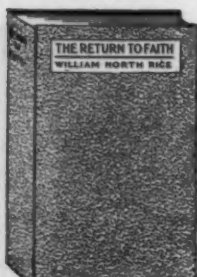
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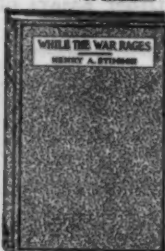


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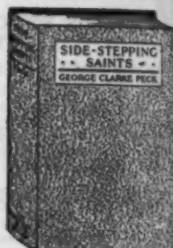
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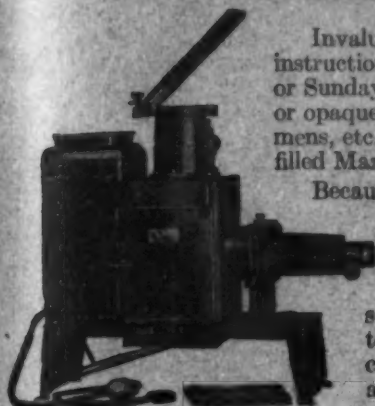
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